Squaring Off: Christie's vs. Sotheby Parke Bernet

Gael Greene Defends the $100 Dinner

Dave Marash: How the Pentagon Betrayed Long Island

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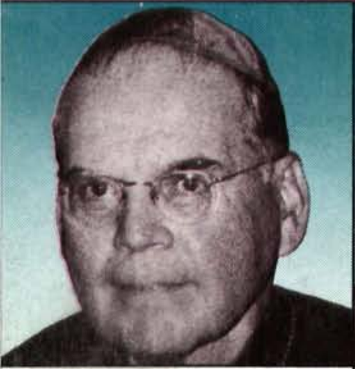

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Doorman

$980,000
Lottery winner

$100,000
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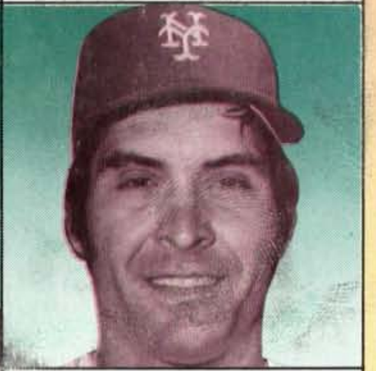

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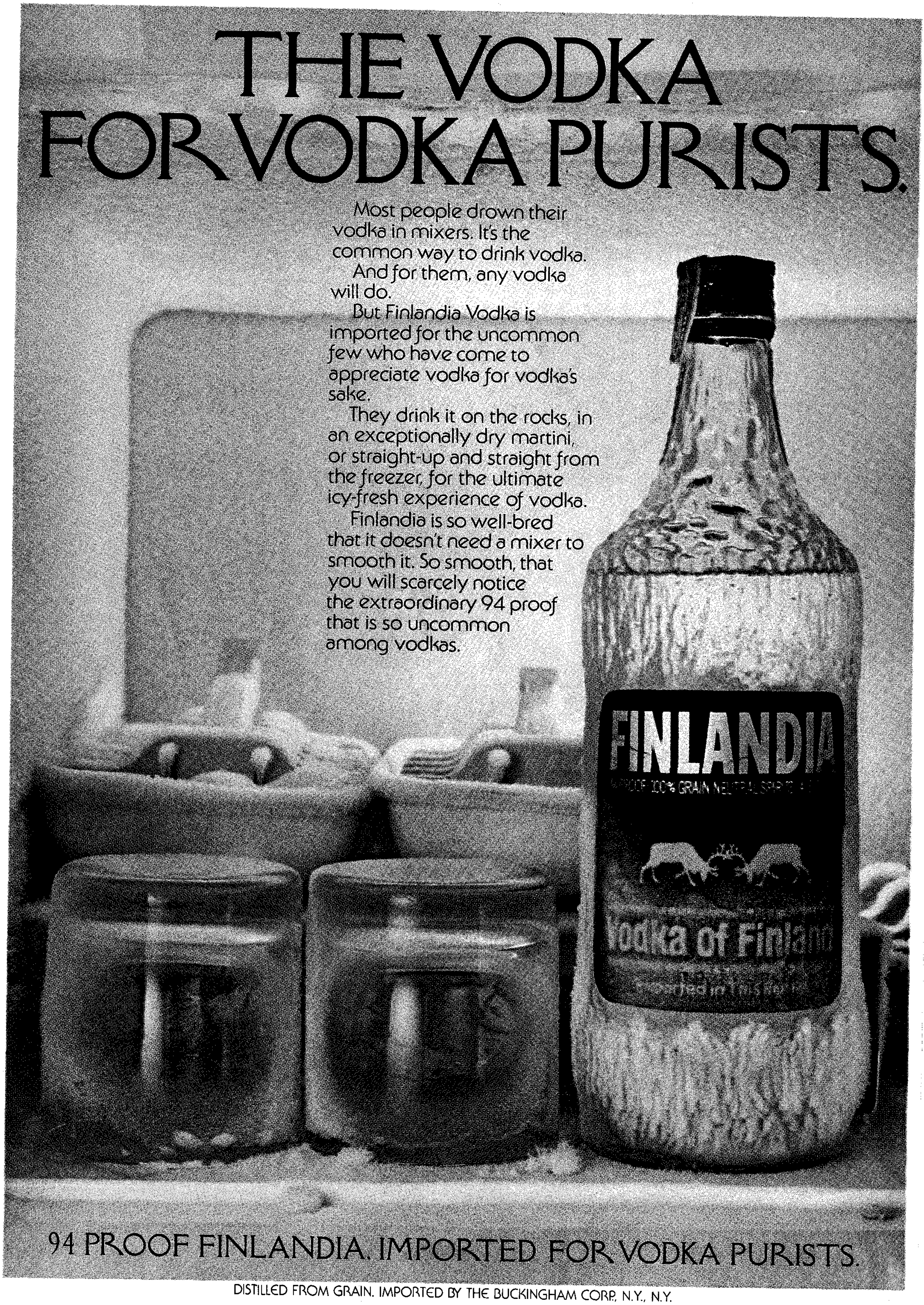

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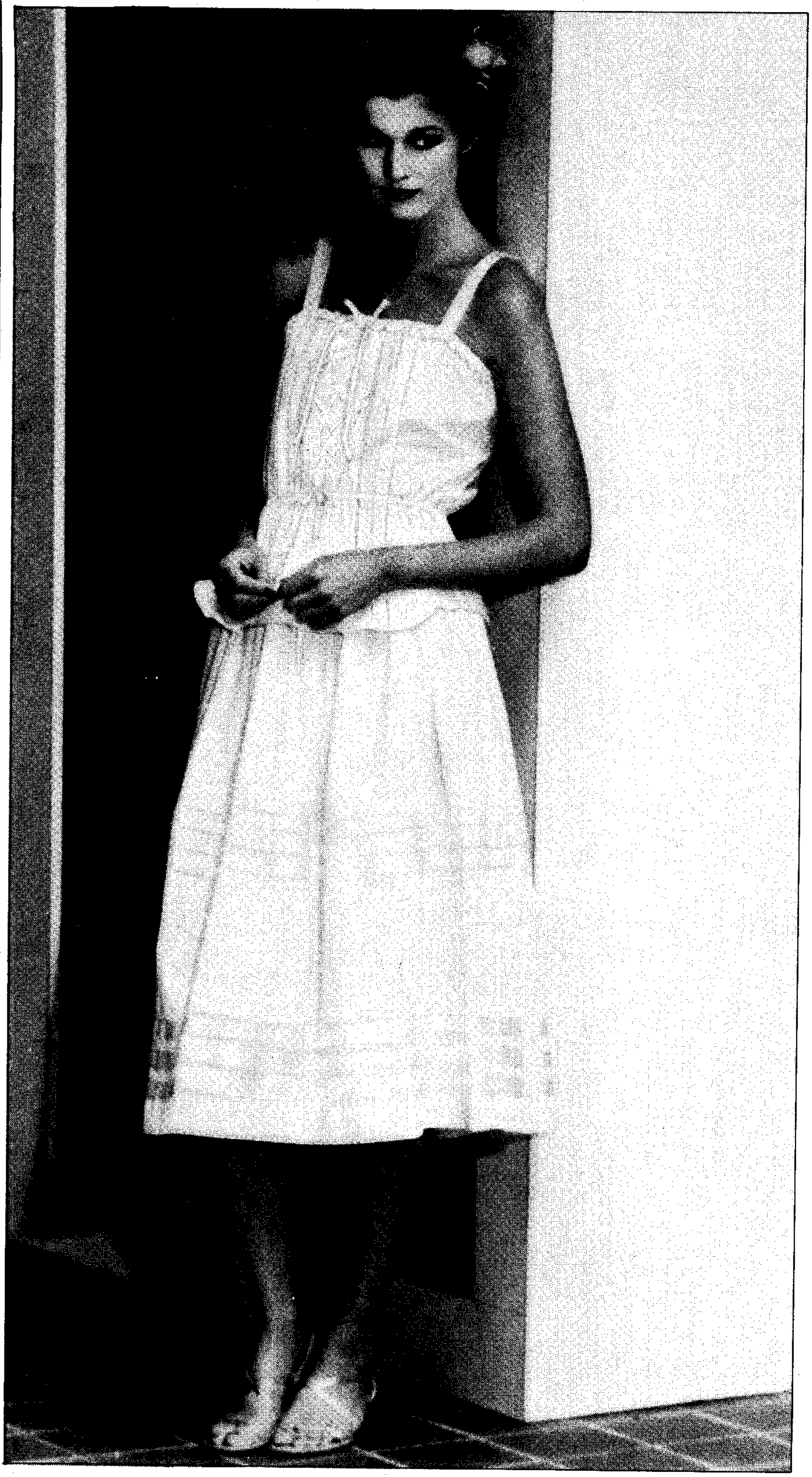

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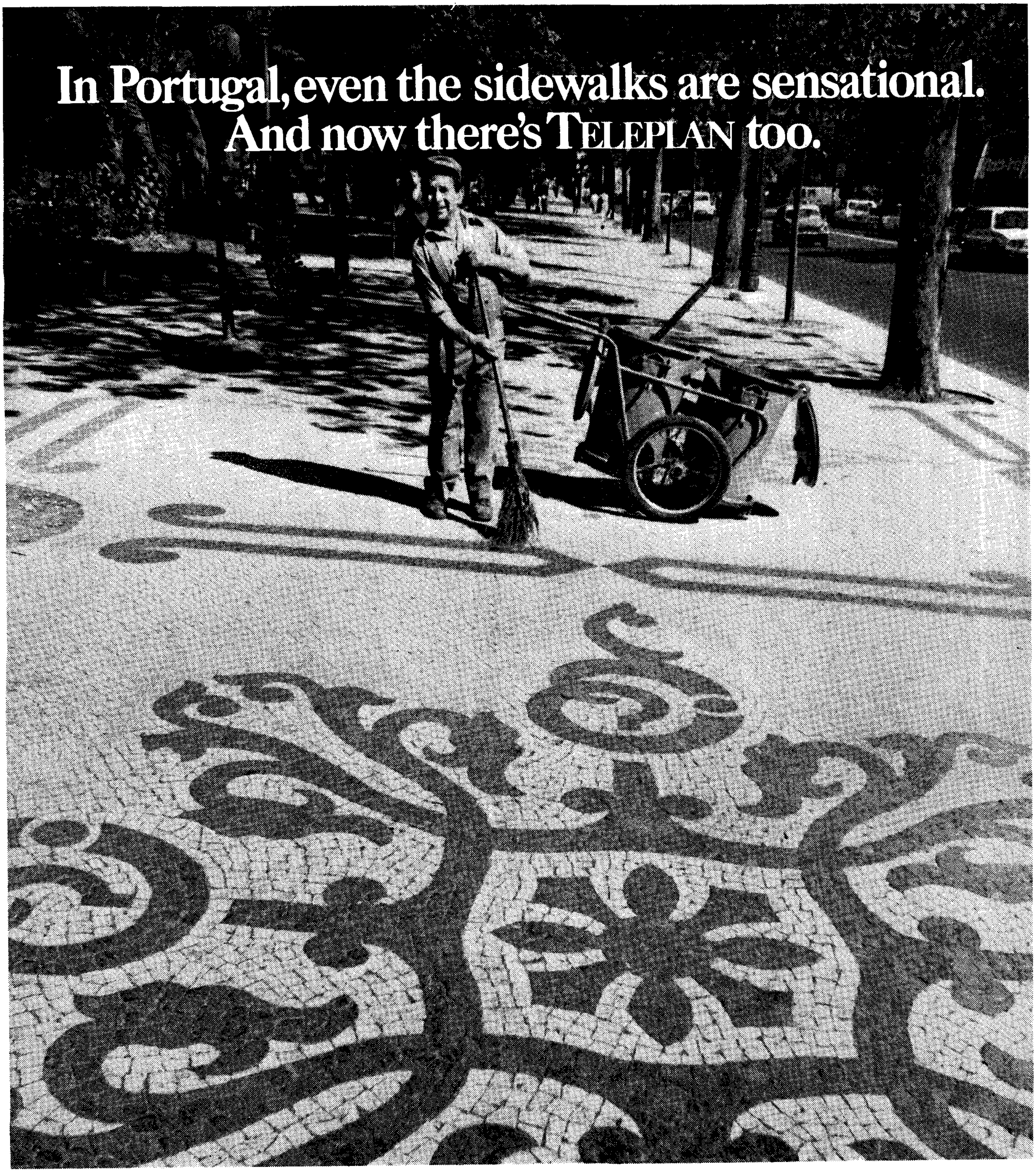

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Jockey Jean Cruguet rides the remarkable Seattle Slew into the Kentucky Derby next Saturday, undefeated and favored to win. Yet, when Joe McGinniss, author and horse-lover, spent a few days with Cruguet, he found a jockey with some worries.

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For the second year, the best way to rake it in is to be Muhammad Ali; he made $14.8 million. Match that against Harry Britton, whose "men's liberation" crusade earned him a paltry $2,000. And for a special bonus this year, we spotlight the cushiest jobs in town. Eat your heart out.

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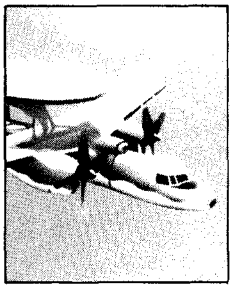
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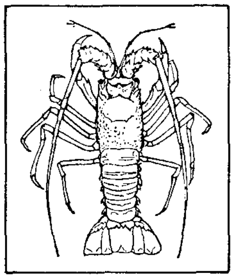
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These small, charming chairs and tables, the kind used for generations in Paris parks, are nicely suited to New York apartments and terraces.

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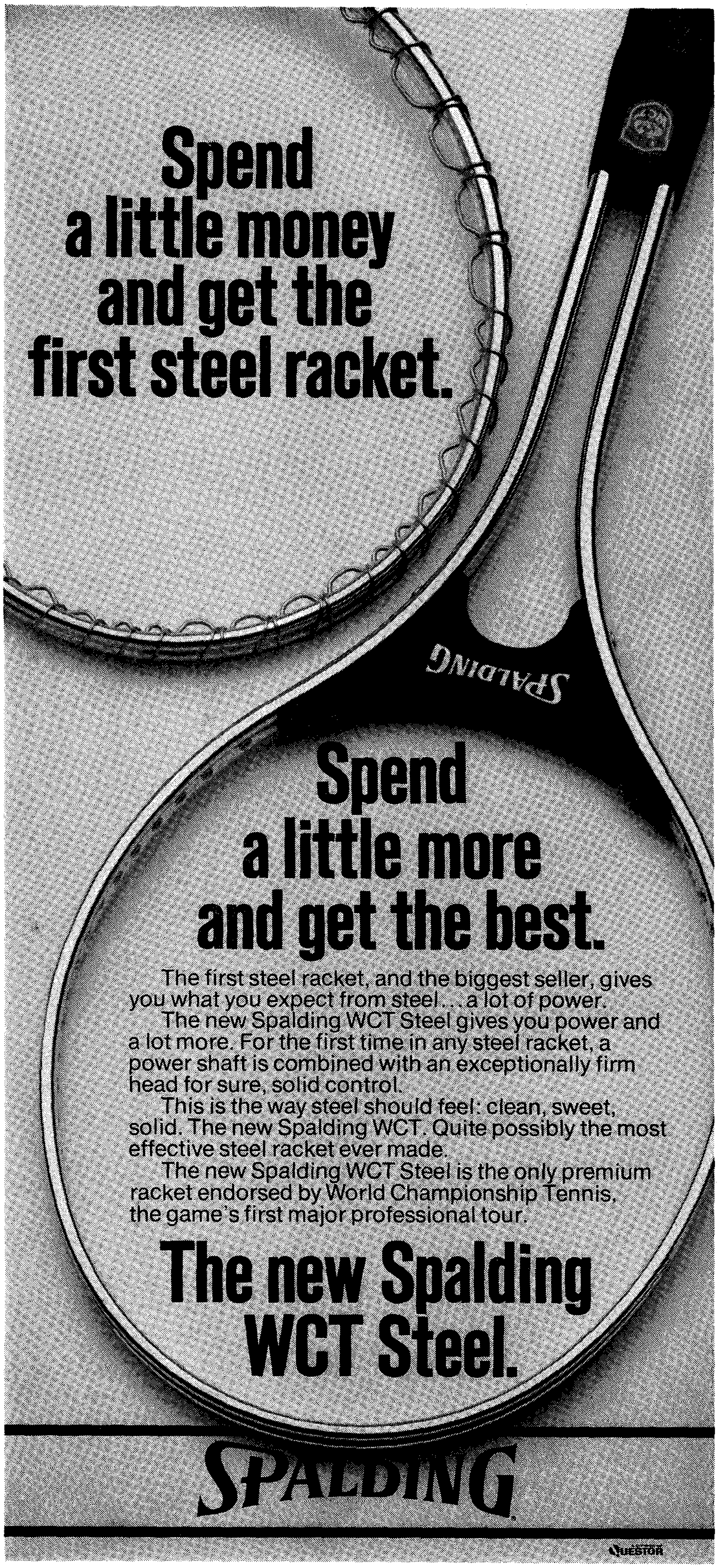
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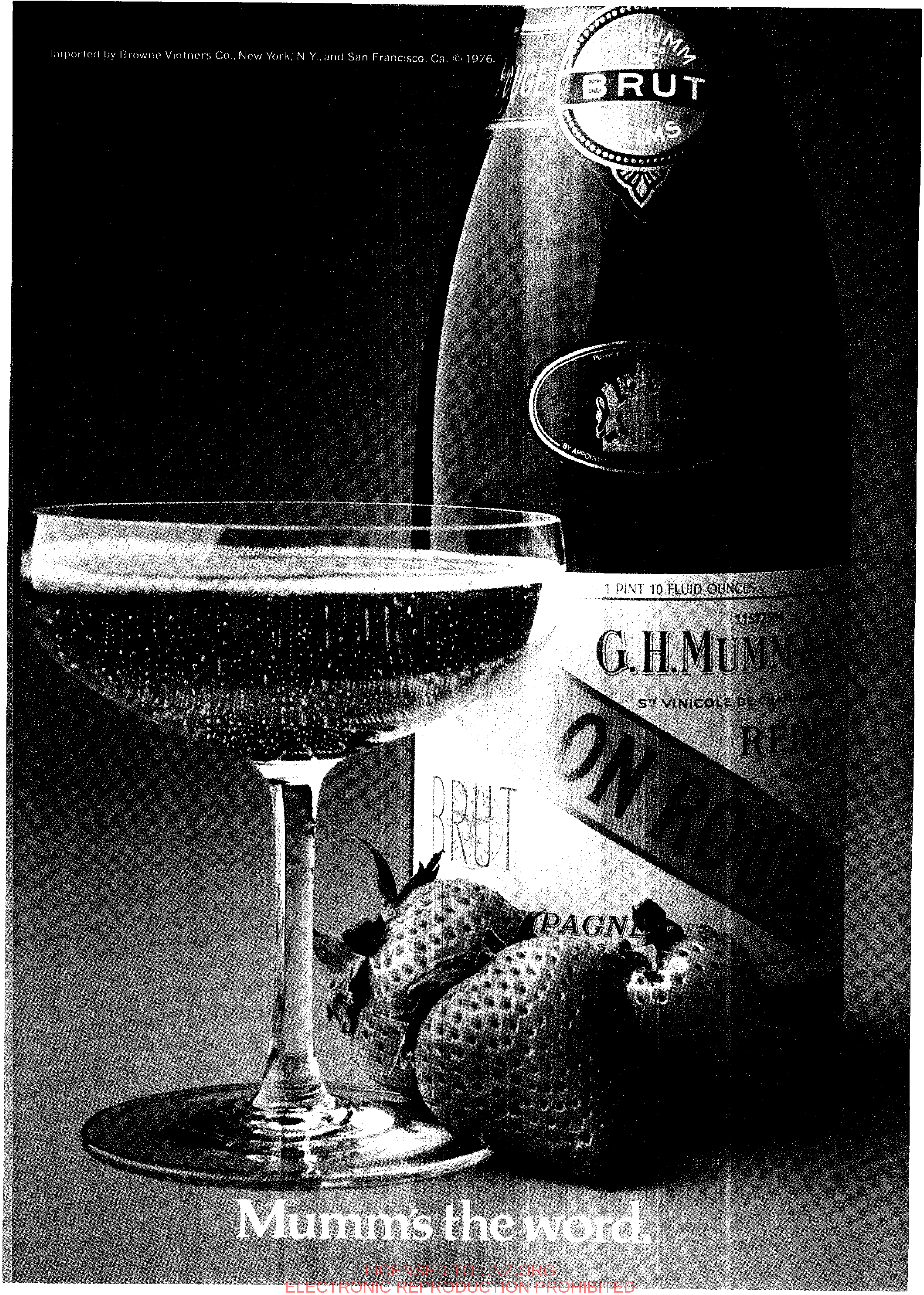
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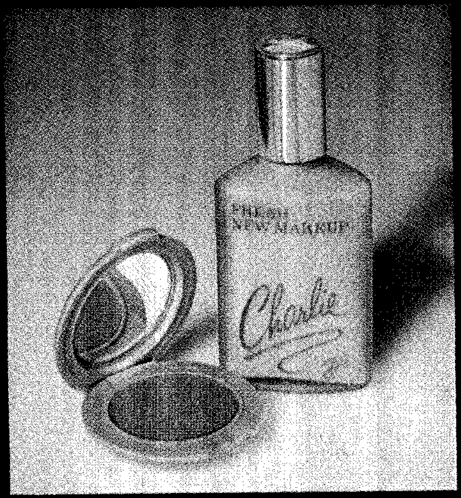

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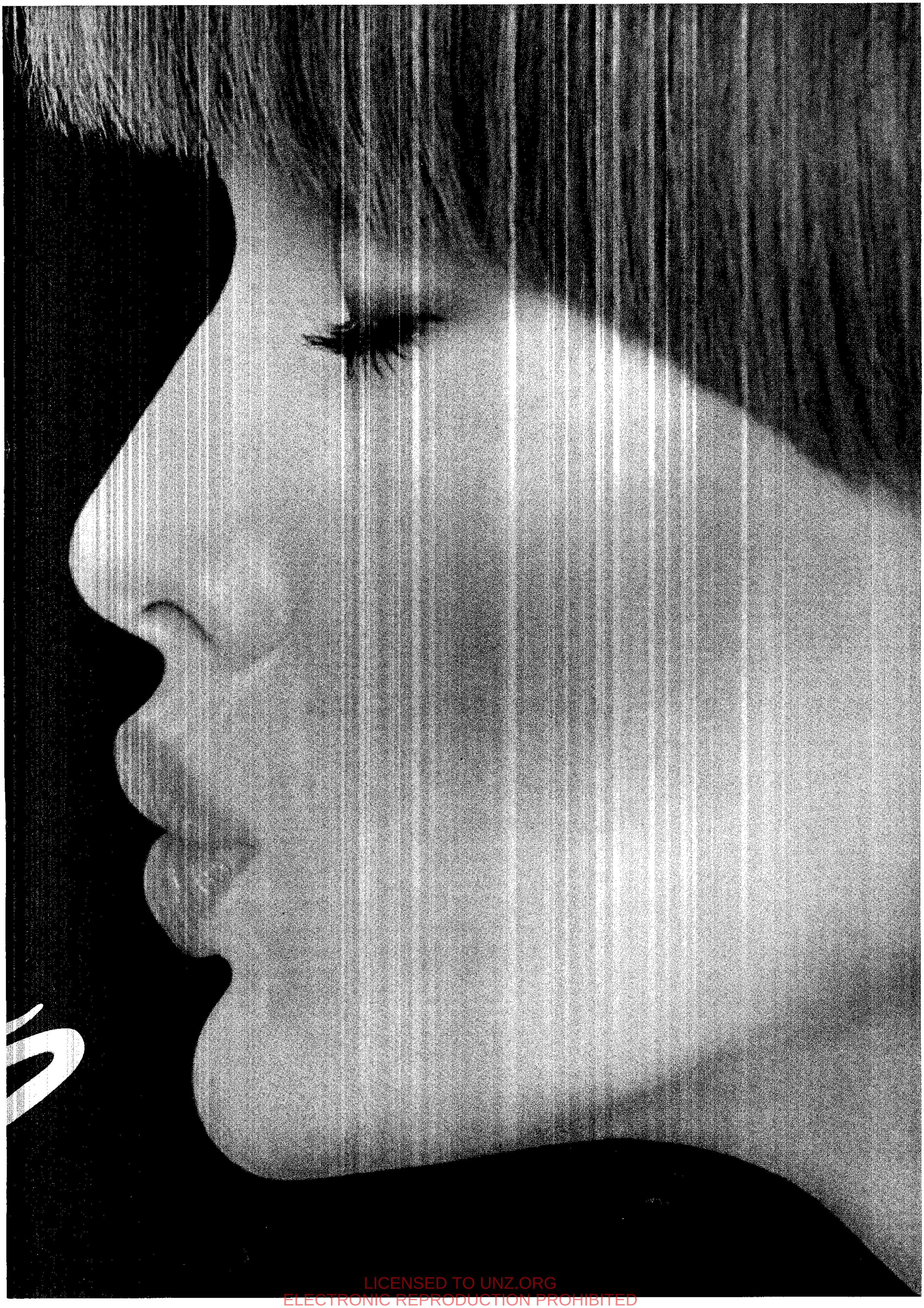

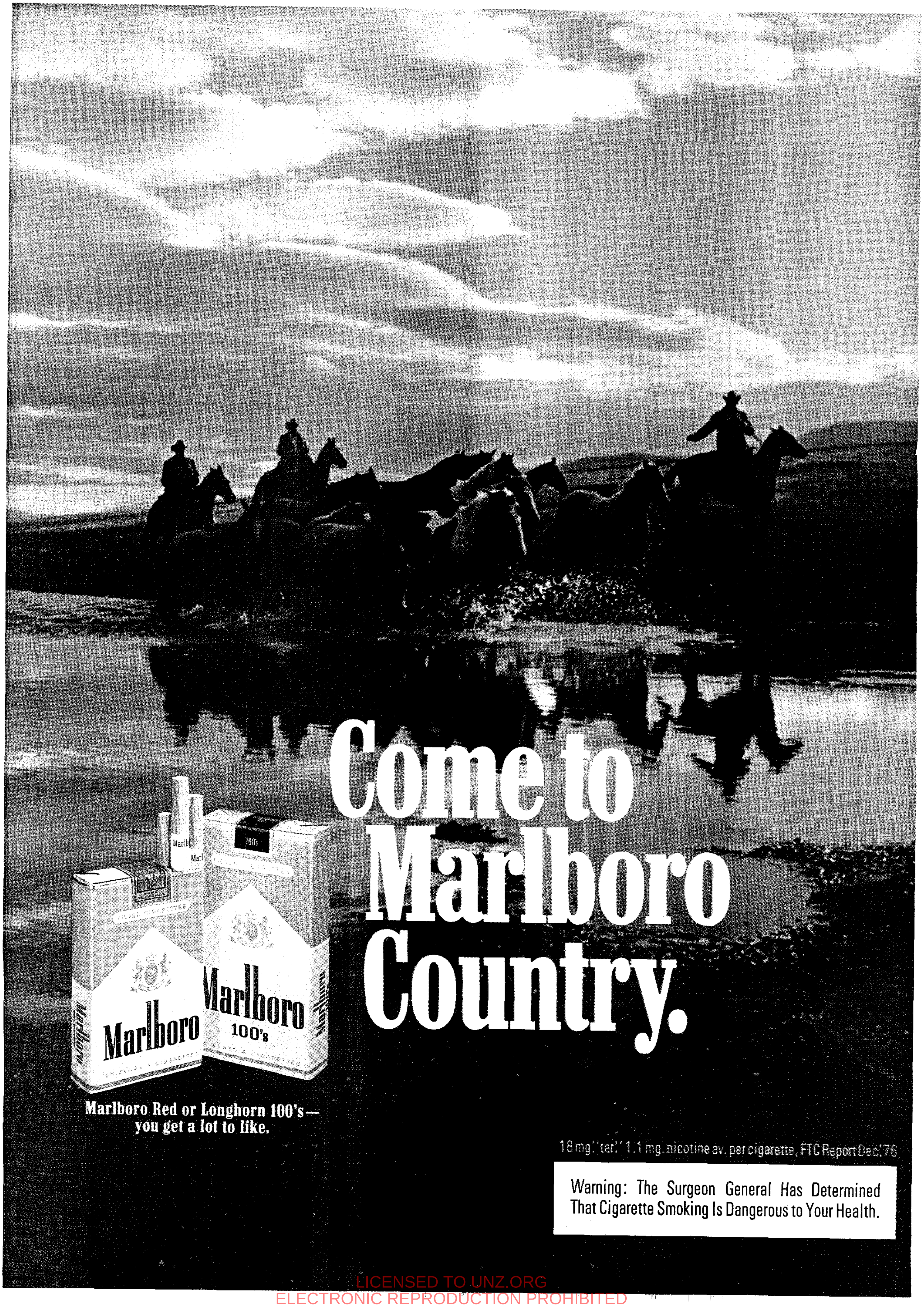
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LETTERS

Love Thy Neighbor, Part I

Because so many of Amitai Etzioni's basic facts are wrong in "The American OPEC Versus New York" ["The City Politic," April 25], his conclusions don't withstand scrutiny.

There is no "American OPEC," nor can there be. The real Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries is a cartel that sets the price of oil produced by each of its members. No American state or company can do that. U.S. crude-oil prices have been controlled by the U.S. government since 1971.

Mr. Etzioni's comparative figures for natural gas of $1.23 in New England and 33 cents in the Southwest are wildly inaccurate, painfully so to those of us who pay utility bills in the Southwest. The fact is that many southwestern utilities have been paying *intra*state natural-gas prices—not controlled by the government—for some time, and that means about $2 per thousand cubic feet at the wellhead. New Englanders have been buying price-controlled *inter*state gas, often at prices as low as 29 cents. In February, 1977, the average residential price paid by a Houston homeowner for natural gas was $2.88 per thousand cubic feet.

The point is that those in gas-producing states have been paying the true market price, while those in the interstate market have not. The Federal Power Commission has controlled gas prices at artificially low levels since 1954. The result has been tremendously increased demand and alternate fuels such as coal have been made noncompetitive, while gas producers have stopped drilling for it because the price hasn't made it worth the risk.

He asks "What can we do?" but offers little except conservation. Increased domestic supplies are even more important. He might consider urging exploration of the Atlantic Outer Continental Shelf and removal of price controls on natural gas in order to stimulate new supplies. And he might urge support of nuclear power plants.

Mr. Etzioni, in effect, proposes spreading the misery. That's not an acceptable alternative to those who have been risking their capital for decades to find new energy reserves—a great deal of which have gone into pipelines to the Northeast. The purpose of a union is not necessarily for everyone to share and share alike. All members of a union should contribute their maximum efforts for the common good, and the Northeast has shirked its energy duty for decades. It's time for Mr. Etzioni to stop cursing the darkness and try lighting a candle or two.

John E. Heaney
Manhattan

Amitai Etzioni's complaint that the Gulf states are benefiting from the price of oil intrastate at the expense of New York and New England overlooks one fact. Louisiana and Texas have permitted offshore drilling. If the northeastern states from New Jersey up had done the same thing, New York and New England would not need oil from the Gulf states but would have their own. The northeastern states simply cannot have it both ways.

James K. Feibleman
New Orleans, La.

Love Thy Neighbor, Part II

So! After we have spent years enduring Joisey jokes, it turns out that not just one but two of the "Eighteen Wonderful Breads" hailed in *New York* Magazine ["The Upper Crusts: A Guide to Delectable Breads," by Elin Schoen, April 25] are created in—oh, the ignominy of it—New Jersey. Yes, we are made of more than the smells of the refineries, aren't we? Rest assured that in our hearts the grudge against having to bear your disdain has festered. When the peasantry storms the bastions of Fifth Avenue and the puling, writhing supplicants who patronize bakeries with pretentious ambience beseech us for our staff of life, our retort will be, "Let them eat cake."

Carol Sperber
Scotch Plains, N.J.

A "Mickie" Fan

Dan Dorfman's article attacking Muriel Siebert ["The Bottom Line," April 25] on her appointment as banking superintendent was, in my humble opinion, one of the cruelest articles I have ever read in any magazine.

I couldn't believe Muriel Siebert said she was not qualified—in fact I called her to ask if she had. She said that Mr. Dorfman was mad at her because she didn't let him know what was going on. She doesn't believe that conversations between political appointees and elected officials should be disclosed to the press. As a result he attacked her and it is an attack.

"Mickie," as she is referred to by all of us that know her, is a credit to this country and this state. I daresay that Mickie's twenty years of experience in the financial community, her building up of a business, her dealings with banks, her experience on the board of a bank, and her general intelligence will make her as good a superintendent as anyone—and probably better. Government service requires intelligence, dedication, honesty, and integrity and not the approval of Dan Dorfman. Mickie has the former, if not the latter.

Laurence W. Levine
Manhattan

Mr. Dorfman replies: Mr. Levine, unfortunately, was not privy to my conversation with Muriel Siebert. If he had been, he would have heard her repeatedly ridicule the notion that anyone, specifically Governor Carey, would think she was qualified for the banking job. She lied. The fact is she had already talked to the governor and expressed interest in the job. To report her deception in print is not, as Mr. Levine suggests, an "attack"; I intended, rather, to provide insight into her personal code of ethics. Under pressure, instead of an acceptable "no comment," she lied.

To lie to the press on a public matter is, in effect, to lie to the people. Siebert exhibited, in my mind, an ethical shortfall that is simply unacceptable in a banking superintendent. Mr. Levine himself says that "government service requires honesty and integrity." Is he now suggesting an exception be made for Muriel Siebert?

Beware the Ides of April

I quote from "Your Own Business" [by William Flanagan, April 4]: "It is nearing the ides of April once again, when many of us will have to come up with even more money for Uncle Sam."

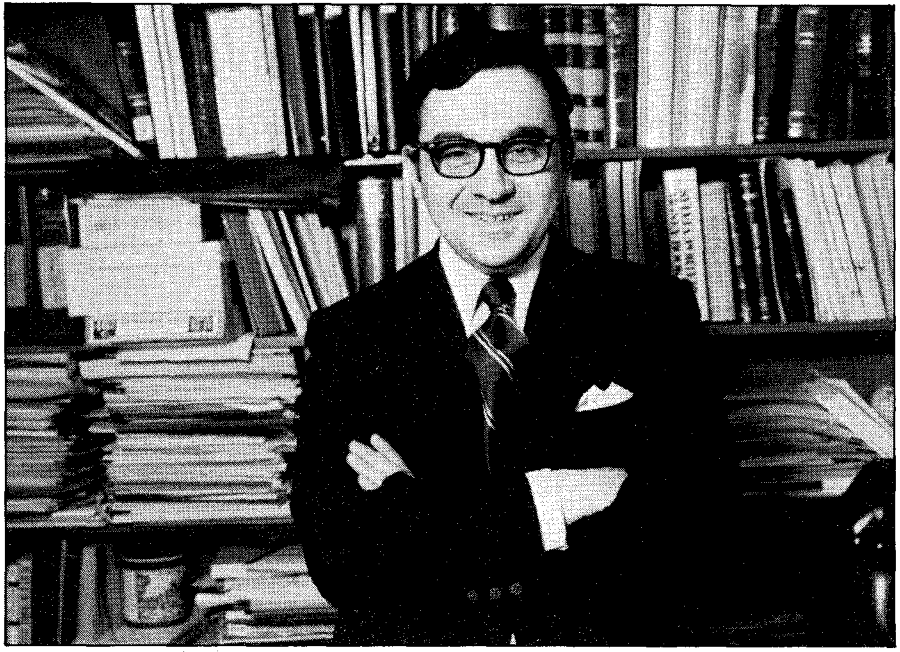
By the "ides of April" you plainly mean to refer to April 15, the date on which U.S. individual income-tax returns are due. This I note with some surprise, for the ides of April are, insofar as the term *ides* has any specific meaning at all in our Gregorian calendar, not the fifteenth, but rather the thirteenth. Only the ides of March, May, July, and October fall on the fifteenth; the ides of other months fall on the thirteenth.

Joseph F. Dillon III
Gladstone, N.J.

The City Politic/Paul Hoffman

THE MAN WHO KEEPS SUING NEW YORK

DICK FRANK



Gadfly: *"I shoot my mouth off," says Leon Wein. He has also filed eight suits.*

Last week, Leon E. Wein lost again. This time it was the New York State Court of Appeals that ruled against him. Little Leon had taken on nothing less than Big MAC itself. He had challenged the constitutionality of the Municipal Assistance Corporation. Typically, even though he lost this one, six to nothing, he was undismayed. On to the Supreme Court, he said.

"All I want is my constitution back," says Wein. His method of getting it back has been to file a series of lawsuits—which he designates as "Wein One," "Wein Two," etc.—challenging city and state fiscal practices.

To some courtroom rivals, he's a "loony," a "gadfly," a "publicity-hungry lawyer" who has cost the city and state thousands of dollars in lawyers' fees, plunged their tax revenues into a pit of legal uncertainty, and discombobulated their bond markets.

On the basis of results, Wein's critics may be right. So far, his scorecard reads: "No wins, four losses, four decisions pending."

But the 36-year-old Brooklyn Law School professor isn't daunted: "Since 'Wein One,' I knew that my chances weren't too good. Except the seventh one. I think I've got a winner—if not here [the state court of appeals], in the U.S. Supreme Court. The Port Authority case which I was relying on went our way in the Supreme Court . . . and that's where I'm going."

In the flesh, Leon Edward Wein (pronounced as in "Halloween") is a slight, dark man with a decidedly rabbinical look—which is appropriate, because he *is* an Orthodox rabbi, descended from a long line of rabbis, all of whom earned their livelihood at secular occupations.

He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts—"the classic mill town"—and still retains a trace of Massachusetts in his voice. He's a voluble talker and his casual conversation is laced with words, like *thieves,* to describe government officials.

"I shoot my mouth off," he admits. "I say what I believe."

At the age of nine, Wein was sent to a yeshiva in Brooklyn, and he's remained in the borough ever since. While pursuing his rabbinical studies by day, he attended Brooklyn College and NYU Law School at night—with a year out to take a diploma in law at Cambridge University.

"If I had been a few years older, I would have been drawn to Kennedy," he notes. "But Camelot had come to an end, and there was this new guy Lindsay who had come along."

So in 1966 he went to work as an assistant counsel in the city's Buildings Department and two years later moved over to the corporation counsel's office. He was soon disillusioned.

"He [Lindsay] was borrowing himself into bankruptcy, and we just sat there watching it."

In 1970 Wein retreated to academe, joining the Brooklyn Law faculty and teaching just about every course in the catalog . . . for a salary barely above that of a starting associate at a Wall Street firm.

At both the Buildings Department and the corporation counsel's office, Wein had a colleague named William J. Quirk, now a professor at the University of South Carolina Law School. Together, they started writing a series of articles in the *Cornell Law Review* and *Empire State Report* (a scholarly journal about state government) questioning first the financing of municipal housing, then the entire morass of state and city finances.

As early as 1969 they predicted the Urban Development Corporation's collapse, which occurred five years later. Their chief villains were Nelson Rockefeller and John Mitchell. They loathed Mitchell's policies even *before* he became Nixon's attorney general, especially his innovation of moral-obligation bonds. Normally, state bonds, which must be approved by the voters, incur the state's "full faith and credit" —that is, they are a first lien against tax revenues. Authority bonds do not require voter approval, but they lack this guarantee, and unless they are backed by an assured source of revenue —say, a toll bridge—investors are reluctant to buy them. Mitchell devised a state assumption of a "moral obligation" to repay such bonds, facilitating sale and, in effect, enabling Rockefeller to pledge future tax revenues without voter approval.

From scholarly articles, Wein and Quirk moved on to challenging such financing in the courts. They wrote the briefs together, and Wein argued the cases *pro se* (for himself).

"We were sure of Mitchell's thievery," Wein says, "and felt we could go to any court in the world, point it out, and get them to put a halt to it. We were like the peasants in Russia at the turn of the century. They kept saying, 'If the czar only knew . . .' and then found out that the

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Paul Hoffman is the author of several books about lawyers.

czar did know and didn't give a damn."

In the past two years, Wein and Quirk have filed eight suits:

☐ *Wein* v. *City of New York,* challenging the right of the city's stabilization authority to issue moral-obligation bonds. The court of appeals ruled against them, four to three. But Wein boasts: "We wiped out any chance they had of selling the bonds."

☐ *Wein* v. *State of New York,* challenging the right of the state to borrow money and give it to the city. Again they lost, six to one, but Chief Justice Charles Breitel noted that the state's action had brought it to the "brink of valid practice."

☐ *Wein* v. *Levitt,* challenging the state's indemnification of pension-fund trustees who bought Big MAC bonds at face value rather than at the lower market price. A lower court ruled against them; the appeal is pending.

☐ *Wein* v. *Beame,* challenging the city's arrangement with developer Donald Trump to renovate the Commodore Hotel. "Trumpery," Wein calls it. "The city is being taken for a Commodore Hotel ride"—the cabby's old practice of greeting yokels at Grand Central and driving them all over town before depositing them next door at the Commodore. "They're contracting away the real-estate tax," he protests. "Eventually, you're going to have one poor schnook in Brooklyn—Wein—who's going to be the only guy in New York who doesn't have a tax exemption." Again, they lost in the lower courts; the appeal is pending.

☐ *Wein* v. *Carey,* challenging the state's right to borrow to balance its budget. Last month, the court of appeals ruled against them unanimously.

☐ *Wein* v. *Comptroller of the State of New York,* challenging the state's practice of "back-bonding," issuing bonds for construction projects already financed with cash. "On this theory, the state of New York can go out and issue bonds to reimburse itself for the Erie Canal," Wein notes. A lower court ruled that Wein lacked standing to sue; an appeal is planned.

☐ *Quirk and Wein* v. *Municipal Assistance Corporation and City of New York,* "the biggie," as Wein calls it, challenging the constitutionality of Big MAC. Quirk and Wein contend that the Big MAC refinancing program violates U.S. constitutional strictures barring the states from changing the terms of a contract—in this case, between the city and its bondholders. But the court of appeals ruled that "there is not, and never has been an agreement expressed or implied" regarding the use of sales-tax revenues. Had Quirk and Wein been successful, they would have wreaked havoc with the effort to salvage the city's finances. Although rebuffed by the state court, Wein remains confident of ultimate victory. Because it raises constitutional questions, it is the first of his cases that he can appeal to the federal courts.

☐ *New York Public Interest Research Group, Wein, and Ross* v. *Levitt, City of Albany, and County of Albany,* in which he joined with a Ralph Nader group to challenge the financing of Rockefeller's South Mall, under which the state pays a "rent" equal to the city-county debt payments on the mammoth project. The case has not yet been argued.

Why does Wein do it? "Somebody had to do it," he says. "A constitution that no longer protects the people is a dangerous thing. What I'm fighting for is a constitutional system."

He also harbors an old-fashioned Jeffersonian aversion to government debt. "Debt is irrepealable," he and Quirk once wrote. "While a bad law can always be repealed, a bad debt cannot be. . . . A democratic government, to the extent that it borrows, becomes less democratic. The government's future revenues belong to the bondholders, not to the taxpayers, whose work will produce them."

Ironically, Wein himself is one of those bondholders to whom the city's future is mortgaged. To acquire standing to sue in the Big MAC case, he bought a few city bonds. "I don't recommend them for an investment," he quickly advises.

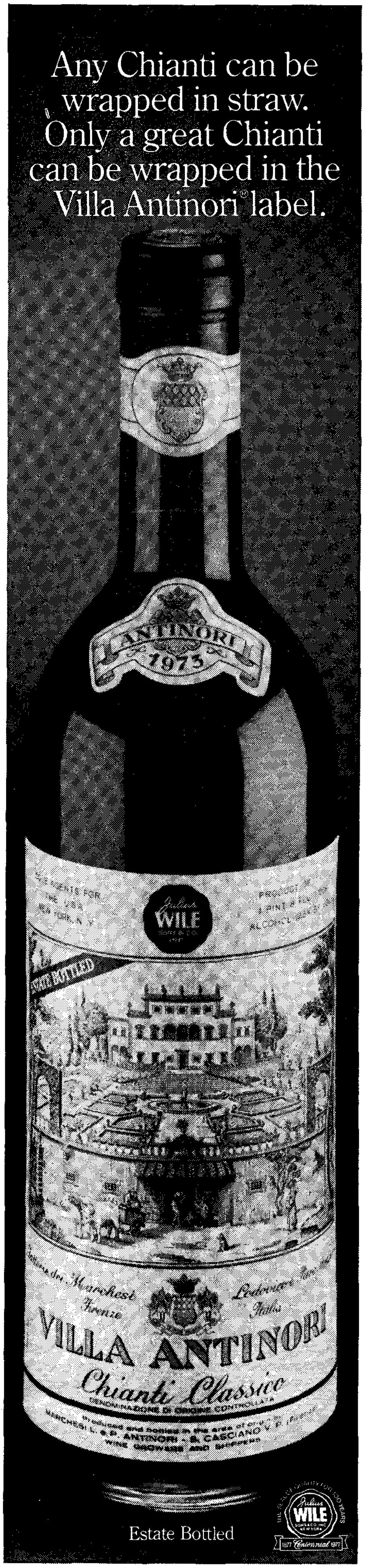
A Wall Street lawyer who has argued against Wein says, "He has raised points that are gutsy questions. They go right to the heart of the matter."

But others contend that the professor is less high-minded or able. W. Bernard Richland, the city's corporation counsel, points out that Wein "has not won a single case at any stage of any proceeding. 'Gadfly'—I suppose that's an acceptable term for him. Or 'mosquito,' especially the *anopheles* [malaria-carrying] kind."

Some suspect that Wein is trying to use the courts as a springboard for a political career. But Wein insists that he's "completely apolitical."

"I don't believe that I'm talented that way at all," he says. "I'm a technician. If I become a public figure, I'm going to stop doing what I'm doing. I'll go back to writing law-review articles."

In the interim, however, "there's an infinite amount of illegality, but there's just so much you can take on. There's going to be a 'Wein Nine,' but there's no complaint in the typewriter at the present time." ■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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

AN INVITATION FOR DINING, DISCO-DANCING . . . AND THE SEC

Crumbling Castle

In uncharacteristic fashion, tough-guy Jerome "Jerry" Castle, the beleaguered chief executive of Penn-Dixie Industries, came close to tears the other week during a lively three-hour interview. "Everyone's kicking me around," lamented Brooklyn-born Castle, an amateur boxer who worked his way through college (which he never completed) as a bartender, elevator operator, and meat-carver, and who parlayed intense drive, an agile mind, and the right contacts into a personal net worth of over $30 million (it has since shriveled to about $3 million).

The latest kick—a trading suspension in the company's shares by the New York Stock Exchange—could be the worst blow yet. It may signal the beginning of a drive by Penn-Dixie's banks to oust the controversial Castle as head of the $280-million steel-and-cement company.

Said one banking source close to Penn-Dixie: "Castle may now be just too much of a liability."

It may be this fear that prompted Castle to grant what he said was his first interview in seven years. At one point, he grabbed my wrist and pleaded: "Tell people that you believe me, that I'm really a nice guy."

The Big Board suspended trading after the company failed to issue its 1976 annual report. The auditors have refused to certify the report until an independent appraisal can be made of the company's real-estate holdings in Florida. The auditors also want certain other transactions independently examined, including some personal dealings by Castle. The SEC previously filed a suit against Penn-Dixie, Castle, and others,alleging that the defendants, among other things, had arranged for Penn-Dixie to acquire 5,500 acres of Florida swampland at a highly inflated price. The purchase price was $6 million, and Castle admitted to me last week that "we overpaid." He now thinks the land is worth about $3.5 million.

Castle, who took control of Penn-Dixie in 1967 after a bitter proxy fight, outlined his woes to me over lunch at La Folie, a posh new $1.25-million restaurant and discotheque at 61st Street and Madison Avenue that's part of Castle Capital Corporation, a 79 percent-owned subsidiary of Penn-Dixie. (Although my mind was on Castle's remarks, I couldn't help sneaking a glance every now and then at the fetching diner at the next table—Jacqueline Onassis.) Said a distraught Castle:"I've dished out a lot of crap in my time and I've stepped on a lot of bodies . . . and now it seems to be the other guy's turn. Arthur Miller was right, I guess. It comes with the territory."

MATTHEW KLEIN

Harassed Jerry Castle of Penn-Dixie: *"Everyone's kicking me around."*

But Castle, a spiffy dresser who resembles actor Cameron Mitchell, insists that "everybody is overreacting. The banks are looking at the magazines [a reference to a biting *Forbes* article on Castle last June] instead of looking at the balance sheet. The auditors—because of the SEC allegations—have also panicked. And the stock exchange is afraid to let the stock trade if all those other supposedly sophisticated people are afraid. But why is everybody worried? If I packed my tent, I'd still get $12 a share."

The $12 figure (the stock last traded at about $4) is Castle's assessment of the liquidating value of the company's assets. Here's the way Castle figures it: The sale of all of the Penn-Dixie businesses could bring about $120 million. Knock off the $60 million of total company debt (including the convertible issues), and that leaves about $60 million. Based on a capitalization of 5 million shares—Castle claims that he, his family, and close friends own about a million of these shares—that adds up to $12 a share in liquidating value.

I'm no appraiser of steel-and-cement assets. But one expert intimately familiar with Penn-Dixie tells me: "Only a fool or a dreamer would say you can liquidate this company for $120 million. And Castle is neither."

What about reports that the banks want your scalp? I asked Castle.

"I've heard the rumors, but they're not true," he replied. "I'm sure the banks are not overjoyed with me, but no one has asked me to get out."Angrily reiterating the point with a clenched fist, Castle declared: "If anyone wants to take a shot at me, they'd better make it a real good one. I don't scare easy . . . and I'm not getting out."

Maybe not, but Castle (who was born Jerome Kesselman) left a strong impression that the company's major businesses—if not the company itself—are up for grabs. "You have to accept the fact that steel and cement are not growth industries, but mature and stagnating," he told me. He pointed, for example, to a dish of strawberry ice cream we were sharing—it cost $3 and was simply scrumptious—and remarked: "We make more money on this dish of ice cream than we make on a 75-pound barrel of cement." Does that mean the company's up for sale? "When you're over 40," replied Castle, "everything is up for sale. And I'm over 40."

One can understand Castle's frustrations. Penn-Dixie lost $2.2 million in 1975, and there may be another loss in 1976,based on write-downs of the Florida real-estate operations and a $3.3-million investment in Diversified Industries. The company is also saddled with stockholder actions and several antitrust suits in the cement business. Fur-

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* An Assistant Plant Manager, blocked from further growth at $15,000, landed a $22,000 Plant Manager position with a large soft drink company.

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* A successful office products Salesman, seeking a major increase in responsibility, . . .won a new job as Marketing Director with a consumer products firm in Phoenix, Arizona.

* A President of an American Stock Exchange firm, who had been ousted, was able to become Chief Executive of another listed corporation, while maintaining his $100,000 plus earnings level.

* A Personnel Director, employed for 20 years with one company, was successful in joining a New Jersey consulting firm in a general management capacity at 45% higher earnings.

* An Engineer whose earnings had stabilized at $31,000, was able to get a new job as Director of Technical Services with a Chicago Photographic company at $38,500.

* A Data Processing Executive who lost his job through a merger, was successful in developing 7 attractive offers in less than 10 weeks' time.

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ther, the IRS is taking a new look at the Florida land deal. Castle also complained that his SEC problems seem far from over. His lawyer, Milton Gould of Shea, Gould, recently returned from a Washington meeting with SEC enforcement chief Stanley Sporkin, and told Castle: "We've got a long, tough struggle with the SEC."

Jerry Castle is a likable guy. And I couldn't help feeling sorry for him—but not too sorry. Despite his difficulties and the collapse in the company's shares (they once sold close to 30 in the 1960s), Jerry lives the good life. Among other things, he has a $250,000 annual income (no doubt with a liberal expense account), a $650,000 home on Long Island, a plush, massive apartment at the Hampshire House, another Manhattan apartment in the East Sixties, and a chauffeured limousine (usually accompanied by an armed bodyguard).

"Castle's like Riklis [Rapid-American chairman Meshulam Riklis]," one analyst observed. "They've both gone from rags to riches, while their stockholders have gone from riches to rags."

I asked Castle why he needs a bodyguard, and sometimes two of them. Responded Castle, who always wears an American-flag pin in his suit lapel ("I'm proud of this country"): "When you fire people in large quantities [a reference to layoffs at the company's steel plant in Kokomo, Indiana] . . . when you're outspoken against the communists, the socialists, and the welfare bastards . . . and when you stand up for America . . . you get threatening telephone calls and letters."

There's another reason suggested for Castle's bodyguards: a tie-in with organized crime. In fact, I vividly recall an incident that took place about seven years ago at a dinner party that Castle and I attended at Patsy's restaurant on Manhattan's West Side. He suddenly excused himself to say hello to "an old friend"—crime boss Frank Costello. "How are you, Frank?" Castle asked respectfully. Replied Costello: "How're ya doin', punk?" Castle, who denied any links with organized crime, had a ready explanation: "Cardinal Spellman introduced me to Costello . . . and I was just saying hello to a friend."

Some sophisticated analysts I know think Castle will be hard pressed to survive the latest storm—but not Castle. "It's not often," he said, "that I'd bet on a reformed whore or an ex-proxy fighter, but I might just bet on Jerry Castle having the last laugh. The old gunslinger is still in there and he's great at landing on his feet."

But old gunslingers, I guess, still look for an edge. And Castle's no different. No doubt in jest, he inquired sheepishly: "Are you sure you're not corruptible?"

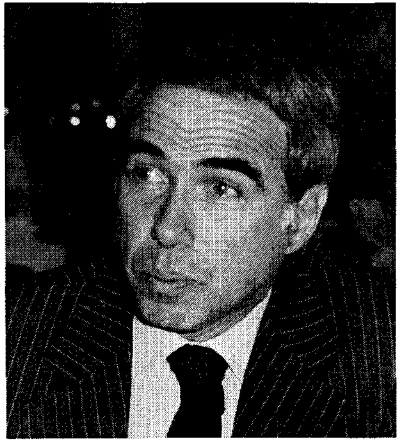
From Lazard to Engelhard?

Big MAC chairman Felix Rohatyn has been offered the job of chairman and chief executive of Engelhard Mineral & Chemicals, the world's largest independent marketer of ores, minerals, and metals (1976 sales: $6.4 billion). I'm told that Rohatyn, a partner in the investment-banking concern of Lazard Frères & Company, hasn't yet made a decision. The job was offered to him by an old friend—Harry F. Oppenheimer, the head of Anglo-American Corporation, a South African–based mining and financial giant with worldwide interests. Anglo-American also happens to be Engelhard's largest stockholder, with a 28 percent interest.

Rohatyn, a director of Engelhard, was noncommittal about the offer. "My final decision about what to do with my life will be made after my stint with MAC is finished in June," he said. He added, though, "It's likely that I will continue with Lazard."

Maybe so, but at least one Lazard insider has his doubts. He points to growing friction between Rohatyn and some Lazard partners and to Rohatyn's apparent disdain for some of the older Lazard management, and he questions whether the firm will accede to some of Rohatyn's demands for restructuring Lazard, such as changing it from a partnership to a corporation. There's also talk inside Lazard that Rohatyn wants a bigger piece of the action (at present, he reportedly owns about 8 percent of the firm). As my source put it: "Felix is brilliant. But we're not going to give him the world. And if he doesn't get what he wants—which he may not—I wouldn't rule out Engelhard."

FRED W. MCDARRAH



Rohatyn: *A job offer from a friend.*

Carey Losing Burke

David Burke, the well-regarded secretary to Governor Carey, will be leaving state government, probably in July or August, for a job in industry. Burke, reportedly pressed by financial commitments, hasn't yet decided what he's going to do. But sources say he'd like to work for network television as a behind-the-scenes political commentator. Probably the soundest speculation is that Burke, onetime administrative assistant to Ted Kennedy, may return to Dreyfus Corporation. Before joining Carey after the governor's election in November of 1974, Burke handled administrative matters at Dreyfus, as well as management of the firm's Third Century Fund. Robert Morgado, presently Carey's director of state operations, is thought to have the inside track as Burke's successor.

The Merrill Lynch Bear

Merrill Lynch won't do it, of course, but it ought to consider using a pack of bears in its next television commercial. The reason: Its highly regarded technical analyst (or chart follower), Robert Farrell, Merrill Lynch's vice-president in charge of market research, has just dashed off an extremely bearish commentary on the depressed glamour stocks—like IBM, McDonald's, Hewlett-Packard, and Texas Instruments. Despite their already stiff decline, the glamours, in Farrell's opinion, are going lower—10 to 20 percent lower, he says, over the next month or two. The chief reasons for his negative assessment—which has already knocked down the prices of some glamours—is the "breakdown" in the shares of the kingpin of the glamours: IBM.

As we went to press, IBM's shares were selling at around 260. Farrell thinks they're going to 225–230.

Aside from IBM, Farrell expects Hewlett-Packard, recently selling at 68½, to drop to about 52. Johnson & Johnson, trading about 63, is likely to fall to 50, says Farrell. And Texas Instruments, about 78, could slide to 65. Farrell expects this drubbing to cause further declines in such other glamours as Philip Morris, Burroughs, Sears, Merck, Eli Lilly, McDonald's, J. C. Penney, Avon Products, Schering-Plough, Kresge, and Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing. ▬

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

May 3 through 10

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, May 4

Andy Warhol's Bad–Andy Warhol's controversial X-rated film about a suburban electrolysist who operates a mini-murder incorporated, staffed by some of the strangest women imaginable. With Carroll Baker, Perry King, Susan Tyrrell. At the Quad; RKO Cinerama II; RKO 86th St II; Eastside.

Sunday, May 8

MILITARY MAN

Jacques Spiesser studies his troops as they march off to war in the Academy Award-winning foreign film **Black and White in Color.** Jean-Jacques Annaud directed this sensitive comedy. At the Paris.

THE MOVIES

Aguirre, Wrath of God–A 1973 film by the German director Werner Herzog about a 1560 expedition by Spanish conquistadors in search of El Dorado. The trouble with the film is not the excesses but the insufficiencies of Herzog's imagination. We never get inside anyone's mind, and come to understand neither Aguirre and his madness, nor why the others trusted him so long. D. W. Griffith.

Airport '77–A disaster movie that suffers from arrested development. It concerns a privately-owned Boeing 747 that has been converted into a flying clubhouse and is now conveying guests to Florida by its millionaire owner. If you expect a spectacular crash, forget it. The plane luckily turns out to be as airtight as the movie's plot is far from being; yet it is not quite watertight, a condition resembling that of the filmmaker's head. Forum; 86th St E.

Ankur–Shyam Benegal wrote and directed this Indian film set in a village background in Hyderabad, and Shabana Azmi is the star. Bombay Cinema.

Annie Hall–Woody Allen's latest is painful in three ways: as unfunny comedy, poor moviemaking, and embarrassing self-revelation. The jokes are tired and can often be seen dragging their feet toward us a mile off. Diane Keaton's scandalous performance consists of a dithering, blithering, neurotic coming apart at the seams, in this on-again, off-again love affair of a schlemiel and a meshugenah. Baronet; Little Carnegie; 34th St E.

Audrey Rose–There is a little girl, Ivy, in whom the soul of a previous little girl who dies in flames is prematurely reincarnated, and poor Ivy is now a mess. Her parents and Audrey Rose's father get together to pray for the errant soul. Robert Wise, the director, and Frank De Felitta, the writer, clearly share—not the same soul, but the same mind. And half a mind proves insufficient for either job. Loews State II; Loews Cine.

The Beast–It is hard to name the worst filmmaker to have achieved international stature, but if one had to, Walerian Borowczyk would come first to mind. This film finally achieves what his previous ones have all been aspiring to: the perfect blend of ineptitude and pretension. A banal but utterly confused story serves as feeble excuse for prurient views of copulation between horses, later beween a woman and a mythical beast, and masturbation with everything from the headboard of a bed to the flower end of a rose. (The stem might have made a little more sense.) E. 59th St Theater; thru 5/3, RKO Cinerama II.

Between the Lines–Joan Micklin Silver's film, about the takeover of a Boston underground weekly by an establishment newspaper tycoon, is meant to be a tale of deradicalization; how a group of idealistic, journalistic kids decline into indifference. But, like *Hester Street* (her first film), it lacks a point of view. We feel neither a sense of loss for nor do we laugh at these kids: only the casting (John Heard and Jill Eikenberry) is excellent. Sutton.

Black Sunday–John Frankenheimer's latest is a sound commercial film, the basic stuff of cinema, and an oasis in the current American movie output. As the Israeli mastermind of an assassination attempt, the lately often irresponsible Robert Shaw gives a genuinely affecting performance, and there is very solid work from other actors as well, notably the craggily dependable Fritz Weaver, the pervasively slimy Michael V. Gazzo, and the ominously controlled Walter Gotell. Loews State I; Loews Tower East.

Brothers–Bernie Casey, Vonetta McGee, and Ron O'Neal star in a film, directed by Arthur Barron, about a man persuaded to plead guilty to robbery in exchange for a light sentence, who fell in love with a radical professor with whom he was corresponding from jail. National.

Chinese Roulette–Story of a long week-end in a Franconian castle in Germany and all the shenanigans that take place therein. Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. New Yorker.

The Clockmaker–A penetrating first work by Bertrand Tavernier, who has since gone on to two further, perhaps even better, films. Based on a novel by Simenon, this is not a thriller, but a searching character study of a little man whose son has killed a brutish fascist. We follow the father in the process of coming to understand his son, himself, and the protofascist society he lives in. A sad but wonderfully liberating film, brilliantly acted by Phillippe Noiret and a fine cast, against a colorful Lyons background, and full of sharply observed, stunningly integrated existential details. Thru 5/3, Quad.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Thru 5/7, Paris.

Family Plot–Alfred Hitchcock, still chipper at 76, is back with his fifty-somethingth picture—even the experts seem to have lost count. This one, about kidnappings and ransoms and chases, is hardly worth counting in any case. Much goes wrong, starting with the overlong initial expository scenes. And what the film does not provide is interesting clues. 5/4-10, Olympia.

Fun with Dick and Jane–Even if the film were a good deal worse it would still deserve to be seen for the greatly gifted Jane Fonda who is the only all-purpose actress we've got in Hollywood today. She is by far the most irresistibly smart-alecky wife since Myrna Loy in the *Thin Man* series. Theme concerns a couple, living beyond their means, who turn to a life of genteel crime. Loews Triplex; RKO 86th St I.

Harlan County, U.S.A.–Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miner's strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. From 5/4, Embassy 72nd.

Intimate Lighting–One of the rare films in which a simply story about humble people resonates with deep humanism and genuine, unpatronizing laughter. A concert violinist comes back from Prague to his home town with his very pretty wife to give a concert and stay with an old friend, the local conductor, and his quaint family. Nothing much happens, except that both the country and the city mouse learn about life. Ivan Passer has directed superlatively from his own script, with a fine cast and flavorous *mise en scene.* A gem of the Czech Cinema. 5/3, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Jabberwocky–A film by and with some of the Monty Python crew. If you can laugh at this, you can laugh at anything and might as well stay home working up great guffaws over the spots in your kitchen sink. Cinema I.

Jacob The Liar–An earnest, well-meaning East German film about a former Jewish cafe owner in a wartime Polish ghetto whose lies make him into a hero he doesn't want to be. Much of this is played for comedy, which could be interesting, except that the comedy is as earnest and flatfooted as the rest. The acting is good, but not good enough to offset a generally uninspired and drawn-out script and direction. Plaza.

Last Tango in Paris–About sex, love, and death among today's disaffected young and disenchanted middle-aged, this purports to be a social document, eroticism at its best, and a work of art, but despite fancy positions and posturings, fails at all three. Neither Bertolucci's directorial attitudinizing, for the actors' elaborate improvisations come to much beyond one good sex scene (the first), and Brando's vaunted performance is merely an anthology of all his former ones, while Maria Schneider's main talent is for looking unwashed even in an bathtub. Modish cinematography, bad music, and dialogue full of pratfalls. 5/7,8, Bleecker St Cinema.

The Late Show–If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre, you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likeable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. Murray Hill; Columbia I; Quad; thru 5/3, Embassy 72nd; from 5/4, Playboy.

Man on the Roof–A civilized, understated thriller, of a kind that is all too rare these days. Bo Widerberg's film is made with a wary intelligence all the way, showing that however spectacular police work can get, it is seldom if ever romantic. This is no bogus epic, nor is it a lurid ominous *film noir.* If anything, it is a *film gris.* The scene is set in Stockholm, and the cinematography by Odd Geir Saether is just right. Cinema III.

Marathon Man–John Schlesinger's tale of espionage and double agents, where the C.I.A. is as villainous as the big-time ex-Nazi (Laurence Olivier) now based in South America, has as its hero a little Jewish schlemiel (Dustin Hoffman) who, after he has been kicked and tormented too much, asserts himself and destroys all his torturers. 5/6,7, Cinema Village.

Mohammad, Messenger of God–A long arid desert of a movie directed by Moustapha Akkad, an authentic Moslem believer, no doubt, but an equally certifiable no-talent as a director. For well over three hours, this film stumbles, staggers, lurches, and bumbles ahead, without any true rhythm, construction, vision, or even bare minimum of craft. The cast comprises mostly second-rate, posturing European actors who, moreover, sound (or are) dubbed ineptly. Rivoli.

Nasty Habits–A nasty little piece of goods over which it would be kindest to pass in silence, if only it deserved kindness. What we have here is a "satire" on Watergate told in terms of a nunnery with monastic equivalents for most of the principals in that fiasco. The language is rowdy throughout, the goings-on licentious or sacrilegious, and convent life is turned into an ugly, unfunny travesty. Cinema II.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Thru 5/3, U.A. East; Gramercy; Olympia; 8th St Cinema.

The Pink Panther Strikes Again–Distinctly superior to its predecessor, *The Return of the Pink Panther*, this one features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it may be. With Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Colin Blakely, Leonard Rossiter, and Lesley-Anne Down. Loews Orpheum; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Triplex III.

Providence–Alain Resnais's first English-language film is his first unmitigated disaster. John Gielgud, the partially hidden narrator of the film, an old dying man, imagines a convoluted scenario involving a love triangle made up of his legitimate son, his illegitimate son, and the former's wife (Dirk Bogarde, David Warner, and Ellen Burstyn). Art.

The Return of the Pink Panther–Intermittently funny but mostly oafish vehicle in which Peter Sellers resumes the misadventures of Inspector Clouseau, bumbler extraordinary. The director, Blake Edwards, is no slouch either when it comes to bumbling, and you can find here everything from the most tired farce commonplaces to the kitchen sink, with very few genuine laughs. Sellers has his moments, but the film will never make the best-Sellers list. Loews Oprheum; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Triplex III.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Embassy 46th; Columbia II; Quad; thru 5/3, RKO 86th St II.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze and cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. 72nd St E; from 5/4, Gramercy; Olympia.

Shining Star–The story of the pop record business, of the hypes, ripoffs and tricks that turn ordinary singers into giant stars. Directed by Sig Shore, with music by Earth, Wind and Fire. Trans-Lux 85th St; Greenwich; thru 5/3, Criterion.

Slap Shot–An amusing movie as long as you don't look at it very closely, and forget it as fast as you can. George Roy Hill's film about the ice-hockey scene has no point of view or even consistency of style. It fluctuates between realism and absurdism, cynical casualness and manic exaggeration, moral indignation and total indifference. Beekman; Victoria; Loews Triplex I.

A Star is Born–This third version of the film, with Barbra Streisand in what seems to be both the female and male leads, is not only unneeded, it is emphatically uncalled-for. Streisand's notion of acting is to bulldoze her way from one end of a line to the other without regard for anyone or anything; you can literally feel her impatience for the other performer to stop talking so she can take over again. Thru 5/3, Playboy.

The Sting–Although George Roy Hill's film about little gangsters fleecing a supergangster does not hold water, it steadily holds the interest. There is a breezy facility here that carries us over the glaring loopholes, and the spirited cast headed by Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw entertains us royally, however slick and slender their material may be. There is also a captivating score based on Scott Joplin rags, and a decent period look appealingly photographed. Good, mindless fun. Radio City Music Hall.

A Streetcar Named Desire–Elia Kazan's movie version falls far short of Tennessee Williams's play, but does have its share of spurious excitement. Brando is Brando, after all, and this was one of his best parts; Vivien Leigh, through no great actress, was a beautiful woman and suffered exquisitely. 5/6,7, Bleecker St Cinema.

Three Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud*, alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. Coronet.

Welcome to L.A.–About a lot of people in Los Angeles fornicating, which, even if it were well done would be dull, but in this case it is not well done. Banal writing, terrible tunes with worse lyrics. Direction by Alan Rudolph is as minimal as his script; offensively arty photography; submerged performances; some of them not enough. Fine Arts.

The Wild Duck–Stage masterpieces never work on screen for reasons obvious to everyone except the hacks who undertake the transposition. Here Ibsen's play is treated with some respect, but the additions and subtractions are nevertheless grating, as are certain aspects of casting and acting. Peter Kern turns the weak but charming Hjalmar Ekdal into a grotesque monster, and Anne Bennent looks paradoxically both too young and too old for Hedwig, who should never have been downgraded from fourteen to twelve years of age. An inauspicious American debut for the West German director-adapter Hans W. Geissendorfer. 68th St Playhouse.

Wizards–Ralph Bakshi's latest animated feature differs in theme from his previous ones, but not, regrettably, in quality. This story of the future where wizards, fairies, elves, and robots reenact the Second World War partly in cartoon and partly in live action (from *Triumph of the Will*, Nazi newsreels, and, of all things, *Alexander Nevsky)* is well drawn but unpleasantly misguided in its wedding of feeble inventions with terrible historical realities. Paramount; Waverly; Trans-Lux East.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Providence.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Annie Hall.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Slap Shot.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 5/3, *The Strong Man; The Saphead.* 5/4, *The Wild One; The Men.* 5/5, *The Fugitive Kind; The Wild One.* 5/6, *A Streetcar Named Desire; The Fugitive Kind.* 5/7, *Last Tango in Paris; A Streetcar Named Desire.* 5/8, *Burn!; Last Tango in Paris.* 5/9, *The Godfather, Part II.* 5/10, *Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania; Keaton's The Three Ages.*

Bombay, 57th nr Bdway (581-4740). *Ankur.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 5/3, *Intimate Lighting; Crime and Passion.* 5/4, *Traffic; The Gold Rush.* 5/5, *Il Grido; The Passenger.* 5/6, *Dr. No; Goldfinger.* 5/7, *La Dolce Vita.* 5/8, *Falstaff; Macbeth.* 5/9, *The Drowning Pool; Kiss Me Deadly.* 5/10, *The Mother and the Whore.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Jabberwocky.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Nasty Habits.*

Cinema III, 2 W 59 (752-5959). *Man on the Roof.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 5/3, *2001: A Space Odyssey.* 5/4,5, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller; Little Big Man.* 5/6,7, *Marathon Man; Midnight Cowboy.* 5/8,9, *I am a Dancer; Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life.* 5/10, *Murder, She Said; Murder Most Foul.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Late Show.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Rocky.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *3 Women.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU 2-1796). Thru 5/3, *Shining Star;* from 5/4, *Young Frankenstein.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Aguirre, Wrath of God.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 5/3, *It's Alive.* From 5/4, *Andy Warhol's Bad.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 5/3, *Network.* From 5/4, *Fox and His Friends; The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Airport '77.*

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Rocky.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 5/3, *The Late Show.* From 5/4, *Harlan County, U.S.A.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Beast.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Welcome to L.A.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *Airport '77.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 5/3, *Network.* From 5/4, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Shining Star.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Raggedy Ann & Andy.*

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave at 10th (873-8702). Thru 5/4, *Alice in the Cities.* From 5/5, *Rebellion in Patagonia; Union Maids.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Annie Hall.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again; Return of the Pink Panther.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *Audrey Rose.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again; Return of the Pink Panther.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Black Sunday.* II. *Audrey Rose.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Black Sunday.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *Slap Shot.* II. *Fun with Dick and Jane.* III. *The Pink Panther Strikes Again; Return of the Pink Panther.*

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (879-5500). 5/3, 4 p.m. *Claudine;* 6 p.m. *Daguerrotypes;* 8 p.m. *West Side Story.* 5/7, 1 p.m. *La Belle Equipe;* 3 p.m. *Funny Girl.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The Late Show.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *Brothers.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Chinese Roulette.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 5/3, *Network, And Now for Something Completely Different.* Every Fri & Sat at midnight, *The Harder They Come.* 5/4-10, *The Seven Per Cent Solution, Family Plot.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (245-5070). *Wizards.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). Thru 5/7, *Cousin, Cousine.* From 5/8, *Black and White in Color.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 5/3, *A Star Is Born.* From 5/4, *The Late Show.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Jacob the Liar.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *The Late Show.* II. *Rocky.* III. Thru 5/3, *The Clockmaker, A Piece of Pleasure.* From 5/4, *Andy Warhol's Bad.* IV. Thru 5/5, Andy Warhol's *Frankenstein.* From 5/6, *The Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St & 6th Ave (246-4600). *The Sting.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 5/3, *Tokyo Story.* 5/4,5, *Samurai I; Sanshiro Sugata.* 5/6,7, *Samurai II; Samurai III.* 5/8,9, *Kwaidan.* 5/10-14, *Zatoichi in Desperation; Tokkan (Battle Cry).*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *Mohammed, Messenger of God.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. Thru 5/5, *Frankenstein* (Andy Warhol). From 5/6, *The Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth.* II. Thru 5/3, *The Beast.* From 5/4, *Andy Warhol's Bad.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Fun with Dick and Jane.* II. Thru 5/3, *Rocky.* From 5/4, *Andy Warhol's Bad.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Wild Duck.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Between the Lines.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 5/3, *The Third Man; The Stranger.* From 5/4, *Rebellion in Patagonia; Union Maids.* Fridays & Saturdays at midnight: *The Battle of Love's Return; Delora.*

Theater 80 St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 5/3, *Maytime; Sweethearts.* 5/4,5, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; Arabian Nights.* 5/6,7, *Sabotage; Blackmail.* 5/8,9, *Enchanted Cottage; Spiral Staircase.* 5/10,11, *Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon; Sherlock Holmes and the Woman in Green.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Annie Hall.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Wizards.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Shining Star.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 5/3, *Network.* From 5/4, *It's Alive.*

Victoria, 45th & Bdway (354-5636). *Slap Shot.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Wizards.* (Every Fri & Sat at midnight, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*)

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, May 3

Vieux Carre–Sylvia Sidney, Diane Kagan, Tom Aldredge, and Richard Alfiere star in a new play by Tennessee Williams about a writer and the inhabitants of a rooming house in the Old French Quarter of New Orleans, during the 30's. Directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. Previewing now prior to a 5/12 opening. St James, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

CURRENT

Agamemnon–Aeschylus's play, directed by Andrei Serban; with John Cazale, Priscilla Smith, and a chorus of 27; music by Elizabeth Swados. Thru 6/19. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th St (EN 2-7616).

American Buffalo–The first substantial American play of the season and worth the wait. David Mamet's brilliant black comedy about worthless wordsmanship and man's inactivity toward man. Gorgeous acting by Robert Duvall, Ken McMillan, and John Savage, directed with hairspring timing by Ulu Grosbard, complete the triumphant picture. Belasco, 111 W 44th (354-4490).

Anna Christie–Eugene O'Neill's seedy whore of a play, redeemed by the skill of a director (Jose Quintero) and a star (Liv Ullmann) who never make the mistake of taking it seriously. Ullmann's Anna is a stupendous creation, in which passion flows through every pore of a body that is, of itself, one of God's masterpieces. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Against what could have been, however, the show must be reckoned a slick, sloppy cheat. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel–The first in David Rabe's "trilogy" about GIs in Vietnam, this 1971 play lacks the tautness of the later *Sticks and Bones* and *Streamers*, but the power at its core remains intact. That power is harrowingly realized in Al Pacino's searing portrayal of the name role, and in David Wheeler's excellent direction. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long and Josephine Premice. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes and Marge Redmond look as foolish as they are made to sound. Mon thru Sat at 8; Sat, Sun, Wed mat at 2. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Dirty Linen & **New-Found-Land**–Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes beserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Tony Perkins and Ralph Seymour. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Nothing has aged so much that this 1964 Bock-Harnick-Stein musical has lost any appreciable glow. Even so, as Zero Mostel has had to slow down his timing in the lead role, and as some key members of the new cast fail to erase memories of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly clear that the real "Fiddler" is Jerome Robbins, whose staging transmutes common clay into something like gold. Since Mr. Robbins returned to restage this revival, it has become, once again, an imperative. Mon thru Sat at 8, Wed mat at 2. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. From 5/5, Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, with words (Michael Stewart) from old sit-com discards, music (Cy Coleman) that is mostly plasticized ricky-tick, and acting (Lenny Baker, et al) that would make Bugs Bunny cringe. A show, in other words, that achieves the impossible: to make life in New Jersey even worse than it is. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner stars in a revival of the Richard Rodgers/Oscar Hammerstein II musical based on Margaret Landon's Anna and the King of Siam. Constance Towers plays the governess. Directed and choreographed by Yuriko. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat and Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

Lily Tomlin in Appearing Nitely–A one-woman show with a cast of thousands, all of them crazy, and all beautifully observed. To dub Ms. Tomlin a "comic" is only to reveal the paucity of language; her impersonations are wildly comic, but also harrowingly real and often agonizingly poignant. An actress capable of such insight knows no horizons. Mon thru Thurs at 8; Fri & Sat at 7 & 10. Thru 6/11, Biltmore, 261 W 47th (582-5340).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. As the hero, a man on his way to becoming a robot, Tom Courtenay may be a little *too* charming, but his way with the language is indeed elegant. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Minskoff, 45th W of Bdway (869-0550).

Romeo and Juliet–Imperative, but only because the radiant, enthralling Juliet of Pamela Payton-Wright outweighs a multitude of flaws. This Juliet is a complete person: vulnerable, ravished in ways she cannot bring herself to comprehend, drawing delight from the sheer beauty of Shakespeare's music and the events it underscores. Paul Rudd, the Romeo, is, as always, interesting, but his bumptiousness undermines credibility and his elocution is more Iowa than Italy. Ted Mann's direction lets the play sprawl shapelessly over the Circle's impossible playing area, and the supporting cast seldom rises above mediocrity. Thru 5/22. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Don Murray in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving and perspicacious. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play is set among terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving play, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosphy and arrant tearjerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Side by Side by Sondheim–With skill and charm measurable in googols, three stupendously gifted Britishers (Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, and David Kernan) have come all the way from London to remind us of the words-and-music genius of Stephen Sondheim. Their reminder is nothing more than a long, generous song recital, but it all turns into an inspired, implied drama of sheer delight. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-6230).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone*. As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes pose-striking for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Ugh. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Tues thru Sun at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Another Way To Love–Dramatization of fantasies. Wine and post-play discussion. Thru 5/7, Fri & Sat at 8; Project Theater, 127 Grand St (966-0322).

Arms and the Man–G.B. Shaw's comedy, directed by Lou Rodgers. 4/29 thru 5/15, Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m., Sun mat at 3 p.m. $2.50. Studio 17, 18 E 17th St (691-6105).

Ashes–David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto unknown here) is something close to wonderful, as is the performance by a four-member cast directed by Lynne Meadow. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Bell, Book, and Candle–Revival of John Van Druten's play, directed by Robert Petito. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. 5/5-22. $3.50. Theater-Off-Park, 28 E 35th (686-9395).

A Better Place–Robert Hogan's play concerning the time-culture lag in today's world. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. 5/5-29. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (CI 2-9768).

Cacciatore–Three one-act plays by Joseph Pintauro, directed by Warren Robertson, Fri, Sat & Sun at 7:30, thru 5/8. $2.50. Actors Repertory, 1220 Bdway (564-1380).

Cakes with the Wine–English-language play by Edward M. Cohen, about money—how it is used to communicate emotions; directed by Ran Avni. Thru 5/15, Thurs & Sat at 8:30; Sun at 2:30. $2.50. Jewish Repertory, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

Camino Real–Tennessee Williams's carnival play, with a cast of 35 actors, dancers, and musicians. 5/5, 6, 7, at 8 p.m. $3. University Theater, 35 W 4th (598-3232).

Candide–Leonard Bernstein's version is presented from 5/3 to 5/7, at 8 p.m. and mat 5/4 at 2 p.m. $2. Fordham University at Lincoln Center, 113 W 60th (956-4774).

Carol in Winter Sunlight–Arthur Sainer's play, directed by Crystal Field, with a score by George Prideaux. Thru 6/5. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theater for the New City, 113 Jane St (691-2220).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Cold Storage–Martin Balsam and Michael Lipton as a couple of patients on a hospital roof, infecting each other and the audience with a terminal case of boredom. Ronald Ribman, the author, hasn't even gotten his medical facts right. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. $9. Thru 5/8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Dance on a Country Grave–Kelly Hamilton's musical based on Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native;* directed by Robert Brewer. Thru 5/8, Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9810).

Dear Liar–A comedy based on the tempestuous romance of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Written and directed by Jerome Kilty. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed, Sat, Sun mat at 2. Thru 6/12. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23 St (924-7160).

Double Bill–Joseph Waddington's *Tuscarora*, and Cocteau's *Opium—Diary of a Cure*. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 2 p.m. 5/5-21. $2.50. Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Dr (864-2929).

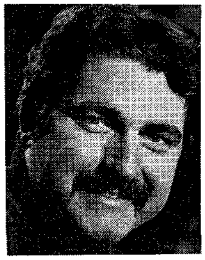
Double Bill–Harold Pinter's *Landscape* and *Silence*, directed by Lina Todorovich. 5/6-8 at 8. Teachers College Theater, Horace Mann Building, Broadway at 120 St, (678-3275).

Double Bill–Nikolai Gogol's *The Gamblers* and Chekhov's *Anniversary*, thru 5/7, Fri & Sat at 10:30, Sun mat at 2:30. $3. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Double Bill–Chekhov's *The Boor* and G.B. Shaw's *How He Lied to Her Husband*, directed by Joan Langue. Thru 5/16, Fri thru Mon at 8 p.m. $2.50. No Smoking Playhouse, 17 W 24th St (260-5879).

Endgame–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Gene Feist. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. mat, Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 5/22. Roundabout Stage, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

IRISHMAN



Neil Flanagan portrays Robert Hand in **Exiles,** James Joyce's only play, focusing on the risk of unleashing sexual passion from the bonds of conventional morality. Tuesdays thru Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 & 10; Sunday matinees at 3. 5/10-6/5. Circle Theater, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fefu and her Friends–Maria Irene Forne's play for eight woman exploring their relationship to the world and to each other. Directed by the author. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 5/5-22. $2.50. Relativity Media Lab, 648 Bdway, betw Bleecker & Bond (242-3900).

Fish Joy–Doloris Holmes's play, an experience in primal memory, directed by Donald Kvares. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. 5/7-29. White Mask Theater, 22 W 30th (683-9332).

For the Use of the Hall–Oliver Hailey's play, directed by Ron Van Lieu, is about a group of losers who come together in a deserted summer house. Wed thru Fri at 7:30; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. Playwrights Horizons, 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

Greenwich Village Follies–Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave (533-8010).

The Great MacDaddy–Folk musical of no great consequence, but revived with great love and incandescent energy by the Negro Ensemble Company. You won't find better ensemble work at any theater, large or small, in town. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2:30 & 8:30; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Gulp!–Musical farce about six youths at the beach, directed by John Glines. Thurs thru Sun at 9 p.m. Thru 5/29. $4. The Glines, 260 W Bdway (925-2619).

Hagar's Children–Ernest Joselovitz's soap-sudded drama about disturbed children in a home, wherein promising dramatic situations are invariably reduced to cliche. Robert Graham Small directs a large, but only intermittently interesting cast. Public Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Happiest Girl in the World–Offenbach's musical farce based on Aristophanes's *Lysistrata*, directed by Ben Termine. Mon thru Wed at 8, 5/2-4. Free. Twentieth Century Fox Screening Room, 444 W 56th (489-3560).

Heat–William Hauptman's play, starring Richard Dow, directed by Sharon Barr. $2.50. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 5/8. Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Heavenz–A fantasy about life, death and liberation, by Pat Kaufman. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. 5/5-21. $2.50. Soho Theater, 465 West Bdway (473-2954).

Hedda Gabler–Henrik Ibsen's drama of a desperate woman in confrontation with her own romantic myth. Lynn Lowery stars. 5/5-8 at 8 p.m. $2.50. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (242-3900).

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!–Revue of Feiffer sketches, mostly from his weekly *Lebenskvetch* cartoons for *The Village Voice*. The cast of five is talented, but comic strips don't necessarily sound better than they look (unless Mayor La Guardia happens to be on sound). One or two longer sketches in the second half do make the evening bearable, however. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. $8.50 & $7.50 Westside Cabaret, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

Kennedy's Children–Robert Patrick's play, directed by Lawrence Zucker. 5/6,13,14, at 7:30; 5/7, at 7 & 10. $2.50. Frankel Theater, 1147 First Ave, at 63rd (421-1666).

Look Back in Anger–John Osborne's play, directed by Phil Wilson. 5/3,4,9,10,11. Title Theater, Westbeth, 155 Bank St (533-0865).

Macbeth–The Orson Welles Federal Theater's all-black version, set in the West Indies, directed by Edmund Cambridge. Tues thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. Harry Dejur Henry St Plyhse, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations*, two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Manhattan Theater Club–Jane Bowles's *In the Summer House,* about a dominating woman's love for her dreamy daughter. Wed thru Sun at 7:30; Sun at 2:30. 5/4-29. $4. In the Cabaret: Songs by Richard Paeslee. 5/4-22. $2.50 MTC, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Monsters–A double-bill about human oddities that begins nauseatingly with William Dews's *Side Show,* which is about murderous Siamese twins, but ends triumphantly with *The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie,* Albert Innaurato's haunting allegory about a fat boy whom nobody loves. As James Coco sits and stuffs himself with food for an hour or so, unloved, Benno becomes transfigured into a repository for all the loathing and misunderstanding people are capable of visiting on one another. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Murder, My Sweet Matilda–Janet Green's play, directed by Edmund W. Trust. Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 7:30. Thru 5/22. $2.50. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th, betw 6th & 7th (924-8400).

Nat Horne Theater–Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw,* directed by David McKenna. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 6/26. $3. NHT, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Nero–Richard Vetere's play about the daydreams of an eccentric. Wed thru Sun at 7:45; Sat at 7:30 & 10. 5/4-29. Courtyard, 39 Grove St (359-7902).

New York City Street Show–Peter Copani's musical drama about growing up in Greenwich Village. Mon, Wed, Thurs at 8. Fri & Sat 7:30 & 10:30. Sun at 3:30. Actors Plyhse, 100 7th Ave So (242-9657).

N.Y.T.E. Festival–Ten new one-act plays by New York playwrights, five each evening in alternating repertory. Thru 5/15, Thurs thru Sun at 7:30. $3. N.Y.T.E. Arena, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Nightclub Cantata–A congenial revue of songs by the prolific and versatile Elizabeth Swados, arranged by her and sung with high style by eight immensely talented youngsters including the author. A few of the lovesongs are a mite sweet; one or two others stoop to the glitzy earnestness of Brel, but the show contains enough dazzling talent to outweigh passing flaws. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-9292).

Nobody Heard the Lions Roar–Leslie Holzer's comedy about the problems Americans face when embracing Far Eastern traditions. Thurs thru Sat at 8; thru 5/14. $2.50. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

On the Lock In–A musical with book, music and lyrics by David Langston Smyrl; directed by Robert Macbeth. Action takes place in a prison. Public Theater/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Ornaments–Rodney Anderson's play, directed by Charles Conwell. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, thru 5/8. $3.50. Direct Theater, 455 W 43 (765-2117).

Peg o' My Heart–Unless you've seen a lot of theater this season, you may be immune to the simple, fresh delights in J. Hartley Manners's 1912 heartwarmer (written for Mrs. Manners, a.k.a. Laurette Taylor). Under Gene Nye's unerringly clear-eyed direction, the play has returned to us full of love, and even a touch of wisdom, and a spendid company (led by the winsome, adorable Peg of Sofia Landon) plays as if caught up in a masterpiece. 5/4 at 6:30, from 5/5, Tues-Fri at 7:30; Sat at 5:30 & 9; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Theater Four, 424 W 55th (246-8545).

A Pocketful of Posies–Fantasy by Sidney Morris, directed by Robert Stocking. Mon thru Wed, thru 5/4, at 8 p.m. $2.50. National Arts, 30 Bond St (674-9710).

The Refrigerators–Mario Fratti's play, directed by Ted Story. Thru 5/14. Fri, Sat & Mon at 8; Sun at 3. $2.50. I.R.T., 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Relationships–Phillip Hayes Dean's two one-acters, directed by Shauneille Perry. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, Thru 5/8. $3.50. E.S.T. Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

Der Ring Got Farblonjet–Charles Ludlam's version of the Wagnerian ring, with music by Jack McElwaine. Tues thru Sat. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (228-8558).

Rose Lynch Repertory–Chekhov's *The Boor.* Sundays at 7:30; $2. Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit.* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Rosmersholm–Ibsen's play, directed by Cyril Simon. Fri, Sat & Mon at 8; Sun at 7. 5/6-23. $2.50. Caras Nuevas, 110 W 14th (242-3900).

Round the Naked Round–A comedy-drama by A. R. Bell. Wednesdays through Saturdays thru 5/28. $5. Dramatis Personae, 114 W 14th (675-9922).

Shayna–A play by Mordecai Siegal, directed by Richard Karp about a young woman propelled toward identity and independence. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 4 p.m. 5/10-22. $2.50. Open Space, 64 Wooster St (966-3729).

Silk Stockings–Revival of the Cole Porter/George S. Kaufman/Leueen MacGrath/Abe Burrows musical, directed by Susan Schulman. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m.; Sat & Sun at 2:30. 5/5-22. Equity Theater, 103rd & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

Six Characters in Search of an Author–Luigi Pirandello's masterpiece, directed by Larry Spiegel. Thru 5/15, Thurs thru Sun at 8. $2.50. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry (255-7190)

Skaters–A new play by Ted Pezzulo, directed by Bill Herndon, presented by the Joseph Jefferson company. Thru 5/14, Wed thru Sat at 8. $2.50. Prince George Hotel, 14 E 28th (679-7174).

The Sound of Music–Revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical, directed by Joe Sutherin. Tues-Sat, 5/6-21. Evenings at 8; Sat mat at 2:30. St Bart's Plyhse, Park & 50th (PL 1-1616).

Starting Here, Starting Now–Musical revue by Maltby and Shire, with Loni Ackerman, Margery Cohen and George Lee Andrews. Tues thru Sun at 8:45. Sat & Sun mat at 2:45. Barbarann Theater, 349 W 46th (581-3866).

The Stranger–Written and directed by David Willinger, suggested by the Albert Camus novella. Wed thru Sat, 5/4-21. $2.50. Hartley House, 413 W 46th (246-9885).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Strindberg Bill–John Heard, Geraldine Page, and Rip Torn, in *The Creditors* Geraldine Page and Amy Wright in *The Stronger,* both directed by Rip Torn. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350).

S.W.A.K.–Sally Ordway's play, directed by Geraldine Court, about what women are becoming in New York today. 5/4-7 at 7:30. $2.50. Playwrights Horizons, 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

A Thousand Nights and a Night–A new version of the Arabian Nights, directed by Gerry Bamman, with music and dance. Tues thru Sun at 8; Thru 5/22. $3.50 & $5. Manhattan Project, 105 Hudson St (966-6646).

Three Chekhov Comedies–*The Boor, The Anniversary, The Marriage Proposal.* 5/6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15. Greenwich Mews, 141 W 13th, betw 6 & 7th (755-5120).

The Three Sisters–Chekhov's statement on the condition of women in turn-of-the-century Russia. Directed by Frank Dunlop, cast includes Rosemary Harris, Ellen Burstyn, Tovah Feldshuh, Austin Pendleton. Thru 5/15. Helen Carey Playhouse, BAM, 30 Lafayette Ave, Bklyn (636-4100).

The Tragedy of Taliped Decanus–Taken from John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy,* conceived and directed by Ted Snowdon. Thurs thru Sat at 11 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 5/15. $3.50. Direct Theater, 455 W 43rd (765-2117).

Triple Bill–Strindberg's *The Stronger;* Tennessee Williams's *Hello, from Bertha;* Chekhov's *The Wedding.* Thurs thru Sat, thru 5/14. New Media Studio, 350 E 81st (249-9872).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

Vox Humana #3 A Love Song–Cosmos's conceptual work incorporating conventions and forms found in the theater and solar/nocturnal life as relating to Antigone, Joan of Arc, and Patty Hearst. 5/5-8 at 7 p.m. $4. La Mama, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Waiting for Godot–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Steven Brant. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. $3. Cithaeron, 55 Mercer St. (966-6183).

Ways of Loving–Adaptation by Drew Denbaum of stories by Brendan Gill. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m., Fri & Sat at 10:30 p.m. West-Park Theater, 165 W 86th (877-1671).

The Wolves and the Lambs–A play by Frieda Lipp which takes place in a small mid-western town during the 1970s. Fri thru Mon, at 8 p.m. 5/6-23. $2.50. NY Stage Works, 15 W 18th (924-7056).

You're Gonna Be Alright, Jamie Boy–David Freeman's play about a family that gets together to watch TV and ends up talking. Thurs thru Sun at 8. 5/5-22. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with the Milito Trio in evenings of non-stop popular Brazilian music, from 10 to 3 a.m. (688-8501).

Chateau Madrid–48th & Lexington. From 5/3, Lissette Alvarez, singer of Hispanic songs. In the Flamenco Room, at 9:45, dancer Carmen Acevedo. Closed Mondays (PL 2-8080).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd St. (opposite Lincoln Center). Mabel Mercer sings at 10 and 12, Tues thru Sat, accompanied by her long-time aide de melody, pianist Jimmy Lyon (724-6301).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. Dancing Fri & Sat. Closed Mondays (PL 5-6010).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Playroom: Prof. Irwin Corey thru 5/7, Mon thru Fri. For keyholders only (752-3100).

SPRING SONGS

Gail Wynters will delight you with songs in her nightclub debut, nightly except Sunday, May 9 thru May 14, 9:15 and 11:30 p.m. at the **Rainbow Grill,** 65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Call PL7-8970 for reservations. Myron Cohen plus Peters and Lee at 9 p.m. and midnight continue thru 5/7.

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Sy Oliver has something of a monopoly on tasteful, restrained but bouyant, two-beat dance arrangements. The orchestra has the precision and intimacy of a smaller unit and Buddy Smith sings (PL 7-9090).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing to the music of the Phillips Bros, Mon thru Fri, from 8 p.m. to 1.

Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe:** Thru 6/26, singer-pianist Bobby Short. **Bemelmans Bar:**

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The effervescent Marion McPartland, another English transplant, tenderly interprets ballads, and offers strong-minded, rhythmically adept improvisation—a first-rate jazz pianist. Thru 5/21, jazz pianist Dick Wellstood, Mon thru Sat from 9 p.m.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **King Cole Grill:** Pianist-composer Ray Hartley plays Mon thru Fri, 5:30-11 p.m. **Lounge:** Bill McCauley plays Mon thru Sat, 7 to 1 a.m.

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when and where They're playing.

Christy's Skylight Gardens–64 W 11th. Lovely glass-enclosed dining garden, with a fireplace when there's a chill. (673-5720).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Joe Turner backed by an excellent Los Angeles-based blues pianist named Lloyd Glenn, and the gifted guitarist Wayne Wright, is shouting his Kansas City verse with impregnable authority, and should not be missed. From 5/9, the Polish jazz pianist Adam Makowicz does his stuff. On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m., boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant with entertainment by Frankie Dash Trio, thru 5/5, Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Warren Vache, and drummer Connie Kay. 5/3, Doc Cheatham on trumpet, 5/8, Scott Hamilton Quartet, guest artist Harold Ashby (265-8277).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Large room with dining. At 9, 10:30 & midnight, thru 5/12, Sally Kellerman. No shows on Sundays (595-4206).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Pianist Hod O'Brian takes over for Brooks Kerr, temporarily, from Wednesdays thru Saturdays; Russell Procope and the ageless Sonny Greer are still present. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 4 to 8, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. Thru 5/7, Stan Getz, the usually steaming saxophonist, has a fine quartet in Joanne Brakeen, Mike Richmond, and Billy Hart, and is leading it all week. Food's good too (260-0250).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 5/14, Red Norvo, vibraphonist. Tues thru Sat, with music from approximately 9:15. Woody Allen continues to hold forth with jam sessions on Monday evenings (PL 8-2272).

The Other End–149 Bleecker. (673-7030).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. The New California Ramblers, under the direction of cornettist Richard Sudhalter, are here Tuesdays, and are too much fun to miss. The music includes arrangements from the Henderson and Goldkette bands, and its interpreters include two bass saxophonists, and a reed virtuoso named Al Gallodoro, who plays quite unlike any other saxophonist, thru 5/31. Lee Konitz's wonderful nonet is in Wednesdays and Thursdays; and the Joe Puma-Danny Styles quartet on Fridays and Saturdays (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So. A good guitarist named Ted Dunbar, who has been quietly ubiquitous, with his spare single-noted style, leads a trio, beginning 5/4 (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Thru 5/14, singer Jimmy Miller, Wed thru Sat, at 10 & midnight (260-0370).

Television

Wednesday, May 4

Mysteries of the Deep: A special, designed for children and their families, focusing on the hidden realm of life in the sea and the threatened survival of underwater species and resources due to our technological society's pollution of the ocean environment. Narrated by John Bartholomew Tucker. (Channel 7, 7:30 to 8 p.m.)

Great Performances: The Pilobolus Dance Theater is a group of four men and two women whose creative, geometric style uses acrobatics, design, energy, and experimental possibilities of movement. Tonight they perform four selections from their repertoire, including Ocellus, Monkshood's Farewell, Ciona and Untitled. (Channel 13, 9 to 10 p.m.)

Thursday, May 5

Golda Meir: The former Israeli Prime Minister discusses her life and career, revealing both her political and personal sides. She talks about her youth, her work on a kibbutz, her marriage and her children. She describes some of the great political events in her life, and the travail she experienced during the 1973 war. (Channel 13, 9 to 10 p.m.)

Friday, May 6

Classic Theater: *The Playboy of the Western World,* John Millington Synge's lyrical comedy about a bashful farmer who, quite unexpectedly and for no rationale at all, becomes the village hero. John Hurt and Sinead Cusack star in this production, filmed on the coast of Western Ireland. (Channel 13, 10 to midnight).

Mowgli's Brothers: Animated version of Rudyard Kipling's classic children's tale. An abandoned native baby is rescued and adopted by mother and father wolf and raised with their cubs in the jungle world. (Channel 2, 8 to 8:30 p.m.)

Sunday, May 8

Camera Three: *A Court of Solo,* in Surakarta, first of a two-part series entitled *The King and Queen,* which takes an in-depth look at Mangkuegoro VIII and his wife, who preside over a court that has been preserved for centuries. Faubion Bowers is the writer and narrator. (Channel 2, 11 to 11:30 a.m.).

King Kong: In the original 1933 version, shown uncut on TV for the first time, Kong was an eighteen-inch doll, and he and Fay Wray were merely good friends. Nevertheless, there's more mythic magic in any foot of Merian C. Cooper's black-and-white fable than in all of the later travesty, and few movies better define what movie-making used to be all about. (Channel 9, 8 p.m.).

Monday, May 9

America's Junior Miss Pageant: The 20th annual pageant features high school seniors from all 50 states who will be vying for the title. Michael Landon is host. (Channel 2, 9 to 10 p.m.)

Testimony of Two Men: A special six-hour mini-series, based on Taylor Caldwell's best-seller about the citizens of a Pennsylvania town from the end of the Civil War to the turn of the century. It follows the life of Jonathan Ferrier from birth to adulthood, when he becomes a surgeon struggling for the adoption of sanitary practices. The all-star cast includes David Birney, Barbara Parkins and Steve Forrest. Shown on three successive Mondays. (Channel 11, 8 to 10 p.m.).

Tuesday, May 10

Number Our Days: Lynne Littman's Academy Award-winning short documentary is a moving portrait of a community of elderly Jewish people in Venice, California. Former New Yorkers and Chicagoans who moved to Southern California 30 years ago, they now find themselves cut-off and beset by poverty, illness and loneliness. They have created their own culture to cope with these adversities. Anthropologist Barbara Myerhoff narrates. (Channel 13, 9 to 9:30 p.m.).

Children

Acting by Children, West Side Y, 5 W 63rd St. (255-4968). *Get It Together,* 5/15 at 2.
Doug Anderson, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 5/8 at 1 & 3.
Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.
Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). *Cinderella,* Sat & Sun at 1:30; *Jack and the Beanstalk,* Sat & Sun at 3.
Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave. (533-8010). *Twanger,* Sat & Sun at 1.
Floating Hospital Puppet Playhouse, South St. Seaport at Pier 15 (744-8636). *The Shy Fox* and *Roots,* 5/8 at 1:30 & 3.
Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th St. (760-9847). *The Feather Duster,* 5/7 at 2, 5/8 at 12.
Penny Jones & Co., 215 W 11th St. (924-4589). *The Magic Forest,* (puppets), 5/7-8 at 1:30.
Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.
Meri Mini Players, Hotel Opera, Broadway at 76th St. (221-7235). *Dorothy & the Wizard of Oz,* Sat at 2:30.
Richard Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl. (242-0530). *A Chip off the Old Munk,* Sat & Sun at 2.
New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. bet. 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345), Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.
Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.
13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread,* (musical), Sat & Sun at 1 & 3.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Runs

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

Johnny Cash, that nice man and country music giant, comes to the Westbury Music Fair for a series of concerts this week. Appearing with him will be his wife, June Carter, the Carter Family, and the Tennessee Three. Performances are: 5/3-6 at 8:30, 5/7 at 7 & 10:30, and 5/8 at 3 & 7:30 (516-333-0533).

Lily Tomlin, Biltmore Theater, 261 W 47th St. (582-5340). Thru 5/21. Performances are Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, and Sun at 3 & 7:30.
Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, *Madison Square Garden. Thru 6/5. For performance* times call (564-4400).
Broadway in Concert: *Knickerbocker Holiday,* Town Hall; 5/3-6 at 8, 5/7 at 2 & 8, 5/8 at 3 & 8.
In Performance, Diplomat Hotel Grand Ballroom, 108 W 43rd St. (691-3210). A new series of music and dance. Mon-Thurs at 8, Sun at 3; thru 5/9.

Tuesday, May 3

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Thomas Stacy, oboe d'amore. Works of Bach, Webern, and Bartok, at 7:30.
Jorge Bolet, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
ILGWU Concert, *Avery Fisher Hall,* at 12:15.
St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Pamela Guidetti, flute, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Riverside Woodwind Quintet, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.
Chamber Music, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Wednesday, May 4

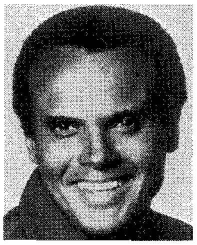
Celeste Holm, Town Hall, at 5:45.
Original Traditional Jazz Band, Tin Palace, Bowery at 2nd St. (787-2288), at 9.
All City High School Chorus & Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
New Music for Young Ensembles, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Da Capo Chamber Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
Miriam Molin, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Thursday, May 5

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Irene Gubrud, soprano. Works of Mendelssohn, Ravel, Crumb, and Stravinsky, at 8:30.
Juilliard Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Clamma Dale, soprano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Composers' Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Lucile Beer, *mezzo-soprano, Mannes College of* Music, at 8.
Salute to Israel in Song, Hebrew Arts School, 15 W 65th St. (787-0650), at 8.
Miyabi, Japan House, 333 E 47th St. (757-0780), at 7:30.

Friday, May 6

NEW YORK PREMIERE

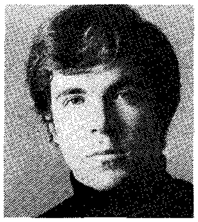


Harry Belafonte narrates the New York premiere of Hans Werner Henze's *Moralities* on Friday, May 6 at 8 in Carnegie Hall. On the same program the New York Choral Society, *under conductor* Robert DeCormier, performs works by Haydn, Fauré, and Biber (247-7459).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 5/5, at 2.
Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 8.
Bruce Burns, piano, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Warren Chiasson, vibraphone, Shepheards in Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900), noon.
England Dan and John Ford Coley/Jonathan Edwards, *Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.*
George Benson, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Tarack Chamber Ensemble, BAM Lepercq Space, at 8:30.
Eva de la O, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Saturday, May 7

PIANO RECITAL



Internationally-acclaimed pianist **Misha Dichter** will perform at the Kaufmann Concert Hall of the 92nd Street YMHA (1395 Lexington Avenue) on Saturday, May 7 at 8. The program will consist of works by Beethoven, Prokofiev, and Schumann (427-6000).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 5/5, at 8:30.
Beaux Arts Trio, BAM Lepercq Space, at 8:30.
George Benson, *Palladium, 126 E 14th St.* (249-8870), at 8.
Ivan Nunez, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Lucille Field, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 8.
Wind Ensemble, Mannes College of Music, at 2.
Victor Bobetsky, piano, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.
Thomas Booth & Friends, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 2.
Paul Van Ness, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

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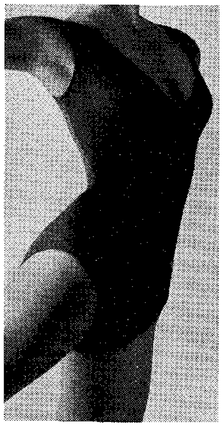

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Danny Rivera, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Karl Berger, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 8:30.

Thruston Johnson, violin/**Vladimir Padwa,** piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, May 8

Alfred Brendel, piano,

George Benson, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 2.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.

Mescal Wilson, piano, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672), at 2.

Lucille Gruber, harpsichord, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Sima Gorezkaya, soprano/**Vladimir Zaitsev,** piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.

A-1 Art Band, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 8:30.

Beaux Arts Trio, BAM Lepercq Space, at 2.

Hot Jazz Trio, Beefsteak Charlie's, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. (787-2288), at 9.

Roi Boye & the Gotham Minstrels, Tin Palace, Bowery at 2nd St. (855-1124), at 3.

New Calliope Singers, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Junior Mance Trio, Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th St. (765-2150), at 2.

Monday, May 9

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Georg Solti conducts. Works of Haydn, Wagner, and Schubert, at 8.

Leslie Shank, violin/**Cherie Broome,** piano/**Jonathan Spitz,** cello, Mannes College of Music, at 2.

George Benson, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

NYU Symphony Orchestra, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3493), at 8.

Endymion Ensemble, CAMI Hall, at 8.

Henriette Kristhea, soprano/**Robert Schmorr,** tenor, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Resonance, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.

Susanna Nason, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Guitar Ensemble, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Tuesday, May 10

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Eugene Ormandy conducts. All all-Beethoven program, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 5/5, at 8:30.

Paul Sperry, tenor/**Martin Katz,** piano, 92nd St. Y, 8.

Chamber Music, Mannes College, at 1, 2 & 4.

West End Symphony Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 10 & 11:30 A.M.

Frederic Hand, guitar/**Edward Culbreath,** cello/**Jeanette Kim,** piano, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).

CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St. (677-9728).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). American Ballet Theater (799-3100). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th (737-0700).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *Tsar and Carpenter,* 5/7 at 7:30, 5/8 at 3.

Bronx Opera Co., Bronx High School of Science, 75 W 205th St. (733-2100). *Fra Diavolo,* 5/6 & 7 at 8.

Judson Poets' Theater, Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. So. (777-0033). *A Manoir,* 5/6-9 at 8.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *Utopia, Limited,* 5/4-6 at 8:30, 5/7 at 4 & 8:30, 5/8 at 4.

Verismo Opera, Beacon Theater, Broadway at 74th St. (874-1717). *Adriana Lecouvreur,* 5/10 & 12 at 8.

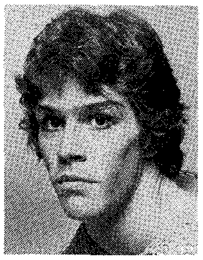
Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

PRINCESS AURORA

Cynthia Gregory will make her long-awaited debut as Princess Aurora in the American Ballet Theater's production of *The Sleeping Beauty* on Thursday, May 5. The role will be assumed by Gelsey Kirkland on May 6, by Martine van Hamel in the May 7 matinee, and by Natalia Makarova in the May 7 evening performance.

PRINCE FLORIMUND



Charles Ward will make his New York debut as Prince Florimund opposite Cynthia Gregory in the May 5 performance of *The Sleeping Beauty.* His role will be assumed by Ivan Nagy on May 6, by Clark Tippet in the May 7 matinee, and by Ivan Nagy again in the evening performance on May 7 (799-3100).

Tues, 5/3 & Wed, 5/4 at 8: *La Sylphide; Voluntaries.* Thurs, 5/5 & Fri, 5/6 at 8: *The Sleeping Beauty.* Sat, 5/7 at 2 & 8: *The Sleeping Beauty.* Mon, 5/9 & Tues, 5/10 at 8: *The Sleeping Beauty.*

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 5/3-Fri, 5/6 at 8: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Sat, 5/7 at 2 & 8: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Sun, 5/8 at 1 & 7: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Tues, 5/10 at 8: Divertimento from *Le Baiser de la Fee; The Cage;* Pas de Deux; *Raymonda Variations.*

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SPRING SEASON

Estelle Spurlock is one of the younger members of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, which will present five premieres in their three-week spring season at City Center (131 W 55th St.). Miss Spurlock can be seen in leading roles in *Blues Suite, Revelations, Three Black Kings,* and *Crossword.* May 4 thru May 22 (246-8989).

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Wed, 5/4 at 7:30: Spring Gala. Thurs, 5/5 at 8: *Gazelle; Coverage II; Myth; Revelations.* Fri, 5/6 at 8: *Blues Suite; Countdown; Blood Memories.* Sat, 5/7 at 2: *Gazelle; Hobo Sapiens; Crossword.* Sat, 5/7 at 8: *Three Black Kings; Facets; Hobo Sapiens; Myth; Caravan.* Sun, 5/8 at 2: *Blues Suite; Cry; Crossword; Revelations.* Sun, 5/8 at 7:30: *Three Black Kings; Hobo Sapiens; Blood Memories.* Tues, 5/10 at 8: *Gazelle; Cry; According to Eve; Crossword.*

OTHER

Double Entendre, Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (228-0900), at 5/7-9 at 9.

Hunter College Dance Company, Hunter College Playhouse, 68th St. between Park & Lexington Aves. (360-5512), 5/5 at 4:30, 5/6-7 at 8.

Riverside Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Drive at 120th St. (864-2929). Rudy Perez Dance Theater: 5/5-7 at 8, 5/8 at 2.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Jean Paul Ågosti–Pale watercolors of common objects in and out of real contexts, 5/7-6/17. Jackson, 521 W 57th (757-2890).

Chuck Close–New paintings, thru 6/4. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Wendy Csoka–Social and personal primitives in watercolor and acrylic, thru 5/14. Womanart, 41 W 57th (897-6054). Tues-Sat 12-6.

***Gene Davis**–Rectangle paintings from 1957 to 1958, thru 5/12. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Toni Dove/Carl Nicholas Titolo–Refracted nature in watercolors/Distorted life absurdities in miniature, thru 5/27. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Maurice Freedman–Still lifes and landscapes, thru 5/14. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

***Harold Gregor**–The plains and fields of the USA, thru 5/12. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Carol Hamoy–Paintings, thru 5/5. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Jacob El Hanani–Ink on primed and unprimed canvas, thru 5/21. René, 6 W 57th (765-1330).

***Grace Hartigan**–Recent paintings, craypas drawings, and oils on paper—vigorous, enthusiastic, semi-symbolic, semi-abstract, thru 5/7. Genesis, 41 E 57th (751-7220).

***Bruce Kurland**–La Nature Morte in oils and watercolors, thru 5/7. Washburn, 42 E 57th (PL3-0546).

Peter Marcus–Large blueprint-like paintings on paper, thru 5/10. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).

Jean Monneret–French Post-impressionistic works, thru 5/10. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).

Shozo Nagano–Shaped canvases, thru 5/26. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

***Louise Nevelson**–Collage drawings relating to the structure of trees, thru 6/11. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Matt Phillips–Monotypes of Guatemalan markets, his wife, still lifes; thru 5/21. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

***Robert Rauschenberg**–Lithos, clay sculptures, wall hanging reliefs concurrent with the MOMA retrospective, thru 5/17. Gelter/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

Joe Stefanelli–Acrylic stained on raw canvas, thru 5/7. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

Tsoclis–Three dimentional drawings, thru 5/14. Iolas, 52 E 57th (PL5-6914).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Kermit Adler**–Over-life-size food and flowers in watercolors, thru 5/28. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

***Carol Anthony**–People in sculpture and drawings, 5/4-6/4. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

***Romare Bearden**–New collages entitled "Odyseus," thru 5/28. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

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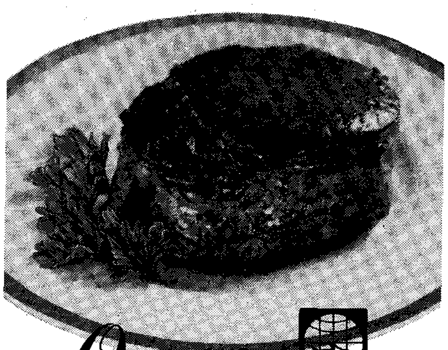

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Ro Berg–Richard Estes/Robert Quigley Box constructions/Recent paintings/New drawings, thru 5/31. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).

***Louis Black/Michael Filmus/Robert Kipniss**–Three American realists: Eastern Long Island/The Berkshires/Landscapes, thru 5/9. Hirschl, 21 E 67th (LE5-8810).

Jeffrey Brown–Surrealist oils and drawings, thru 5/14. Wauters, 1014 Mad Ave (988-3447).

Giorgio Cavallon–Works, thru 5/30. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).

Chagall–Signed graphics and posters, thru 5/14. Verve, 145 W 55th (246-8019).

Alix Deonna–Haunting caricatures of life, thru 5/7. Bodley, 1063 Mad at 80th (249-2155).

***Dominic Dimare**–Sculptural paper, 5/4-6/22. Duhl, 31 W 54th (582-4163). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Charlotte Gilbertson/Alix Steiner-Deonna–Drawings by both, thru 5/4. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).

***Balcomb Greene**–A retrospective including 50 canvases, 5/7-28. ACA, 25 E 73rd (628-2440).

Roy Gussow–Recent sculpture, thru 5/26. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

John Hayden/Margaret Sanders/David Huenergardt/Norma Bergerac–Collages/Portrait sculpture/Mythological horses/Abstractions, thru 5/20. Runyon-Winchell, 33 W 56th (JU2-5400). Mon-Fri 10-5,Sat 11-4.

John Heliker–Mt. Desert Island, Maine, thru 5/14. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (LE5-9888).

***Budd Hopkins**–Recent assembled paintings, thru 5/26. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

***Kobayashi Kiyochika**(1847-1915)–Landscapes of Meiji Japan, thru 5/31. Ronin, 46 E 70th (535-2221). Mon-Fri 10-5,Tues until 8,Sat 10-2.

Gabriel Laderman–Malaysia in paint and drawings, thru 5/7. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Sidney Laufman/Marina Stern–Simplified landscapes/Industrial structures/Works on paper by Bergtold, Davis, and Ferris, thru 5/14. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

***Minoru Niizuma/Herbert Schneider**–Split pyramids *in white, green, or black marble/Paintings and* collages, thru 5/28. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Elliot Offner–Recent sculpture/Works on paper by *Bergtold, W. Davis and Ferris, thru 5/6. Forum,* 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Frank Pagnato–Realist paintings and watercolors, thru 5/7. Phoenix House, 164 W 74th (595-5810).

***Carl-Henning Pedersen**–Recent watercolors and* drawings by this well-known member of the Cobra Expressionist group; thru 5/8. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

****Maurice Prendergast**(1859-1924)–Works by this* American neo-impressionist, 5/4-28. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

***Robert Rauschenberg**–Hoarfrost Series, thru 5/30. *BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).*

David Roth–New paintings and drawings, thru 5/26. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (535-3940).

Susan Rothenberg–Swiftly done charcoal drawings *of animals, thru 5/5. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).*

Anita Siegel–Psychological portraits of man, thru 5/21. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

Barbara Siegel–Unstretched canvas with words, numbers, *and collages; thru 5/22. Studio, 61 W 74th* (595-5642). Thurs,Fri 2-7,Sat,Sun 12-5.

Bernard Stern–Oils on canvas, thru 5/28. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

SoHo

Nicholas Africano/Valerie Jaudon–Constructions/*Painterly geometric abstractions, thru 5/10. Solo*mon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Sally Amster–The Maine coast, thru 5/11. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

Carl Andre–New *sculpture, 5/4-28. Sperone Westwa*ter Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Antonio Berni–Drawings, paintings and collages one of a shoeshine boy, thru 5/14. Bonino, 98 Prince *(PL2-9556). Wed till 9:30* also.

Miriam Brumer/Suzanne Weisberg–Organic forms in acrylic or colored pencil/Illusionistic topography of outer space, thru 5/18. Lotus, 81 Spring (226-6664). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Donna Byars–Works, thru 5/25. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

***Gretchen Caracas/Stanley Lewis**–Paintings/Kansas City Landscapes, thru 5/12. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

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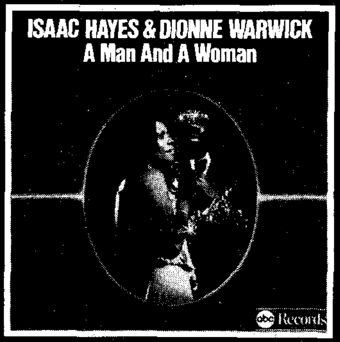

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***Alan Cote**–Recent large high-chroma abstractions, thru 5/11. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Alan Finkel–An installation piece, thru 5/11. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

***Antonio Gaudi**(1852-1926)–Drawings by this Spanish Catalan architect, thru 5/24. Drawing Center, 137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9.

Jane Greengold–Paintings, collage, photos, text, clocks, thru 5/5. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

***Penny Jencks/Emily Mason**–Large terracotta women/Intimate scale oils on paper, thru 5/12. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Eugene Maiese–Interiors, landscapes, and fantasies, thru 5/11. Bowery, 135 Greene (473-8778). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Jud Nelson–Holos series 4, thru 5/4. Protetch, 157 Spring (925-4009).

Anthony Palmieri–Two environmental pieces with audiotape, thru 5/5. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Milton Resnick–Thick imposto abstractions, thru 5/28. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Jane Schneider**–Caricatures of human nature crafted from steel wool, panty hose, fur, fibers and feathers, thru 5/14. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

***Eileen Spikol**–Resin casts taken from extinct and recent animal skeletons, thru 5/25. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.

***Margy Trauerman**–Landscapes and still lifes in watercolors, thru 5/11. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

***Brian Wall**–Painted steel sculpture by this Englishman, 5/7-28. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Kes Zapkus–Recent paintings, thru 5/11. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

OTHER

Faith Bromberg/Victor Elmaleh–Automobiles and animals in oil, pastel, and enamel on canvas./ Small abstract landscapes, thru 5/28. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

***Edgar Chahine**(1874-1947)–Drypoints of turn-of-the-century Paris and Venice and their fashionable societies, thru 5/26. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

***Günter Grass**–Etchings, thru 5/6. Weyhe, 794 Lex Ave (TE8-5478).

***Lucio Pozzi**–Painted, vaulted structures creating a changing environment, thru 6/5. Institute for Art and Urban Resources, P.S. 1, 21st St and 46th Road, Long Island City, Queens (233-1096). Thur-Sun 1-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). Understatement in art, cinema, theatre, dance, and prose from Malevich and Mondrian to today's minimal painters, thru 5/7.

***Sumers**–50 W 57th (581-2268). Forgotten German printmakers of the early 20th century, thru 5/14.

***Wiener**–41 E 57th (593-1270). Stone and bronze sculptures, miniature paintings of the 2nd through 18th centuries from India, Tibet, Nepal, Cambodia, Thailand and Indonesia, thru 6/4.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Acquavella**–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5. Paintings by Frankenthaler, Lichtenstein, Motherwell, Rothko, Warhol, others, thru 5/18.

***Asia House**–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5,Sun 1-5,Thurs until 8:30. Chinese ceramics from Japanese Collections, thru 6/26.

Castelli–4 E 77th (288-3202). Drawings by gallery artists, 5/7-28.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5,Sat 11-5,Sun 2-5. Early Chinese miniatures used for the tomb as ming ch'i objects from the Shang through the Sung Dynasties (1523BC-1279AD), thru 5/29.

***Deutsch**–43 E 80th (861-4429). Assemblages by Agam, Chryssa, Rivers, Christo, others, thru 5/7.

***Ex Libris**–25 E 69th (249-2618). Mon-Fri 12-5. Russian Constructivism from 1910 to 1941 including 34 drawings by Malevich, illustrated books by Goncharova, Rodchenko, Tatlin, others, plus posters and periodicals, thru 5/13.

***Hutton**–967 Mad Ave (249-9700). Paintings of the famed "Blue Rider" group, c. 1912, including Kandinsky, Klee, Marc, Munter, others, thru 6/11.

***LaBoetie**–9 E 82nd (535-4865). Views of women in all media, thru 5/21.

L'Ibis–667 Mad at 61st (935-0490). Dynastic art of Egypt, plus Coptic and Islamic pieces, thru 8/1.

Nicholls–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons, illustrations, and watercolors by Barton, Marsh, Petty, Thurber, others, thru 5/14.

Noyes, Van Cline–1018 Mad Ave (628-5402). Images of outer space by Agin, Scala, Sterbach, others, thru 5/28.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). 19th century prints by Beaux Arts architects, thru 5/18.

Touchstone–118 E 64th (826-6111). Drawings by Krieger, Phillips, Wegerski, others, thru 6/1.

***Wildenstein**–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). 14th to the 20th century European and American master works from the University of Rochester, including dell'Abbate, El Greco, Monet, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Cassatt, Luks, others, thru 5/28.

SoHo

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Wall reliefs by Bramblett, paintings by Hsia, photos by Stockdale, and photos circa 1925, thru 5/21.

***10 Downtown**–Artists Baer, Bomeisler, Jones, Kopp, Liebegott, Pachner, See, Sica, Stone, and Unger open their studios to the public; 5 E 3rd, (228-6165).

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Drawings of balanced reductions by Kern, geometric metal sculpture by Schwabe, video paintings by Seigel, and pointilistic drawings by Strand, thru 5/12.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Plaza (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. African blankets and covers, thru 5/14.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sat 12-6. 18th century Latin American decorative arts, 5/4-6/26.

***F.I.T.**–7th Ave at 27th (760-7642). Tues,Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-5. Costumes, set models, sketches, and posters of Theatre de la Ville, thru 5/7.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Washington Square E (598-3479). Tues-Fri 10-5, Wed 10-8:30, Sat 1-5. Art from the world of *Beatrix Potter,* including drawings & illustrations for Peter Rabbit and other books, thru 5/14.

***Institute for Art and Urban Resources**–P.S. 1, 21-01 46th Rd, Long Island City, Queens (233-1096). Thurs-Sun 1-6. Open studios including Pozzi's blue color 5th stage, Smith's large scale wall drawing, Jackson's 3 wall painting, others, plus paintings by 41, including Africano, Mangold, Steir; thru 5/29.

***Interart Center**–549 W 52nd (246-6570). Space/Matter sculpture by Bas-Cohain, Gillen, Lockpez, Nengudi, Strider, others, thru 5/26.

***Washington Irving**–126 E 16th (982-3950). Tues-Sun 1-6. Three centuries of stained glass, thru 5/30.

***PosterAmerica**–174 9th Ave (691-1615). Classic movie posters including *Birth of a Nation, Citizen Kane, Casablanca,* others, thru 5/21.

***Pratt Graphics**–831 Bdwy (OR4-0603). Mon-Fri 10-6,Sat 1-5. Four centuries of original graphics dealing with images of Labor from Rembrandt to Picasso, thru 5/18.

United Nations–General Assembly Lobby (MU6-5522). Daily 10-3:30. Works by members, thru 5/19.

World Trade Center–(466-4170). Six large-scale wood and steel sculptures including Finneran's Diagonal Wedge and Stoller's Ear, 5/9-26.

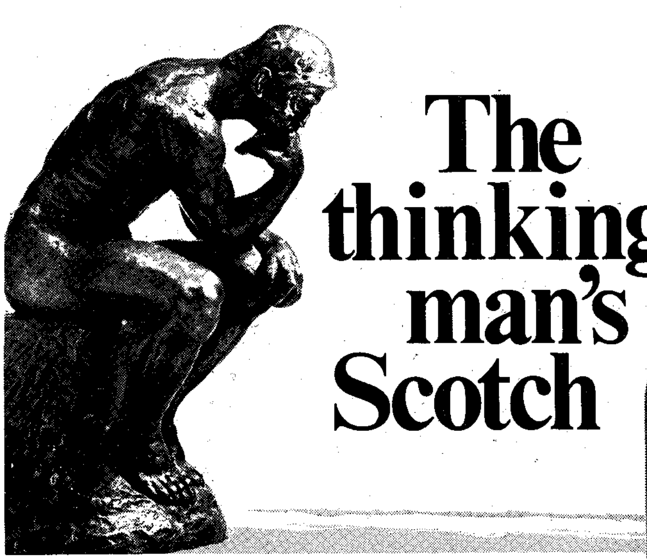
Photography

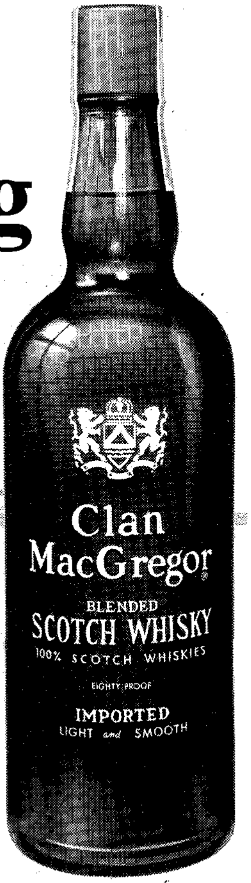
Judith Appleton–On the road in black-and-white, thru 5/31. Modernage, 321 E 44th (LE2-4050). Mon-Fri 9-5:30.

***Eugene Atget**–50 vintage prints, thru 5/7. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Ania Bien–Photo sequences, thru 5/21. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

***Dean Brown/Ruth Orkin**–Nature series, portraits of opera singers, Berlin, and the Lower East Side/3 decades including portraits of Bernstein, Brando, essays of life in the city, MGM Studios, other, thru 5/28. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).





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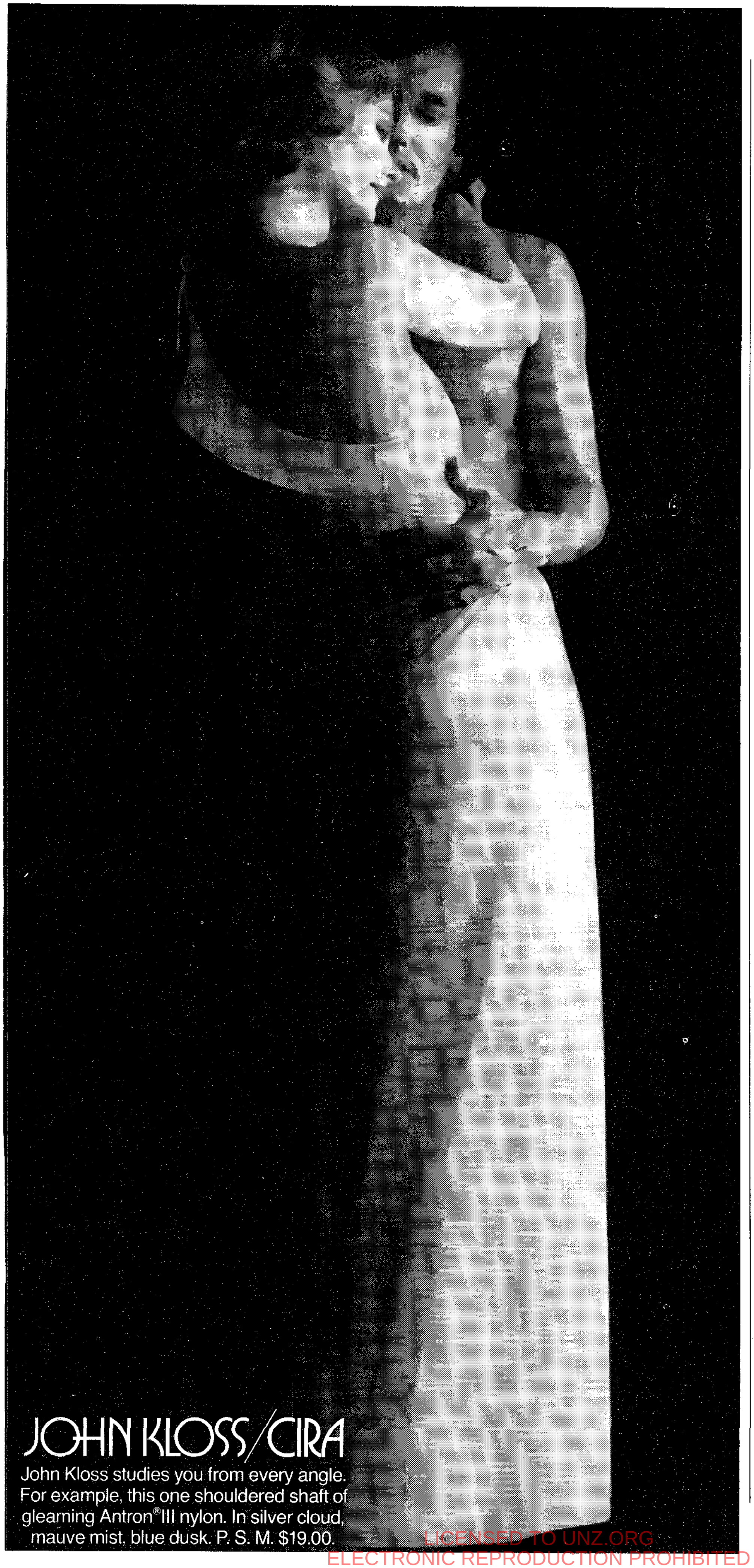

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***Richard Kalvar/Gilles Peress**–France by this New Yorker/New York by this Parisian, 5/6-27. French Cultural Services, 972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 10-5.

Gyrogy Kepes–Abstractions, thru 5/21. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Sean Kernan/Suzanne Seed–Photos by both, thru 5/28. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. "The American Cowboy in Fact & Fiction," thru 6/4.

Janet Lamson–Self-portraits, people, and rooms, thru 5/16. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

***Light**–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Grand Mudford, Alan Sonfist, and Josef Sudek, 5/4-28.

***Man Ray**–Solarizations and rayographs from 1920 to 1940 in Paris and 1940 to 1950 in Hollywood, thru 5/21. Kimmel/Cohn, 41 Central Park W (799-6675).

Robin Perry–Color dye transfer and cibachrome prints, thru 5/16. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Lilo Raymond–Still lifes, thru 5/17. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

***Ron Schick**–*Sardonic, unposed, found conjunctions* of people and situations in NYC, plus color xerox prints, thru 5/5. Third Eye, 17 7th Ave S (924-6092). Tues-Fri 4-8,Sat,Sun 12-6.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6,Tues 7-9. Mexican portfolio by Balinsky, Dog Show by Iams, Friends by Kraus, classicist studies by Giles, thru 5/31.

***Michelle Vignes**–50 portraits of the Concierges of Paris, thru 5/28. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8,Fri 10-5, Sat 10-2.

***Todd Webb**–Documentary studies after World War II of NYC, Paris and the ghost towns of the American West, thru 5/21. Vitolo/Rinhart, 818 Mad Ave (288-5421). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun 11-5. *Margaret Mead at 75:* A slide/photo essay which highlights some of her important anthropological moments; thru 5/30.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30, Sun 12-5. *American Art Since 1945:* 35 works of painting & sculpture selected from the collect of the Museum of Modern Art; 5/10 thru 6/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. **Lewis Hine**(1874-1940): Pioneer documents of workers, thru 5/15.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. Chinoiserie and royal fantasies from the **Brighton Pavilion** in a distinguished loan exhibition that includes drawings, furniture, and a brilliant dragon; thru 5/22.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Kenneth Noland:* A retrospective of paintings and sculptures; thru 6/19.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Julien Levy Collection:* 135 prints by Atget, Brassai, Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, and 30 other photographers of note; thru 5/29.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1860). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. *Americana from the Jewish Museum Collection;* thru May.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *A Faun Teased by Children:* A new Bacchic group by Gian Lorenzo Bernini; thru 6/12. *Rubens: Engravings and Woodcuts:* Celebrating the 400th anniversary of his birth; thru 6/19. *Fifteenth-Century Woodcuts;* thru 6/19. **Degas** is seen in over 200 works in juxtapositions that bring new insight to his polymorphous genius—bronze dancers echo dainty pastels, horses rear in every position. A wide selection of art historical sources also are adduced —Degas's favorite Japanese prints, the Cranach he copied, the Rembrandt he admired, the Delacroix he might have bought. New depth is brought to the man; thru 9/4. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* An exhibition covering 200 years (1709-1909); thru 8/30. *Russian and Soviet Paintings:* Approximately 150 paintings from Soviet Museums. The emphasis

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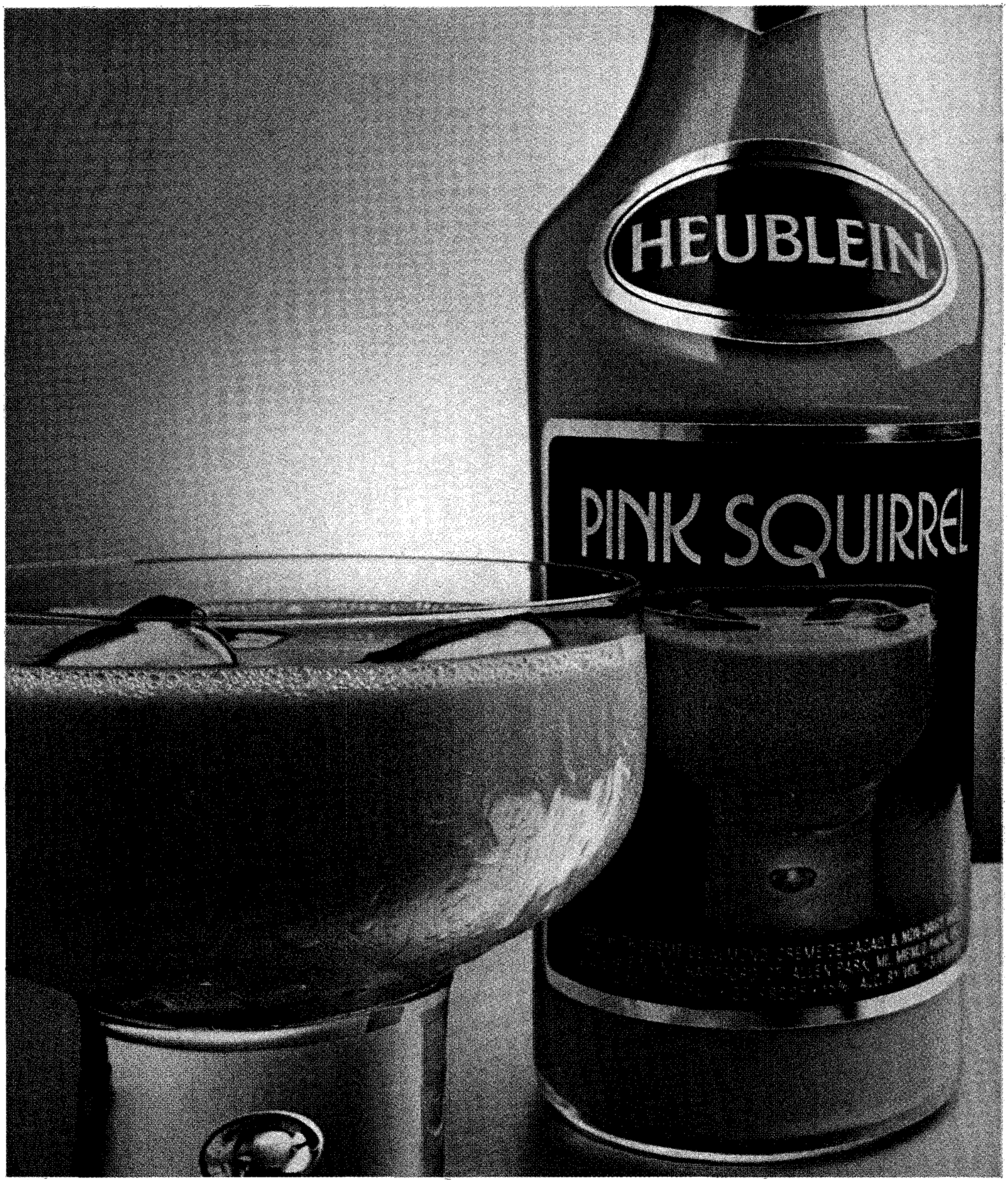

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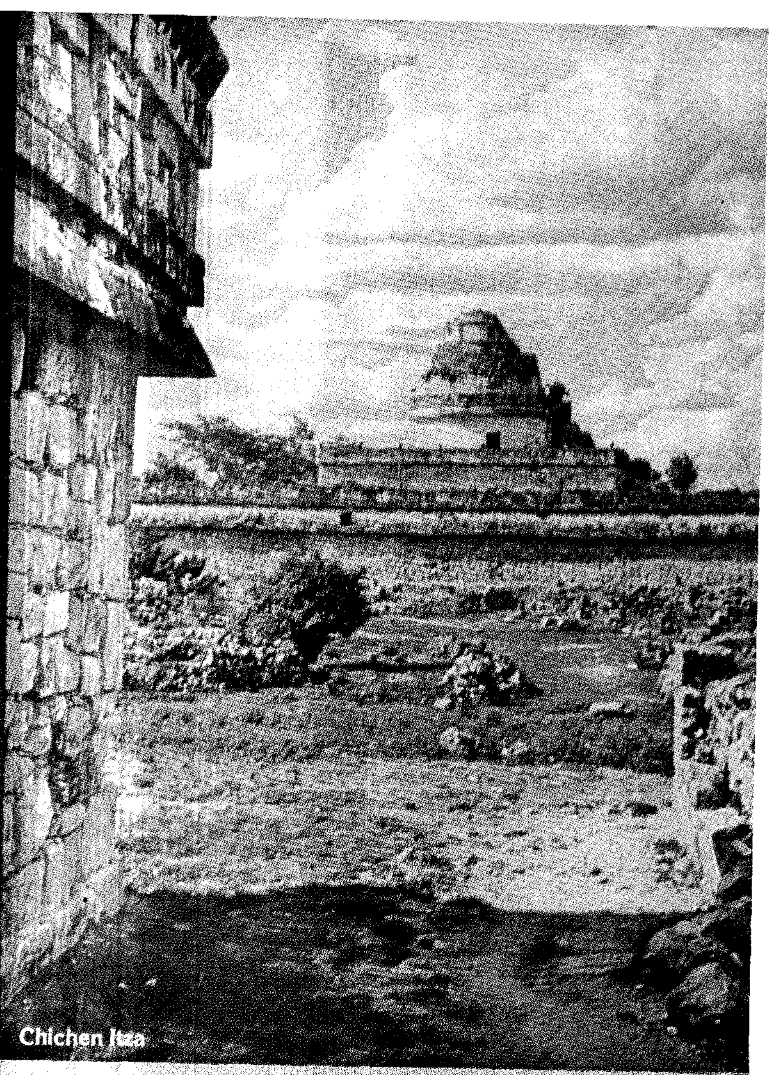
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is on icons and paintings from the late 18th thru the 20th centuries; thru 6/26. *Andrew Wyeth: Drawings and Watercolors;* thru 6/26. *Blue and White:* Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *William Caxton, England's First Printer:* An exhibition of books printed over 500 years ago by William Caxton; thru 7/31.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Closed Sun. Call for hours. *Teatro:* Hispanic theater in NYC from 1920 to 1976; thru 6/3.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5. The first American museum dedicated to the study and preservation of the more than 50-year history of radio and television.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Windows of New York:* Photos by Ralph Rosenblum; thru 5/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Grass Show:* Functional and decorative objects made from natural grasses. *Warao Indian Baskets* and *Jewelry in Thread.* Thru 6/19.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (752-0220). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Harriet Casdin-Silver: Holography:* An exhibition of her work; thru 7/26.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. **Robert Rauschenberg:** More than 100 works from the late 1940s to the present by the still-young master of the neo-Dada; thru 5/17. *Courthouse:* About 60 photographs of courthouses across the country; thru 7/10. **Matisse's** *Swimming Pool,* a walk-thru cutout in diamond-bright blues and white; thru 8/15.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Remember the Ladies: Women in America, 1750-1815:* A view of American women from all classes and walks of life during the country's Revolutionary period; thru 6/15. *Women:* A kaleidoscope from the Sophia Smith collection which highlights 190 years of women's achievements in science, the arts, and the reform movement; thru 5/30.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *The Youthful Eye:* An exhibition of photographs by high school students; thru 6/19.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. *Living Space:* A multimedia exhibition which traces historical housing milestones of New York blacks; thru 6/12.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/23. *The Bloedel Bequest:* Includes paintings by Avery, O'Keeffe, Baziotes, Porter, Rivers, others; thru 6/19. *New York on Paper:* Some 50 works reflect NYC as subject and as center for art and the artists; thru 5/22. *Robert Irwin:* A retrospective of his works; thru 5/29. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3.

Sports

BASEBALL

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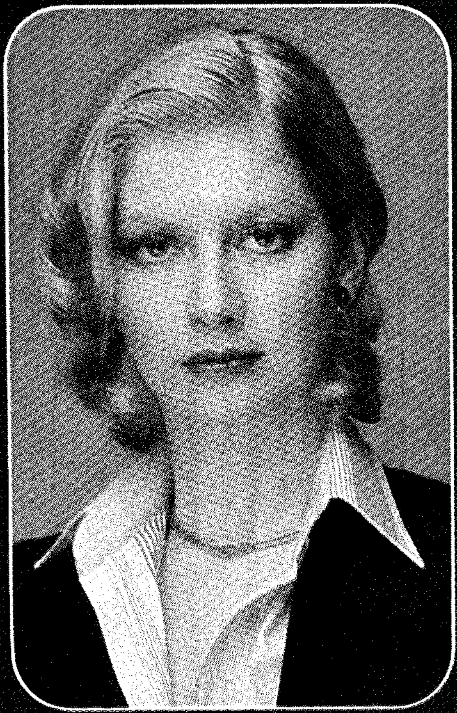

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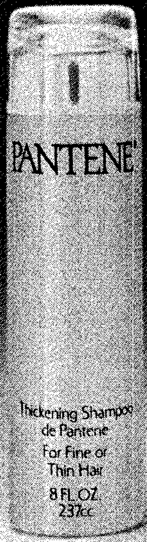

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New York

How the Pentagon Silenced Grumman

By David Marash

"...Grumman has declined to compete seriously for millions in NATO contracts because the Pentagon has told it to step aside..."

It was an incredible story. Up for grabs was an enormous NATO contract to provide an airborne early-warning system for Western Europe. At stake were hundreds of jobs and perhaps $750 million for Long Island. So why was the sales force of Grumman Corporation, Long Island's largest private employer, strangely silent? Grumman's plane—the E2C Hawkeye—was one of the most advanced electronic alert systems in existence. But the company, despite a thousand layoffs last year, wasn't interested. Another company was. In Brussels, Pentagon advisers had nearly convinced NATO ministers to buy a fleet of costly modified 707s, the as yet unproven AWACS sentry plane of Boeing Aerospace in Seattle.

What was going on here? It took reporter David Marash three months and trips to four countries to get the full account.

The exodus from New York City limits to the suburbs in the last two decades was nothing less than spectacular and probably represents one of the greatest unattended migrations in human history. From 1950 to 1970, Long Island's population soared from 5.2-million to 7.1 million; Suffolk County alone quadrupled in size. It was during these years that defense and aerospace industries decisively replaced more bucolic pursuits as the single most important industry outside the boroughs of New York. By the early 1960s, Grumman Corporation, whose Wildcats and Hellcats made U.S. naval history in the Pacific, had become the largest private employer on Long Island.

WCBS-TV correspondent David Marash has won the Overseas Press Club Award and an Emmy for his foreign-news coverage.

Grumman's preeminence in the design of military aircraft had paid off quite handsomely, it seemed. The company had signed a contract with the navy in 1969 to design and build over 300 F-14 Tomcats. The Tomcat was a remarkable aircraft, a sleek, sweep-winged bird that alone among Western fighters could bring down the dreaded Soviet MIG-25. With guaranteed government sales and a superior product, Grumman should have been in excellent shape. The company was, in fact, in deep trouble.

Chairman E. Clinton Towl, the last active cofounder, had unwisely committed the company to the F-14 order through a long-term, fixed-price contract in 1969. The contract covered both development and production costs but left the company vulnerable to a much higher rate of inflation than anticipated. Evans had made a stripped-down bid of $7.3 million per plane, but by the time full production was reached, the Tomcat's cost had leaped to over $11-million. Making matters worse, cutbacks in government orders were forcing the corporation to carry a much higher overhead per plane.

For a company dependent for 82 percent of its business on the sale of military aircraft, this was serious business. New terms were arrived at in the spring of 1973, but Grumman was forced to take a whopping $235-million loss on the first 134 planes, now one of the most expensive fighters in the world.

The contract debacle meant two years of heavy losses—$18 million in 1971 and $70 million in 1972. The company finally turned profitable again in 1973, earning a modest $28 million on sales of $1.1 billion.

Grumman managers were barely back on their feet, however, when a critical loan package from the navy that had helped tide Grumman over was cut off by Congress in August, 1974. Grumman was again saved from bankruptcy only when desperate executives brought in an order for 80 Tomcats from the shah of Iran, coupled with a $75-million high-interest loan from Iran's Bank Melli.

The sequence of F-14 crises in the early seventies had a profound impact on Grumman executives. The domestic outlook beyond 1982, when Tomcat sales to the navy were expected to run out, looked grim. The Pentagon had decided to procure two other fighter planes for the immediate future but both contracts had gone to Grumman competitors: the air force F-16 to General Dynamics and the navy F-18 to Northrop and McDonnell Douglas. Final rescue had come not from Congress, which was fed up with bailing out big business, but from a foreign head of state. The company's prospects, decided its new chairman, John Bierwirth, lay in two directions: a retargeting of military sales to foreign markets, and, on a more long-term basis, diversification away from military hardware. "Grumman's future," Bierwirth told *Fortune* associate editor Louis Kraar last year, "breaks on international business."

For the short term Grumman's most salable product—after the F-14—was the Hawkeye, a humpbacked wonder plane that carried on board five tons of "black box" electronics. The technological marvels inside Hawkeye could

"...The Hawkeye, a wonder plane, can track everything in 3 million cubic miles of airspace, identify and intercept any intruder..."

track everything that moves in 3 million cubic miles of airspace, identify any intruder, and direct interceptor aircraft to the best attack position. Company salesmen could see that this was a plane to alert Iran to Soviet spy craft over its northern frontier, help Israel monitor air traffic from Cairo to Damascus, plot for Japan the comings and goings of Russia's Siberian-based bombers and MIG fighters. The Hawkeye, in short, seemed to offer just what the Pentagon needed to guard the 3,000-mile perimeter dividing Eastern from Western Europe.

But Europe was mysteriously off-limits. The official line was that the Hawkeye was sold out. So said Grumman board chairman Bierwirth—also chief executive officer—at a private briefing for the officers of Tsai and Company, a Wall Street brokerage house. "The E2C Hawkeye has been offered to Japan, but not to NATO," reported Bierwirth. "It has also been sold to Israel. If the Japanese buy the E2C . . . on top of Israel and the navy, we're sold out until 1982. We can't talk to anybody about any more."

That was not the whole truth. Grumman had been silenced. Because of political pressure brought by Washington State's Senator Henry Jackson to save the then floundering Boeing Company in Seattle, Defense Department planners had successfully committed the air force to the AWACS, Boeing's acronym for its Airborne Warning and Control System. A European purchase of the modified 707 would both weaken congressional resistance and help spread the costs of this expensive system. Grumman had declined to compete seriously for the millions in NATO contracts because the Pentagon had flatly told it to step aside.

Around 1970, things were going badly for Boeing out in Seattle. All its Minutemen had been built. The B-52 production line was about to close, and commercial sales had softened on its 707s and 747s. "It even looked like they might have to 'eat' some of those aircraft," remembers a government scientist who specializes in military hardware. "People were joking, 'Will the last one to leave Seattle please turn out the lights?'

"They had to have something to produce," recalls this man, "so they called Scoop Jackson and he and the air force got together on this. The 707 and the 747 would be modified for military use."

The 747 was transformed into the E4A, that Flying Dutchman emergency command center Mr. Carter test-flew down to Georgia during the first weeks of his presidency. Apparently the president was unimpressed; not long after landing, Carter requested review of the air force's future plans for the three as yet undelivered E4A's (one already under construction).

The remade 707 has had about as much trouble. Back in 1971, when the Jackson-inspired Boeing bailout campaign was gearing up, the AWACS's primary mission was U.S. continental air defense. Several dozen of the superpacked planes, it was planned, would maintain a constant watch over our northern borders for attacking Russian bombers. Unfortunately the few Russian Backfire bombers now in service can barely reach U.S. borders, should the Russians wish to try, and they would have to limp off to Cuba to refuel. Despite that fact, in 1971 Congress appropriated research-and-development money for the AWACS.

A year later, the Boeing airborne-alert concept suffered what could have been a mortal blow. In 1972 we came to an agreement with the Russians on an ABM treaty that changed the direction of U.S. defense policy. In short, we agreed not to build a defense umbrella for our cities against the lethal, much more real threat of Soviet intercontinental missiles. However, if we left our cities unprotected against missiles, how could we justify spending billions to protect American airspace against an unlikely and pointless strike by a few Soviet bombers? Congress wasn't taking the bait.

So that same year, Pentagon officials, instead of dumping the dubious continental-defense idea, moved it to a new theater: Europe. In Europe, they argued, Russian bombers *were* a real and serious threat.

By that time, the Hawkeye E2C, first introduced in 1971, had established itself through years of successful use in the navy as an early-warning plane with effective battlefield command and control capabilities. In fact, it was on its way to becoming one of American military history's first "cost underruns." But the Pentagon decided it was not "mission effective for NATO." The 2,000 people on Long Island whose livelihoods are directly tied to the Hawkeye might contest that. But the Pentagon was concerned about Seattle, not Long Island.

The military has not been reticent to discuss its promotion of the Boeing plane. Says General Richard C. Bowman, the Pentagon's top man in European military sales, "If the U.S. has a system that we've developed, which we think would be good for NATO, we work to convince our allies that it is good. That is what we are doing for AWACS. NATO made the decision that AWACS is the way to go, so we've been supporting AWACS; we have not been supporting Hawkeye for this mission."

But the calm and dulcet tones of a Pentagon general cannot disguise the fact that U.S. endorsement of Boeing preceded by a full year the first scheduled NATO comparisons of the Grumman and Boeing systems.

There are bombers now that can streak to their targets on computer-guided paths, sliding with consistently safe clearance over every flatland, forest, hill, crag, or skyscraper along the way—and never cross a ground radar pulse once. Radar eyes have a line of sight like the human eye, so a plane following the curvature of the earth, flying "low-low," can evade the line of sight of ground radar entirely. To protect against this, these airborne radar rooms were developed.

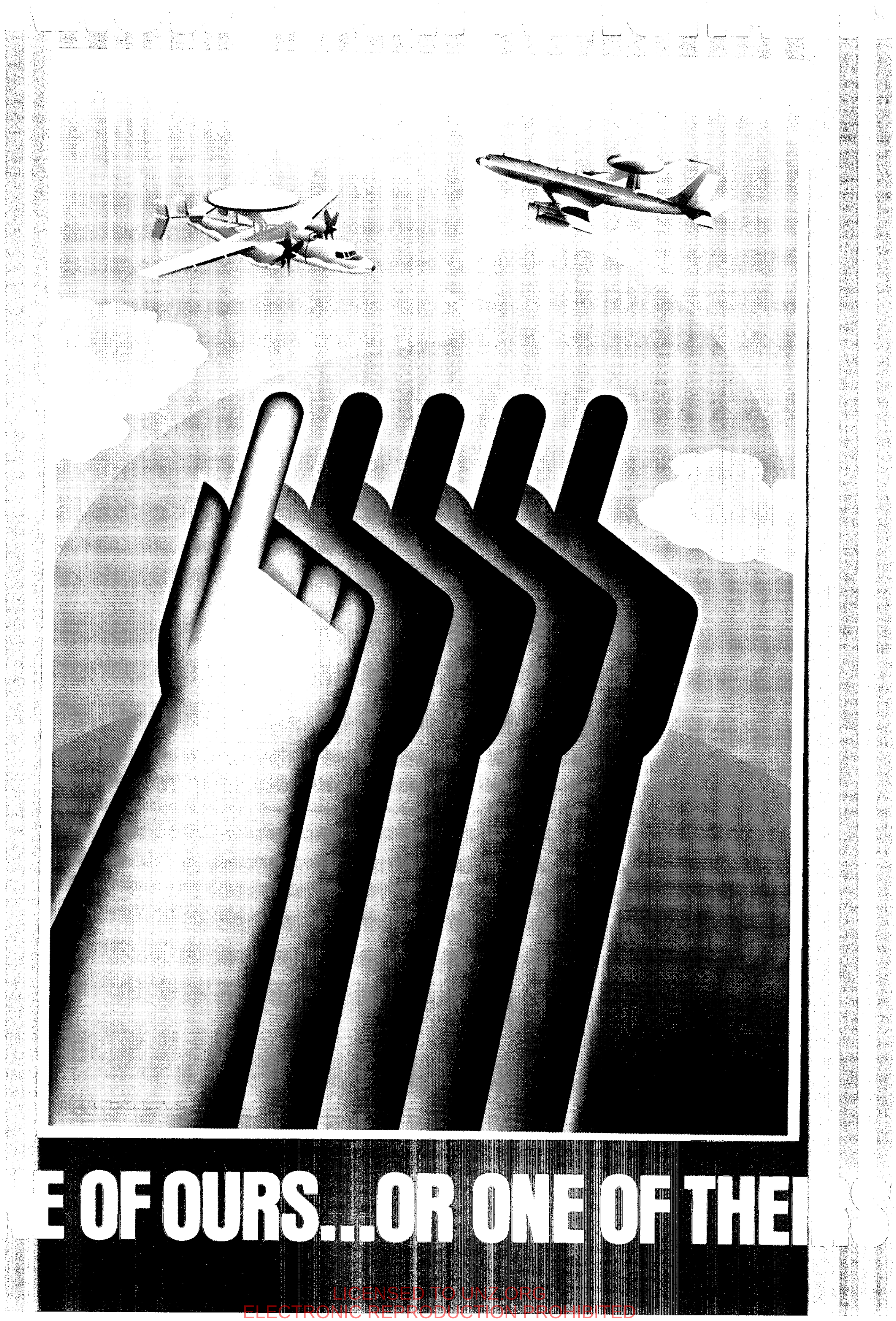
But the political groundwork for the NATO sales pitch was badly laid. Just the year before the Pentagon made its presentation in Brussels, according to Sir Peter Fletcher, the former RAF air marshal who today is a director of British planemaker Hawker Siddeley, NATO had decided it did not need an airborne early-warning system. Now the Americans were claiming to know better.

The basic points of the plan have been that the system should be owned and operated by the alliance (unlike today's NATO planes, owned by individual member states), and that they should be "standardized"—that is, the whole sentry fleet should be made up of a standard airplane.

The AWACS's greatest advantage, however—size—is probably redundant on the NATO battlefield. The roomy Boeing plane carries enough computer equipment to be a self-sufficient command station. The Hawkeye usually works in tandem with a ground control center, which is the way NATO officials plan to use whichever plane they finally decide to buy.

In addition to the high cost of both early-warning systems, their extreme

Illustrated by Nicholas Gaetano


NICHOLAS
E OF OURS...OR ONE OF THE

"...War-game tactics at Nellis were stacked for Boeing. There isn't an AWACS in the world a competent enemy can't knock down..."

vulnerability has strengthened European resistance to the American hype. It would not be difficult for conventional Eastern European attack planes, shielded by state-of-the-art jammer escorts, to knock down the slow-moving sentries. The Pentagon says it can counter all the European dangers and more. How? By hiding low-low, below enemy radar sweeps. Unfortunately, with the sentries in hiding, radar screens are blank and the NATO forces are left with only ground radar.

The NATO presentations of the American planes, when finally staged in 1973 and 1974, were a joke. A working Hawkeye—straight from duty over the North Atlantic—was matched against a prototype Boeing AWACS. The Boeing plane carried little more than descriptions of the special capability essential to NATO specifications. "In a contest between a plane and the specifications for a plane," chuckles retired Navy Admiral Gene LaRocque, "the specifications will generally win."

There were other dubious "tests." In 1974 the air force set out to demonstrate the skill of a Boeing system at locating targets. For the test, the targets provided were not the normal F-4 fighters—with a wingspan of 38.6 feet—but B-52 bombers 185 feet across. The substitutions, no doubt, did little to hurt the AWACS test scores.

Last December, the air force was holding its biggest set of war games in years over Nellis Air Force Base in the Nevada desert. But it was the American F-5—not the Russian MIG-21—that AWACS faced; the Soviet MIG has a radar capability far beyond that of the American fighter.

There were other artful compromises. Of all the specially trained aggressor squadrons in the USAF, say insiders in European air ministries, the American pilots and planes most adept at imitating the kind of Warsaw-pact attack NATO might face fly out of an RAF base near Alconbury, England. They were not invited.

Nor were any NATO observers invited to view the Nellis exercise. Asked about the strange omission, an air-force spokesman at the Pentagon said, "There's only a limited amount of space available to watch these things. They'd only have gotten underfoot."

Congressional staffers evaluating military budgets are more blunt. Says one scientist, "The unfriendly tactics at Nellis were stacked for the AWACS. There isn't an AWACS in the world that a competent enemy can't knock down."

The Pentagon's policy to push Boeing continued at NATO headquarters in Brussels even after the election of a new U.S. president who vowed to bring competitive businesslike practices to defense spending. Indeed, Carter aides pressed harder for AWACS than any previous administration. But NATO continued to drag its feet. On March 25, at the semiannual meeting of the NATO defense ministers in Brussels, Defense Secretary Harold Brown made a last-ditch effort.

It failed. The Germans held, as they had signaled for months that they would, that there wasn't enough money to commit to the Boeing system now. The British, caught in a domestic political and economic squeeze, opted to protect 7,000 jobs and the last vestiges of their military electronics industry by building their own sentinel, the Hawker Siddeley Nimrod.

The Pentagon's hard sell for Boeing has left considerable resentment in Europe. "When the great land of the free," said Geoffrey Pattie, the number-two man on the British Conservative party's shadow defense team, "comes forward and says, 'We've got just the plane you need,' you can't say: 'What about that other one you've just put back on the shelf?' "

Dr. Manfred Woerner, the chairman of the Bundestag Defense Committee, proved not at all that shy. He arranged to visit with Suffolk County Congressman Thomas Downey while he was in Washington this winter. "We took him right over the *Jane's Military Aircraft*," says Downey. "We showed him the picture and the specs on the Hawkeye."

Woerner was shocked. "This AWACS program," he later said at Christian Democratic headquarters in Bonn, "has been presented as one with no alternatives. But I know now of at least one alternative. For German approval, a new direct comparison of both systems is a necessity. I refuse to be put into a position where there are no alternatives . . . if my information is correct, the U.S. government has fixed itself on Boeing."

In January, after fresh evidence had surfaced that the AWACS price tag was proving difficult to swallow, Grumman International president Peter Oram almost went on the offensive in Europe. A press conference was scheduled for European defense correspondents at elegant Brown's Hotel in London. The subject was to be the E2C Hawkeye and how it would fit into a cost-conscious NATO environment.

Days before the European news conference was actually to be held—it was abruptly canceled. The order came directly from Grumman company headquarters in Bethpage, Long Island.

Oram paid for his exuberance. "When I got back to Bethpage," he said later, "they walked up and down my chest with cleats. They told me it was wrong ever to have scheduled the thing."

Other company sources have been heard to say the cleat marks on Pete Oram's chest came not from Bethpage but straight from Washington.

"Well, goodness knows," said one Grumman executive, "we don't intend to go banging tables down at the Pentagon."

In fact, Grumman—almost totally dependent now on the Pentagon for sales—is reluctant to pound tables anywhere, least of all Washington. Neither Governor Carey nor his commerce commissioner nor Nassau County Executive Ralph Caso knew the first thing about the critical NATO purchase plan. Neither Senator Javits nor Senator Buckley nor Senator Moynihan was asked for help. In the New York congressional delegation, only Thomas Downey, whose post on the Armed Services Committee keeps him up on Grumman and the rest of the island's aerospace industry, seems fully aware of the story. But Downey too has been discreet.

The British decision to build their own plane effectively closes the door on any Pentagon plan for a standardized NATO warning fleet. Now Grumman, at last, may be ready to open a fully competitive effort to pick up its share of the pieces—unless the Pentagon again interferes.

Ten days into the new year, the Long Island Association of Commerce and Industry hosted a conference on the economic outlook for Long Island. The news wasn't good. Most island industry was stagnant and new businesses were few and far between. The curve on income was flattening out; the curve on unemployment was not. All in all, the experts concluded, the economic future of Long Island is "uncertain." As the association's own economist, Thomas Conoscenti, explained it, the backbone of the local economy is its aerospace industry and "the fate of that industry is determined *outside* of Long Island." ■

On to the Derby

By Joe McGinniss

"...For a jockey, Seattle Slew is the kind of horse you wait a career for, the horse you dream about from your first gallop..."

Jean Cruguet, the jockey, came downstairs at twenty past five. He had taken a little blue pill to help him sleep the night before. That was not something he did often. But today he was to ride Seattle Slew in the Wood Memorial. Seattle Slew, the unbeaten three-year-old. The Wood Memorial, at Aqueduct, the horse's last race in preparation for the Kentucky Derby, to be run the first Saturday of May. No sense, Jean Cruguet figured, lying awake half the night thinking of what might go wrong.

He went into his kitchen and mixed himself a drink composed of orange juice, liquid protein, and bottled water. He took a vitamin-C pill and a capsule of wheat-germ oil. There were canaries in the kitchen. Orange, yellow, green. They were jumping around in their cages, making noise. Outside, the morning was dull and gray.

"Maybe rain," Cruguet said. "That's okay. Pack down the track a little. Make it faster."

"Rain wouldn't bother your horse?"

"No, no, he move up in the slop. Mud maybe bother him, nobody knows. But a little rain, he go faster."

"So you're not worried?"

Jean Cruguet shook his head. "I'm not worried."

"He can't lose?"

Cruguet shook his head again. "No way he can lose. Unless something happen to him. If he gets hurt. That is the only way he could lose."

Then Jean Cruguet went outside to his 1976 Pacer and began his regular morning trip, from his home in Brookville, Long Island, to Belmont Park, where Seattle Slew was stabled.

Seattle Slew had raced only five times before the Wood Memorial. Jean Cruguet had ridden him each time. The first race had been at Belmont Park last September. Three quarters of a mile against other two-year-old horses who had never won a race. Seattle Slew led all the way and won by five lengths. Two weeks later he raced seven eighths of a mile at Belmont Park, this time against two-year-old horses who had won a race. He led all the way and won by three and a half lengths. Eleven days after that, he raced in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park over a distance of one mile, against the best two-year-old horses in the country. He led all the way, and at the top of the homestretch, when a horse called For the Moment loomed up alongside to challenge him, Jean Cruguet, for the first time, let the horse feel a whip. Seattle Slew zoomed off and won by nine and three quarters lengths, and they gave him the rest of the year off. Jean Cruguet sent out Christmas cards that had a cartoon on the front showing Seattle Slew, Cruguet aboard, slurping up a large glass of champagne.

This year, as a three-year-old, Seattle Slew raced seven furlongs at Hialeah in early March. He led all the way, won by nine lengths, and set a new track record for the distance. In late March, still at Hialeah, he raced one mile and an eighth, in the Flamingo Stakes. He led all the way, at one point by as much as twelve lengths, and, with Cruguet letting him coast down the stretch, he won by four. In five races, not only had he never been beaten, he had led in each race from start to finish. It was too soon to know, of course—still much too soon—but already there were intelligent, experienced horsemen who were beginning to suspect that Seattle Slew someday might rank with Secretariat, with Citation, Native Dancer, Man O' War.

For a jockey, it was the kind of horse you wait a career for; the horse you dream about from your first gallop as an exercise boy in the morning; the horse that only a very few of the best and most fortunate of race riders ever find.

Jean Cruguet was 37 years old. From Agen, France. He had been riding horses professionally for half his life. He had come to America in 1965, just married, speaking no English, and with only $300 in his pocket. But he knew horses and he worked hard. Within two years he was riding in New York. Since then, he has ridden in most of the major races on two continents. He has shaken hands with Queen Elizabeth. He returned to France for a year and was the number-two rider in the country. He has ridden successfully in Japan; last year, in America, horses he rode earned more than $1.5 million, 7.5 percent of which he got to keep.

His house was in Brookville, Long Island, not far from the intersection of Wheatley Road and Whitney Lane. In horse country. Rich horse country. Throw a stone and hit a Phipps. He had bought the home from an Auchincloss. He had six acres of grass and woods behind the house. Besides the Pacer, which he used in the mornings, there was a Lincoln Continental in his driveway. Jean Cruguet had done well as a rider of horses. But this year, with

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Joe McGinniss is the author of The Selling of the President, Heroes, *and* The Dream Team, *a novel with a horse-racing background. He is currently writing a book about Alaska.*

"...Twice before Jean Cruguet has ridden in the Kentucky Derby. He ran third, then fifth. But he never had a horse like this..."

Seattle Slew, was the closest he had ever been to the summit.

It is 6 A.M. now and Jean Cruguet is drinking coffee in the stable-area kitchen at Belmont Park. The Wood is less than twelve hours away.

Six years ago, Jean Cruguet rode a horse called Hoist the Flag. The two-year-old champion. Undefeated. Same as Seattle Slew. One morning Jean Cruguet rode Hoist the Flag in a workout over this track. They were getting him in shape for the Gotham, which would lead to the Wood, which would lead to the Derby. The horse took a bad step and fractured his leg. Pulverized it. He never raced again. Jean Cruguet went home that day and cried. The largest picture in the study of Jean Cruguet's house in Brookville, much larger even than the picture of him shaking hands with the queen, is an oil painting of Hoist the Flag.

The following year, Jean Cruguet went back to France. He was contract rider for the Countess Batthyany, who had one of the finest stables in Europe. She had a horse that was guaranteed to win the Arc de Triomphe, the most important race in Europe. For Jean Cruguet, it would be the highlight of his riding career. He had left France in 1965, in frustration. Now, to return from America, seven years later, and to ride the winner of the Arc de Triomphe, would be a personal triumph of extraordinary dimension. But two weeks before the race, Cruguet was thrown by another horse and broke both wrists. His friend Pierre Bellocq, cartoonist for the *Daily Racing Form*, tells of sitting in the grandstand with Cruguet that year, watching the race, and seeing the tears stream down Cruguet's face as—with both hands in casts—he watched the horse he would have been riding win with ease.

The following year, the countess sold most of her horses. Jean Cruguet was out of a job. He came back to America and went to work and wondered if his chance at the summit was gone.

"But I tell you something funny. That day with Hoist the Flag, I am sick. I cry all morning. I say, I cannot ride races today. I cancel my mounts. But then I say no, I must come back and ride. So I do. I come back in the afternoon and ride my races. And you know something? That day is the first I ever ride a winner for Billy Turner." Which was something that Billy Turner, who would become the trainer of Seattle Slew, did not forget.

It is time to go to work. Cruguet rides a workout for a trainer who is trying to sell a horse for a lot of money.

Afterward, Cruguet stops at the office of Lucien Laurin, the man who trained Secretariat. "If he's as good as he was in Florida, Jean, they won't even get to smell his ass. Now, listen, let me tell you one thing. I know what kind of pressure there's going to be. You can't let it get to you. You got a good head, don't worry. I wish you good luck, Jean, you've got some coming. Very, very good luck, and I mean it."

And then Cruguet is approached by Sid Watters, the man who once trained Hoist the Flag.

"Well, Jean, at least one of us got himself another horse."

"Yeah, I think he's a good one."

"He sure looks good. I think Billy Turner's handled him well."

"Yeah, I think so, too."

"Well, good luck, Jean, real good luck. Don't forget to throw me a bone once in a while."

Jean Cruguet grins. He and Sid Watters have shared a lot of pain.

There has been criticism of Cruguet in the papers. Eddie Arcaro has criticized him on national television. Arcaro said Cruguet should not have let Seattle Slew run so fast so early in the Flamingo. A column in the *Racing Form* implied that he was an ordinary rider and perhaps not deserving of this extraordinary horse. The day before, Dave Anderson of the New York *Times* had called Cruguet at home and asked him how he managed to get himself assigned to such a horse; Cruguet got angry and said why don't you ask Shoemaker or Baeza how they get their horses?

The pressure is intense, and it can only get worse. If anything goes wrong, Cruguet is certain to be blamed. If all goes well, he gets very little credit. "Hey, Jean," someone said to him in the stable kitchen Saturday morning, "make sure your seat belt's fastened. The only way you can lose is to fall off." Cruguet knows well how things work. He tells a story of how Hialeah had a day in honor of Steve Cauthen, the sixteen-year-old apprentice who has been such a sensation in New York. "He's down for one day, you know, just fly down from New York. And where do you think he goes? Right to the barn where they have Seattle Slew. And he, you know, he introduces himself. 'Hi, I'm Steve Cauthen.' You know he means, maybe if you don't like Cruguet so much, you think about me for your horse. I know why he do it. His agent tell him to. That's all right, that's the business. That's how it is." But the owners of Seattle Slew, and the trainer, seem to appreciate Cruguet's dedication and quiet skill.

It is time to drive to Aqueduct for the races. This time the trip is made in the Continental, not the Pacer. Jean Cruguet, his wife, his nine-year-old daughter, and his mother-in-law are in the car.

"I tell you one thing," Jean Cruguet says as he drives. "This horse is going to be short. It's okay today because there is nothing there that can beat him, but he has raced so little, he really going to need this race. Today I am going to make him work."

"Short" means the horse is not yet fully conditioned for the distance he is required to run. To train a horse such as Seattle Slew is to walk a tightrope; on one side is the specter of injury, such as that suffered by Hoist the Flag; on the other, the nagging doubts about condition. The trainer is smart—just as the rider is clever—only so long as the horse wins. Let him lose one race and see the sudden materialization of dozens of people all of whom knew all along that neither trainer nor rider was doing anything right.

"Daddy," asks Leslie, the nine-year-old, from the backseat, "who was the best racehorse ever?"

"I don't know, I don't know," Jean Cruguet says. "You really cannot say that one is best."

"Well, who were some of the best?"

She is given the names of Secretariat, Citation, Native Dancer. As examples.

"Daddy, is Seattle Slew as good as those?"

"I don't know. You cannot tell yet."

"Well, how long is it going to take you to find out?"

"Oh, I think maybe two, three months we get a pretty good idea." And he laughs. He is, you understand, quite close to the summit.

The race was run at 5:26 P.M. Cruguet moved to the lead early, allowed another horse to run alongside for a while, so Seattle Slew would not find it so startling if such a thing should occur in the presumably more crowded Kentucky Derby, and then as

Jockey Cruguet and Seattle Slew: *They handily won the Wood Memorial by over three lengths on soft track. Next: the Derby.*

the other horses dropped back, Cruguet urged Seattle Slew forward, and the outcome was never in doubt. Seattle Slew won by three and one quarter lengths. Afterward, even Eddie Arcaro was full of praise.

That night, there was a party at the home of the veterinarian Dr. Jim Hill. He was the man who had persuaded the owners, Mickey and Karen Taylor, of White Swan, Washington, to buy the horse. Karen Taylor used to be a stewardess. Mickey made a quick fortune on speculation in wood pulp. They are a media delight. Better than that, particularly from Jean Cruguet's point of view, they are really nice people, and they seem quite pleased by the way he rides. Dr. Hill and his wife are nice people, too. And so is the trainer, Billy Turner. All very nice people. All very happy. All very fond of Jean Cruguet. Six races, six wins. Why not? And now it is time for Kentucky.

There is a lot of champagne being poured, and Dungeness crab and fresh salmon shipped in from the Northwest. Jean Cruguet sits on the floor of Dr. Hill's living room in Garden City, with Dr. Hill's four-year-old son asleep in his lap. When Seattle Slew was first shipped to New York, he was lodged in the barn allotted to the Greentree Stables, one of the best-managed and most prestigious operations in the sport. Seattle Slew stood all alone, the only horse in 25 stalls. And Karen Taylor, the owner, allowed herself a fantasy. "Couldn't you imagine, someday, 25 stalls like this, and 25 Seattle Slews?" And then Jamie, the four-year-old son of Dr. Hill, said, "Yeah, and 25 Jean Cruguets, too."

But for the moment everyone seems to be delighted by having even one Jean Cruguet. It is a very nice party, people relaxing just for a day or two before the Derby tension starts to build. And Jean Cruguet has a good time. His wife cracks open the crab shells for him and feeds him the meat. She does not want him taking any chances with his hands. The Derby is less than two weeks away.

And the next night, same crowd, same mood, only this time at Jean Cruguet's house, where there is lamb and flageolet and quiche, and more champagne and Remy Martin. They are getting very close now, all of them, to the summit. But Jean Cruguet, who has had by far the most trying ascent, seems less than euphoric.

"I knew the horse would be short. I didn't think he would be that short. He was much more tired than I expect. I don't know. Maybe it was the track. The track was cuppy, dead. He never got hold of it; he did not run like he ran in Florida. This is the first time I ever feel anything less than perfect with this horse. I don't know. I guess he be okay. He need this race. I think this race do him a lot of good."

He is closer now than he has ever been. Twice before, Jean Cruguet has ridden in the Kentucky Derby. Once he finished third, and once fifth. But not with a horse like this; the only horse that came anywhere near Seattle Slew is on the oil painting in his study. A week from now Jean Cruguet hopes to be able to commission a new piece of art to take its place.

And after that there will be the Preakness. And the Belmont Stakes, back here in New York, in June. And that could mean the Triple Crown. And then, if the horse is still healthy, there will probably be the Travers, at Saratoga, in August. And then . . . is it possible? Is Cruguet even permitted to dream such a dream? Might there be a chance to ride Seattle Slew in the Arc de Triomphe in the fall? Yes, dream, why not? Jean Cruguet has waited 37 years for dreams like these. ■

Photographed by Frank Daniels

The Sixth Annual Salary Survey
Rich Men, Poor Men, Beggar Men...Thieves?
By Frederick Allen

> "...Surely the most unrewarding profession we ran across is to take to the streets full time in support of 'men's liberation'..."

The results of our sixth annual salary survey are in at last and, for the second straight year, the best way we can find to make money is to be Muhammad Ali. In four bruising title bouts and a match with a Japanese wrestler last year, the champ pulled down—by our calculation—$14.8 million. We pegged him at a more modest $8.5 million for 1975.

The second-best way to earn a living is to sue Muhammad Ali for divorce: His ex-wife Khalila (who is *not* the mother of his daughter born last August) was awarded $2 million in a divorce settlement this winter. Being a divorce lawyer won't keep you poor, either. Fifth Avenue divorce lawyer Raoul Lionel Felder netted a handsome $358,444 at that trade last year.

Far and away the most unrewarding profession we ran across is to take to the streets full time in support of "men's liberation." Harry Britton, originally of Erie, Pennsylvania, and now of Ninth Avenue, has been supporting himself this way for several years, wearing placards, carrying signs, and selling his leaflets in midtown for 25 cents each. Harry makes only $2,000 a year. He's not in this for the money, though; he says his only goal is reconciliation with his wife, from whom he is, unsurprisingly, separated.

Other more profitable pursuits include playing a one-eyed detective on national television, running the Chrysler Corporation into the black, and begging. Yes, begging. One young woman whose name could not be learned (we call her "Anne") is a graduate of Oberlin College and New York's unique Omar's School for Beggars. This wily lady, last we heard, was working at O'Hare Airport, in Chicago, where she told strangers she was a runaway trying to get home. She takes home about $1,000 each week.

Once again we have sifted through dozens of corporate-proxy reports, clipped our way through piles of newspapers, searched out government pay rosters, and made countless phone calls. As always, a sizable portion of our targets were aghast at the idea of divulging their income. Several people wanted to know how many IRS agents there were among our subscribers. One friend told us how much he'd made, then added that "if the next time you call I'm in the clinker, you'll know why." And one successful free-lance writer said he was sorry but he couldn't give us any figure this year, as he'd just cheated on his income tax.

Writer William Safire, whose phone used to be tapped by the Nixon administration, wouldn't release a figure for

The Cushie

Most people are about as quick to reveal their salaries as they are to shed their clothes. Yet there are a lot of people who have nothing to be ashamed about—indeed, have a lot to brag about.

It is in that spirit that we have singled out the following individuals. The jobs they hold are the envy of us all.

Why are these jobs so cushy? The reasons range from outrageously high salaries (bank president) to laughably little labor (hole inspector) to simply downright interesting (skin-book photographer).

Our hats—if not our duds—are off to them all.

Who	**What**	**How Much**	**Why**
Nate Archibald	Guard, New York Nets	*$450,000	That's $6,164 per inch.
Lillian Bergstein	Hole inspector	666.66/ month	When Con Ed says dig, she inspects.
Mario Biaggi	Bronx congressman and lawyer	77,600	That's $17,600 more than the mayor gets.
Ron Blomberg	Outfielder, N.Y. Yankees	50,000	Played in only one game all season.
Gerald Cummins	Chairman, N.Y. Thruway Authority	25,000	Sinecure of the year.
John D. deButts	Chairman, AT&T	483,813	Worth 4,838,130 calls, or 28 years in a booth.
Cosmo D. Farella	Elevator inspector	11,000	Not much, but have you ever seen one?
Raoul Lionel Felder	Divorce lawyer	358,444	Parting is such sweet sorrow—for Raoul.
Jonata Garavaglia	Disc jockey at Regine's	300/week	He never waits for *his* table.
Simon P. Gourdine	Deputy NBA commissioner	*100,000	He's the number-*two* guy.

Frederick Allen is an editorial assistant at New York *Magazine.*

his salary—believed to be one of the highest at the *Times*—because "I'm a great believer in privacy." Pete Hamill, the crusading *News* columnist, modestly explained that telling us what he makes would just "get everyone else mad. . . . We've made a very big production at the *News* about keeping it secret." Something tells us it's considerably above union scale.

The salaries listed on the following pages are for 1976 unless otherwise indicated, and reflect only the sources of income we're sure of. Thus for athletes we don't include money earned touting beer or panty hose, and for politicians we don't indicate the often lucrative return from speaking engagements. We give the source of each person's income underneath his name. As in the past, figures for corporate executives consist of salary plus bonus—the bonus is often hundreds of thousands of dollars, and occasionally is a good deal more than the salary for that year. We must necessarily ignore the other hopelessly complex methods of corporate compensation, like deferred pay, retirement plans, stock options, and the various perquisites—like apartments in Manhattan and chauffeured limos, for example—that add significantly to the comfort of many top executives.

We have tried to keep several of the same names that appeared in last year's list for purposes of comparison. Happily, of the 80 people for whom we print figures for both 1975 and 1976, only six registered a drop in pay. The losers include gossip columnist Suzy, who made $35,000 less; City Councilman Matthew Troy, who has lost all of his committee assignments (down $9,000); and CBS chairman William Paley, who was down $230,423 in 1976 but still earned over half a million dollars. The big gainers, after Ali, include auto-industry execs Eugene Cafiero and John Riccardo of Chrysler, and Henry Ford. Each of them got a raise of over $400,000.

Most of us in New York were not so lucky. But a high-income level isn't the solution to all your problems anyhow. Console yourself with this fact: For the three months and five days that billionaire Howard Hughes was alive in 1976, his estate must pay the federal government $1,409,675 in personal income tax.

Jobs in Town

Who	What	How Much	Why
Peter Hock	Stunt man/actor	$172.50/day	All for being a Robert Conrad look-alike.
Paul A. Kelly	NYC lifeguard	35.50/day	They still get the girls.
"Kenny"	Croupier, after-hours joint	1,000/week	Out-of-work actors needn't starve.
Jill Kirkwood	Tester of skin lotion	97	At 15, it's nice getting paid to control zits.
Augustino Lusardi	Waiter, Palm Restaurant	350/week	He claims that's it—not a penny more. Honest.
Eugene T. Maleska	Crossword editor, New York *Times*	*26,000	Rainy Sundays do pose a problem, though.
Harold W. McGraw Jr.	Chairman, president, McGraw-Hill, Inc.	218,402	Who says nepotism is doomed?
Bill Reilly	Usher, Madison Square Garden	18.50/5-hr. stint	Never missed a Knick or Ranger game.
David Rockefeller	Chairman, Chase Manhattan Corp.	292,675	It pays to bank where granddad started.
George Smith	Blacksmith, E.P.A.	9.50/hr.	They shoe horses, don't they?
J. Frederick Smith	Photographer	600/page	A straight shooter for *Playboy*.
Bill Summers	Tennis pro, Gramercy Racquet Club	15/hr. lesson	Serves while others stand and wait.
William Tavoulareas	President, Mobil Corporation	588,396	And he wants to get into newspapers?
Eddie Zahn	Bartender at Aqueduct	180/week, plus tips	Some of those tips are on nags.

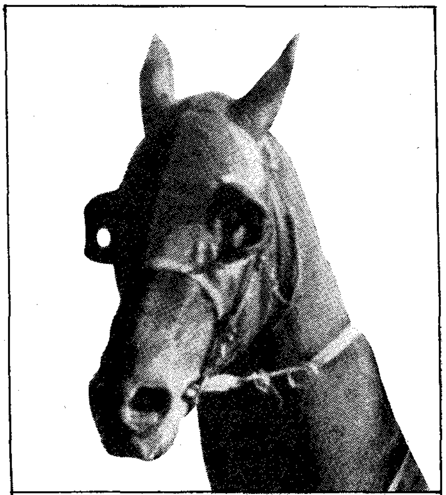
Abrams, Robert *Bronx borough president*		**$45,000**
Abzug, Bella *Former U.S. representative* *Manhattan's 20th Congressional District*		**44,600**
Adrian, Gail *Singer, entertainer*		**9,800**
Alexander, Donald *Commissioner, IRS*	**(40,500)**	**42,500**
Ali, Muhammad *World heavyweight champion (for four title bouts and one match with a Japanese wrestler)*	**(8,500,000)**	**14,800,000**
Anderson, Warren *President, chief operating officer,* *Union Carbide Corp.*	**(190,000)**	**279,333**
Anker, Irving *Chancellor, NYC public-school system*	**(53,000)**	**53,000**
"Anne" *Beggar* *Graduate of Omar's School for Beggars*		**1,000/week**
Anthony, Earl *Pro bowler*	**(107,585)**	**110,833**
Archambault, Paul *Executive director, National Kidney Foundation*	**(40,000)**	**45,000**
Aslanian, Stanley *President,* *N.Y. Lithographers and Photoengravers Union*	**(21,000)**	**23,000**
Backe, John D. *President, CBS, Inc. (to become chief executive May 11)*		**284,162**
Barnes, Wiley *Chef for HEW Secretary Califano*		***12,763**
Batten, William Milfred *Chairman, N.Y. Stock Exchange*		***400,000**
Beame, Abraham *Mayor, NYC*	**(60,000)**	**60,000**
Bell, Griffin B. *U.S. attorney general, formerly a practicing attorney*	**139,576**	***66,000**
Bellin, Lowell E. *Former NYC commissioner of health*		**47,093**
Bench, Johnny *Catcher, Cincinnati Reds*		**240,000**
Benisch, Barbara *Administrative director,* *Newark Cherry Blossom Festival*		***13,000**
Berger, Stephen *Executive director,* *N.Y. Emergency Financial Control Board*		**48,000**
Bird, Rose E. *Chief justice, California Supreme Court*		***66,896**
Birk, Tom *Computer operator, NYC Financial Information Systems Agency*		***12,100**
Blumenthal, W. M. *U.S. secretary of the treasury* *formerly president, Bendix Corp.*	**401,205**	***66,000**
Blye, Irwin *Private detective*		**50,000**
Boch, Gordon *Rewrite man, Associated Press*		**11,700**
Bock, Lothar Peter *Producer* *(fee for acquiring the 1980 Olympics for NBC)*		***1,000,000**

( ) 1975 salary

* 1977 salary

Bock, Ulrike	*Chef, the Ginger Man*		*$28,000
Bold Forbes [1]	*Thoroughbred racehorse*		460,286
Bookout, John F.	*President, chief executive, Shell Oil Co.*		335,000
Borg, Bjorn	*Tennis pro*		424,420
Borman, Frank	*President, chairman, chief executive, Eastern Air Lines, Inc.*	(119,134)	169,460
Boyer, Ernest L.	*Former chancellor, State University of New York*		57,650
Bradley, Bill	*Forward, N.Y. Knicks (1975–1976 season)*		325,000
Braynard, Frank O. [2]	*General manager, Operation Sail*		25,000
Breitel, Charles D.	*Chief judge, N.Y. State Court of Appeals*	(63,143)	63,143
Brinkley, David	*NBC newsman and commentator*	(250,000)	250,000
Britton, Harry [3]	*"Men's lib" activist (sells leaflets)*		2,000
Bryant, Anita	*TV-commercial actress, Fla. Citrus Commission*		100,000
Bryer, Morton S.	*Pensioned NYC police surgeon*		25,600
Brzezinski, Zbigniew	*Former Columbia professor, speaker, writer*		85,000
Buatta, Mario	*Interior designer*		62,500
Buono, Francis R.	*Supervising warden, Rikers Island*	(39,991)	43,000
Burger, Warren	*Chief justice, U.S. Supreme Court*		65,600
Burton, John	*NYC deputy mayor for finance*		*50,970
Butcher, Willard C.	*President, Chase Manhattan Corp.*		234,473
Cafiero, Eugene A.	*President, Chrysler Corp.*	(181,042)	627,550

UPI



$460,286

Racehorse[1]

WIDE WORLD

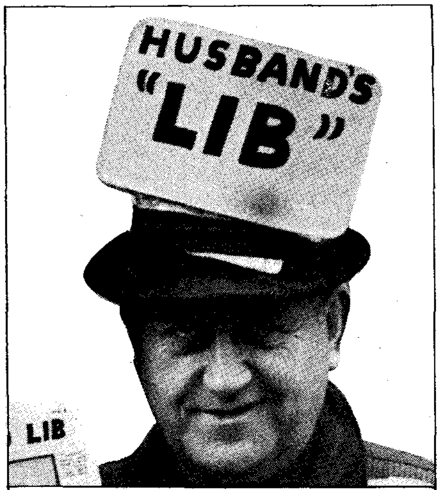
$25,000

Op Sail manager[2]

Cahill, Kevin M., M.D.	*Chairman, N.Y. State Health Planning Commission, N.Y. State Health Research Council. Special assistant to the governor for health affairs*		
Califano, Anthony J.	*Empire Stakes lottery winner*		*980,000
Califano, Joseph	*U.S. secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, formerly a practicing attorney*	505,490	*66,000
Cappetta, Robert Sr.	*Former custodian, Far Rockaway High School*		31,000
Carey, Hugh	*Governor, N.Y. State*	(85,000)	85,000
Carson, Johnny	Tonight Show *host*		*1,500,000
Carter, Jimmy	*President of the United States*		*200,000
Cary, Frank T.	*Chairman, IBM (he also received 200 shares of IBM stock)*	(537,532)	595,830
Casey, Albert V.	*Chairman, president, American Airlines, Inc.*	(220,000)	275,000
Caso, Ralph	*Nassau County executive*	(60,000)	60,000
Cauthen, Steve	*Jockey (10 percent of 1977 purses through April 25)*		*254,888
Clarke, Clifford	*President, Arthritis Foundation*		57,000
Clausen, Alden W.	*President, BankAmerica Corp. (includes payment for 1976 deferred to subsequent years)*	(348,018)	373,545
Codd, Michael J.	*NYC police commissioner*	(45,418)	47,093
Condon, Edwin J.	*Unit manager, Montefiore Hospital*		15,080
Connor, Captain Robert T.	*Commanding officer, N.Y. State Naval Militia (part-time)*		9,047
Connors, Jimmy	*Tennis pro*		687,335
Conrad, Anthony L.	*Former chairman and president, RCA*		202,883
Cooke, Terence	*Cardinal (stipend)*	(5,200)	5,200

Costanza, Margaret	*Presidential assistant for public liaison*		*$56,000
Cramer, Dwight	*Columbia law student, summer clerk at Cravath, Swaine & Moore*		*475/week
Cudahy, John J.	*Manpower specialist, U.S. Department of Labor*		21,800
Cuite, Thomas	*Majority leader, N.Y. City Council*	(39,500)	42,000
Cuomo, Mario	*N.Y. secretary of state*	(47,800)	47,800
Curtis, Kenneth M.	*Chairman, Democratic National Committee*		*44,600
Daniels, Derick J.	*President, chief operating officer, Playboy Enterprises, Inc. (bonus paid at start of employment)*		225,000
DeAmara, John	*Police officer, 75th Precinct ($16,870 salary, $17,734 overtime)*		34,604
Dinkins, David	*City clerk*	(37,344)	39,019
Donovan, Hedley	*Editor in chief, Time Inc.*		323,154
Drake, Harrington	*President, chief executive, Dun & Bradstreet*		333,154
"Duane"	*Pimp, midtown Manhattan*		54,000
Dushinot, Samuel	*Cabdriver*		175/week
Eding, Carol	*Secretary, Western Publishing Co.*		*9,300
Eizenstat, Stuart	*Presidential assistant for domestic affairs*		*56,000
Elliott, Osborn	*Deputy mayor for economic development*		0
Erving, Julius	*Forward, Philadelphia 76ers (1976–1977 season)*		600,000
Evert, Chris	*Tennis pro*		343,165
Fairchild, John B.	*Chairman, chief executive, Fairchild Publications, Inc.*		130,700
Falk, Peter	Columbo *star*		500,000/episode

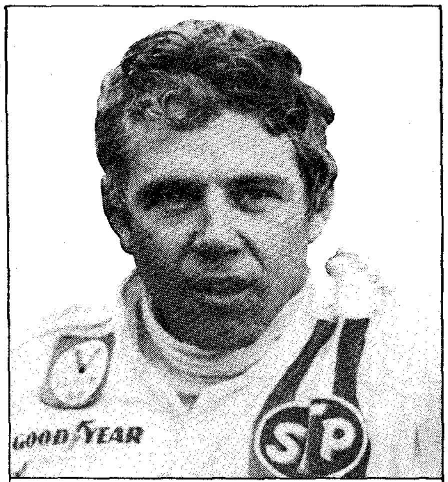
JACK VARTOOGIAN



$2,000

Men's-lib activist[3]

WIDE WORLD



$222,056

Racing-car driver[4]

Fawcett-Majors, Farrah	Charlie's Angels *co-star*		**$5,000/episode**
Fiengold, Dr. Milton J.	*Chief of pathology, Bellevue Hospital*	**(56,077)**	**62,413**
Finneran, William Jr.	*Chairman, art department, Paterson State College*		**16,993**
Fleischmann, Peter F.	*Chairman, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*	**(66,800)**	**76,800**
Folmar, Laurie W.	*Senior vice-president, Texaco, Inc.*		**205,861**
Ford, Henry II	*Chairman, chief executive, Ford Motor Co.*	**(333,750)**	**970,000**
Ford, Rita	*Owner, Rita Ford, Inc., music-box specialist*	**(50,000)**	**60,000**
Foyt, A. J.	*Racing-car driver*		**190,268**
Garrecht, Claire M.	*Brigadier general, USAF Nurse Corps*		**38,608**
Garvin, Clifton C. Jr.	*Chairman, Exxon Corp.*		**610,833**
Geneen, Harold S.	*Chairman, chief executive, ITT*	**(776,085)**	**846,398**
Getty, J. Paul Jr.	*Heir (total inheritance from his father)*		**5,000**
Gibson, Kenneth A.	*Mayor, Newark*		**35,000**
Goldenson, Leonard H.	*Chairman, chief executive, American Broadcasting Cos., Inc.*		**747,077**
Goldin, Harrison J.	*NYC comptroller*	**(50,000)**	**50,000**
Goldmark, Peter C. Jr.	*N.Y. State director of the budget*	**(47,800)**	**47,800**
Goodman, Roy	*N.Y. State senator*		**23,500**
Goolagong, Evonne	*Tennis pro*		**209,952**
Gotbaum, Victor	*Executive director, District Council 37, American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees*	**(46,168)**	**51,150**
Granville, Maurice	*Chairman, Texaco, Inc.*	**(521,975)**	**651,036**

Green, Roberta	*Manager, personnel department, Federal Reserve Bank*		**$30,000**
Griesa, Thomas P.	*Judge, U.S. District Court, Southern District*		**42,000**
Guggenheimer, Elinor	*NYC consumer-affairs commissioner*	**(38,771)**	**40,446**
Gulotta, Frank A.	*Presiding justice, Appellate Division—Second Dept., N.Y. State Supreme Court*	**(55,266)**	**55,266**
Hatch, Randall	*Specialist fourth class, N.Y. Army National Guard*		**1,417**
Hauge, Gabriel	*Chairman, Manufacturers Hanover Corp.*		**286,849**
Haywood, Spencer	*Forward, New York Knicks (1975–1976 season)*		**302,000**
Hefner, Hugh	*Chairman, chief executive, Playboy Enterprises, Inc. (year ending June 30, 1976)*		**226,700**
Holloman, John L. S.	*Former president, NYC Health and Hospitals Corp.*	**(65,000)**	**65,000**
Holtzman, Jeff	*Research assistant, The New School*		**5,500**
Hornblass, Jerome	*Former commissioner, NYC Addiction Services Agency*	**(38,771)**	**40,446**
Hudson, Rock	McMillan *star*		**265,000/episode**
Hunter, Jim "Catfish"	*Pitcher, N.Y. Yankees*		***250,000**
Iacocca, Lee A.	*President, Ford Motor Co.*	**(333,750)**	**970,000**
Irwin, Hale	*Pro golfer*		**252,718**
Jackson, Reggie	*Outfielder, N.Y. Yankees*		***332,000**
Jaffe, Randi	*Editorial assistant, The Conference Board*		**10,800**
Javits, Jacob	*U.S. senator*		**44,600**
Johncock, Gordon[4]	*Racing-car driver*		**222,056**
Johnston, Don	*President, chief executive, J. Walter Thompson Co.*	**(125,000)**	**218,750**

$37,000

Reporter and writer[5]

FRED W. MC DARRAH

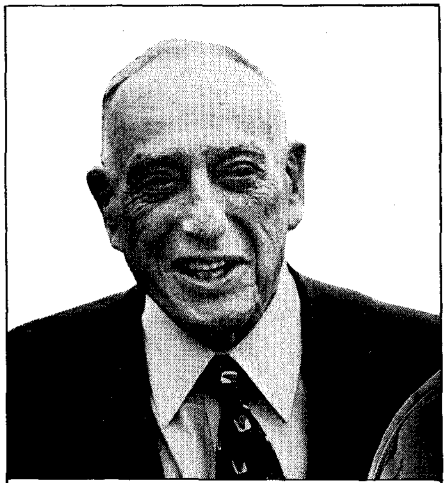
FRED W. MC DARRAH

$48,998

Judge[6]

Jones, Charlotte Schiff	*Executive vice-president, Manhattan Cable TV*		**$46,000**
Jones, Reginald H.	*Chairman, chief executive, General Electric Co.*		**620,000**
Jordan, Hamilton	*Political assistant to the president*		***56,000**
Jovanovich, William	*Chairman, president, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.*	**(200,000)**	**232,500**
Kamish, Helen	*Telephone operator, International Hotel*		**6,292**
Kelley, Clarence	*Director, FBI*		**42,500**
Kerby, William F.	*Chairman, Dow Jones & Co., Inc.*	**(235,146)**	**190,000**
Kern, Ken	*Physical-education teacher and basketball coach, Fort Hamilton High School*		**22,146**
Kilkenny, James E.	*Cost analyst, A&P*		**21,400**
Kingman, Dave	*Outfielder, N.Y. Mets*		**92,000**
Klemesrud, Judy[5]	N.Y. Times *reporter and free-lance writer*	**(34,000)**	**37,000**
Knowles, Dr. John H.	*President, Rockefeller Foundation*		**97,000**
Krupsak, Mary Anne	*Lieutenant governor, N.Y.*	**(60,000)**	**60,000**
Kuhbach, A. Gerdes	*Executive director, Port Authority of N.Y. and N.J.*		**70,000**
Lang, Martin	*Commissioner, NYC Department of Parks and Recreation*		**47,093**
Lankford, Thomas	*Republican clerk, U.S. House of Representatives, and private printer*		**92,261**
Large, Joseph T.	*Lab technician, N.Y. Hospital*		**12,500**
Leff, James[6]	*Judge, N.Y. State Supreme Court*		**48,998**
Lefkowitz, Louis J.	*N.Y. State attorney general*	**(60,000)**	**60,000**
Leonard, Sally	*Executive secretary to Mayor Beame*	**(24,040)**	**25,715**

FRED W. McDARRAH

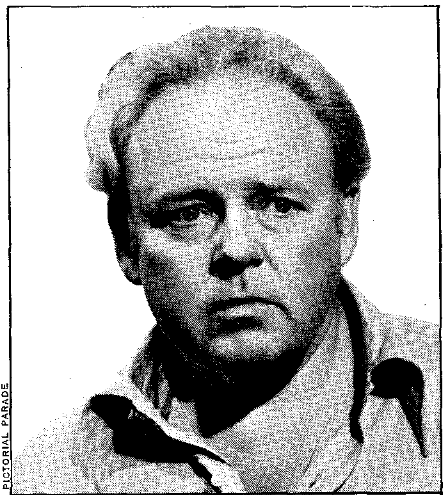


$35,000

Bridge-and-tunnel consultant[7]

Leonardis, Joe *Manager, Papa Chickardi pizzeria*		$7,850
Lipshutz, Robert *Counsel to President Carter*		*56,000
Lockwood, Skip *Pitcher, N.Y. Mets*		*100,000
Luce, Charles F. *Chairman, chief executive, Consolidated Edison Co. of New York, Inc.*	(160,000)	183,333
Lutz, Braden *Free-lance cameraman (commercial and documentary)*		17,000
Lyle, Sparky *Pitcher, N.Y. Yankees*		90,000
Majors, Lee The Six Million Dollar Man *star*		35,000/episode
Mangelli, Vincent *Funeral director, Andrett Funeral Home*	(30,000)	35,000
Marr, John *NYC chief epidemiologist*		33,000
Matlack, Jon *Pitcher, N.Y. Mets*		80,000
McAfee, Jerry *Chairman, chief executive, Gulf Oil Corp.*		501,450
McConnell, Melissa *Stewardess, American Airlines*		9,898
McGillicuddy, John *President, Manufacturers Hanover Corp.*	(270,577)	268,438
McGovern, Katherine Savers *Trial attorney, U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission*		31,000
Meany, George *President, AFL-CIO*		90,000
Megaro, Kathi *Bookkeeper, Bonate Distributors*		13,000
Melton, James P. *N.Y. commissioner of motor vehicles*		47,800
Meredith, Scott *President, Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Inc.*	(300,000)	350,000
Merola, Mario *District attorney, Bronx*	(40,833)	48,998
Meskill, Thomas J. *Judge, U.S. Court of Appeals*		44,600
Millard, Charles E. F. *Chairman, president, chief executive, Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of N.Y., Inc.*	(195,935)	253,324

Miller, Arnold *Police officer first-grade, Midtown North Precinct*		$16,800
Miller, Beverly *Scenic artist, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus*		120/day
Mitchelson, Thomas P. *Former chief of field services, NYC Police*		43,683
Mondale, Walter *Vice-president of the United States*		*75,000
Moses, Robert[7] *Consultant, Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority*	(35,000)	35,000
Munoz, Robert *Executive director, Hispanic Association for a Drug Free Society*		35,000
Munson, Thurman *Catcher, N.Y. Yankees*		140,000
Murphy, Thomas A. *Chairman, General Motors*	(574,956)	950,000
Namath, Joe *Quarterback, N.Y. Jets*		450,000
Nastase, Ilie *Tennis pro*		576,705
Neier, Aryeh *Executive director, American Civil Liberties Union*	(33,000)	37,500
Nicklaus, Jack *Golf pro*		266,438
Nyquist, Ewald B. *N.Y. State commissioner of education*	(57,650)	57,650
Oberst, Lee *NYC director of operations (will receive $120,000 per year from N.Y. Telephone, from which he is on leave)*		*0
O'Connor, Carroll[8] All in the Family *star*		110,000/episode
O'Dwyer, Paul *President, N.Y. City Council*	(50,000)	50,000
O'Hagan, John T. *NYC fire commissioner*	(42,591)	43,216
O'Neill, Thomas P. "Tip" Jr. *Speaker, U.S. House of Representatives*		*75,000
Opel, John R. *President, IBM (he also received 200 shares of IBM stock)*		443,550
Paley, William S. *Chairman, chief executive, CBS, Inc. (1975 figure includes $270,240 worth of CBS stock)*	(731,000)	500,577



PICTORIAL PARADE

$110,000/episode

TV star[8]

ROGER SANDLER

$56,000

Press secretary[9]

Paris, Joseph *President, Joseph Paris Hairpieces for Men*	($75,000)	$75,000
Parker, Jerry Newsday *reporter and free-lance writer*		31,673
Pauley, Jane *Cohost,* Today		125,000
Percan, Jackie *Temporary office worker, Enwood Personnel*		2,000
Pichler, Edward A. *NYC sheriff*	(32,180)	33,855
Poston, Gretchen *Social secretary to Rosalynn Carter*		*40,000
Powell, Jody[9] *White House press secretary*		*56,000
Pretorius, Wilkie *Free-lance fund-raiser*		3,000/event
Propp, James G. *Second-place winner, Westinghouse Science Talent Search (high school student)*		*8,000
Rao, Paul P. *Judge, U.S. Customs Court*		42,000
Ravitch, Richard *Former chairman, N.Y. State Urban Development Corp.*		0
"Ray" *Undercover NYC cop who posed as a mobster (during most lucrative periods)*		4,000/week
Reasoner, Harry *ABC newscaster*		*10,000/week
Rehnquist, William H. *Associate justice, U.S. Supreme Court*		63,000
Reston, James *Columnist, N.Y.* Times, *and director, N.Y. Times Co.*	(55,320)	54,400
Riccardo, John J. *Chairman, Chrysler Corp.*	(215,625)	700,066
Riddle, Dr. Jackson W. *Executive secretary, N.Y. State Board of Medicine, and chairman, Commission on Acupuncture*		36,974
Rigby, Bob *Goalkeeper, N.Y. Cosmos*		19,000
Roberts, Dr. T. W. *Attending pathologist, Harlem Hospital*	(48,311)	48,311

Robinson, Dr. C. G. *Chief surgeon, NYC police*	**($48,311)**	**$48,311**
Rosenthal, Beth *Staff writer, United Nations*		**14,000**
Ross, Steven J. *Chairman, president, chief executive, Warner Communications, Inc.*		**514,455**
Rote, Kyle Jr. *Forward, Dallas Tornado soccer team*		**7,000**
Roth, Mark *Pro bowler*	**(45,541)**	**72,878**
Roth, Michael *Chairman, N.Y. State Liquor Authority*	**(43,050)**	**43,050**
Rule, Elton H. *President, chief operating officer, American Broadcasting Cos., Inc.*		**649,423**
Rutherford, Johnny *Racing-car driver*		**378,508**
Salak, Rodolfo José *Winner, record slot-machine payoff in Las Vegas*		***180,886**
Sammartino, Bruno *Pro wrestler (ring money)*	**(250,000)**	**285,000**
Sandy *Dog in* Annie *(plus cab fare)*		**200/week**
Savalas, Telly Kojak *star*		**60,000/episode**
Scamardella, Rose Ann[10] *Reporter,* Eyewitness News		**60,000**
Schneider, John A. *President, CBS Broadcast Group*		**325,000**
Schwendeman, David *Chief taxidermist, American Museum of Natural History*	**(15,000)**	**15,799**
Scoppetta, Nicholas *NYC commissioner of investigation*	**(41,541)**	**47,093**
Screvane, Paul R. *President, NYC Off-Track Betting Corp.*	**(49,849)**	**51,524**
Seaver, Tom *Pitcher, N.Y. Mets*		**225,000**
Shanker, Albert *President, United and American Federations of Teachers*	**(70,000)**	**70,000**

WIDE WORLD

$2,000,000

Divorcée[11]

$60,000

TV news reporter[10]

Shepley, James R. *President, chief operating officer, Time Inc.*		**$287,731**
Sheridan, Hugh *Doorman, St. Regis Hotel (plus $75–$100 in tips)*		**97/week**
Shields, Eileen *N.Y. correspondent,* Time *magazine*	**(21,000)**	**23,200**
Sias, John B. *President, chief operating officer, Fairchild Publications, Inc.*		**200,000**
Simpson, O. J. *Running back, Buffalo Bills (Simpson has a three-year, $2.5-million contract which includes annuities, insurance, trust funds, and the cofounding of a film company with the Bills' owner. He also makes about $350,000 per year promoting orange juice and Hertz.)*		***800,000**
Snyder, Jimmy *(Jimmy the Greek) Oddsmaker*	**(500,000)**	**600,000**
Spaeth, Merrie *Director, national affairs, Association for Voluntary Sterilization*		**28,000**
Stein, Andrew *N.Y. State assemblyman*		**23,500**
Steingut, Stanley *Speaker, N.Y. State Assembly*		**44,500**
Strauss, Robert *Former chairman, Democratic National Committee*		**0**
Sulzberger, Arthur Ochs *Chairman, president, New York Times Co., and publisher, the New York* Times		**285,000**
Sutton, Percy *Manhattan borough president*	**(45,000)**	**45,000**
Suzy (Aileen Mehle) *Gossip columnist*	**(170,000)**	**135,000**
Tolona, Khalila[11] *Muhammad Ali's ex-wife (divorce settlement)*		**2,000,000**
"Tony" *Hands out flyers for the Harem massage parlor*		**3/hour**
Troy, Matthew Jr. *NYC councilman*	**(34,000)**	**25,000**
Turner, Stansfield *Director of the CIA*		***57,000**
Unser, Bobby *Racing-car driver*		**137,626**

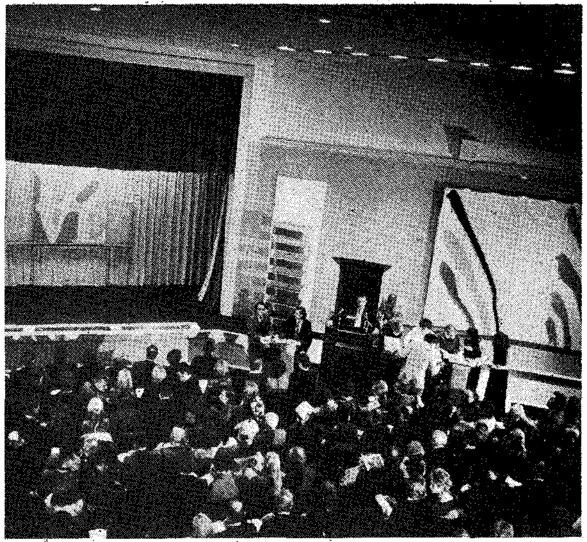
Velasquez, Jorge *Jockey (10 percent of purses)*		**$429,465**
Wagner, Lindsay *Star,* The Bionic Woman		**40,100/episode**
Wall, Lawrence *Bartender, Prince Street Bar*		**13,600**
Warner, Rawleigh *Chairman, Mobil Corp.*	**(620,882)**	**697,595**
Weaver, Suzanne *Assistant professor of political science, Yale*		**14,750**
Webb, Spider *Tattoo artist*		**50,000**
Weingarten, Henry *Astrologer, N.Y. Astrology Center*	**(10,000)**	**13,000**
Wexler, Jacqueline *President, Hunter College*		**46,625**
Whalen, Robert P., M.D. *N.Y. State commissioner of health*		**51,150**
White, Kevin *Mayor, Boston*	**(40,000)**	**40,000**
White, Roy *Outfielder, N.Y. Yankees*		**90,000**
Whitman, Lisa *Assistant editor,* Newsweek		***22,861**
Williams, James *Street musician, alto sax*		***30/day**
Williams, Marc *Nonunion construction laborer*		***144/week**
Wohl, Gary *English teacher, Manhattan Vocational and Technical High School*	**(20,350)**	**20,350**
Woodcock, Leonard *President, United Auto Workers*		**47,000**
Wriston, Walter B. *Chairman, Citicorp*	**(361,885)**	**399,275**
Yarborough, Cale *Racing-car driver (for three races in four days)*		***93,300**
Young, Andrew *U.S. ambassador to the United Nations*		***57,500**
Yunich, David *Former chairman, Metropolitan Transportation Authority*		**80,000**
Zuccotti, John E.[12] *First deputy mayor, NYC*		**51,524**

$51,524

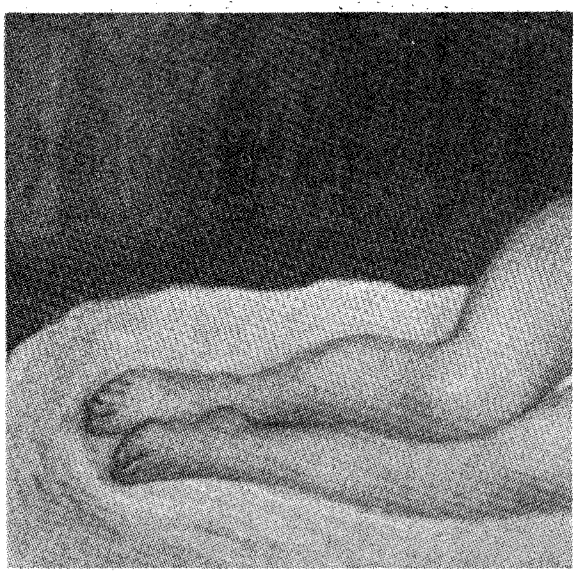
First deputy mayor[12]

FRED W. MCDARRAH

Squaring Off: Christie's vs



Parke Bernet chic: *A great auction house has become a place to be seen as well as a place to buy treasurers.*



Million-dollar baby: *The star of Christie's opening sale*

"...It's unlikely that either contestant can knock the other out of the ring, but partisans differ on which will be *numero uno...*"

When the new kid on the block went for a walk for the first time with his little yellow dog, the twelve-year-old bully, barely restraining a vicious bulldog on a leash, snarled, "You get off my sidewalk and walk in the gutter!"

The new kid stood his ground and said nothing, so again the bully snapped, "If you don't get off this sidewalk, I'll turn Killer loose, and he'll eat your mutt up!" When the new kid failed to move, the bully released his dog, who lunged forward. The little yellow dog opened wide his long muzzle, snapped it shut on the bully's dog, shook him twice, and dropped the now dead bulldog on the pavement.

"Say, kid," whined the shocked bully, "that's a mighty spunky little dog you got there. What kind of a dog is that?"

"I don't rightly know," the kid answered quietly, "but before my daddy cut off his tail and painted him yellow, he looked mighty like an alligator."

From the great prizefighting days in the old Madison Square Garden back to the Elizabethan bear pit and farther back to the unequal contests between lions and Christians in Rome's Colosseum, people have always loved a good fight, provided, of course, they were observers only. Beginning next week, New York will witness a ferocious fight between two fierce and formidable British lions—Sotheby Parke Bernet and Christie's.

For many years Parke Bernet's art-mart auctioneers, at 980 Madison Avenue, have run the only big wheel in town. But now Christie's has finally recognized that the center of the world art market has moved from London to New York. Thus, on Monday evening, May 16, at 8 P.M., a painstakingly selected and carefully seated, beautifully gowned and black-tied elite will attend Christie's first painting auction in its new 3,000-square-foot salesroom, the former Grand Ballroom on the second floor of Delmonico's, at Park Avenue and 59th Street.

Famous in England since James Christie set up as an auctioneer in Pall Mall in 1766, Christie's is far less well known in America than its chief London competitor, Sotheby & Company, which in 1964 bought New York's preeminent auction house, Parke Bernet (Christie's had tried and failed to buy it). Until World War II, Sotheby's had run a poor second to Christie's, but in the last 23 years, under the shrewd guidance of Peter C. Wilson, Sotheby's has outstripped its competitor in total volume. Though Christie's worldwide sales last year were an impressive $88.6 million, SPB's were almost double that amount, some $175 million. Indeed just the New York sales of Parke Bernet—over $70 million—came close to Christie's worldwide sales. Even given its longtime—now ended—monopoly, to have achieved this turnover, Parke Bernet and most of its experts must be doing a good many things right. Whether or not SPB has surpassed or even equaled Christie's in prestige is another matter and one that will be determined by the outcome of their *mano a mano* here in New York.

In Christie's crucial opening sale on May 16, it will offer 69 Impressionist and modern paintings, including, in addition to important works by Cézanne, Monet, and Sisley, a Renoir estimated as fetching $800,000 but that may bring in over $1 million. Unfortunately, however, this is an "anonymous" sale. It does not contain a collection or even individual paintings from owners whose names are instantly recognizable, and so it does not have the society-page

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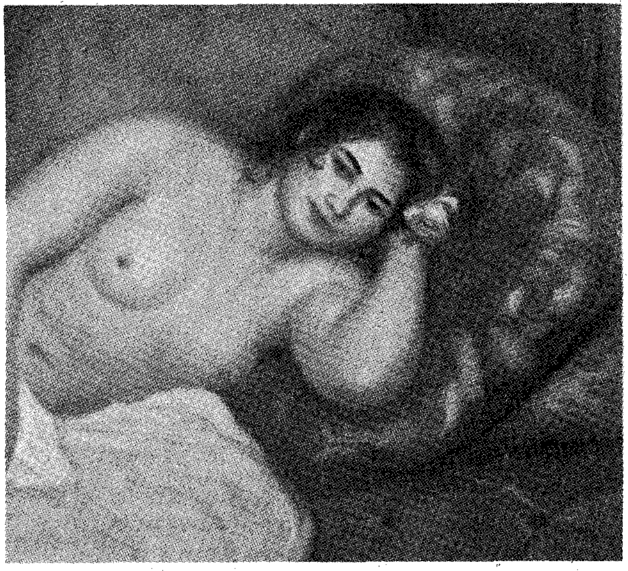
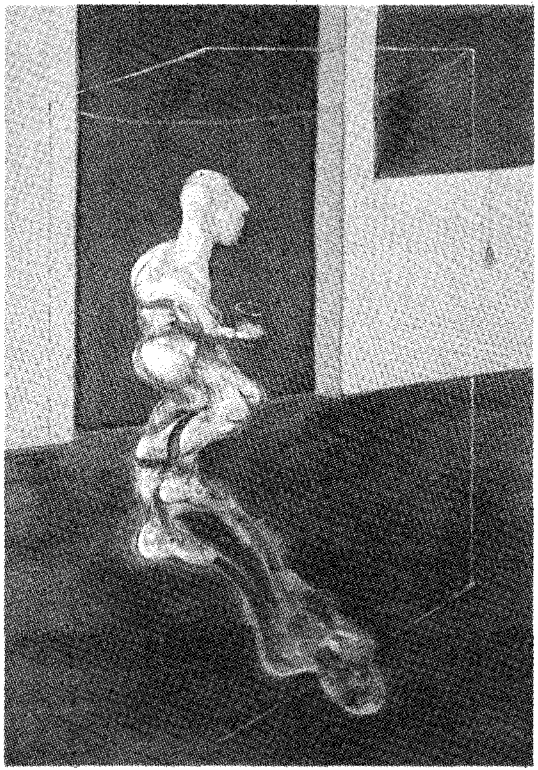
Leon Harris is an auction addict whose free-lance writing is only a means of supporting his addiction.

arke Bernet

By Leon Harris



Renoir's Baigneuse couchée, *which may bring in $1 million.*



Contemporary princess: *On May 12 and 13 Sotheby Parke Bernet's sale of contemporary art features Princess Lee Radziwill's* Figure Turning, *an oil by Francis Bacon.*

cachet of a Rockefeller or Rothschild or Dodge sale.

Sales with big names are not only important as society news but they also bring higher prices (even for the items in them that are identified as *not* being from the name collector) because snobbery is not less important than beauty or rarity, and many buyers will pay extra for the thrill of saying later, with studied casualness, "I bought it in the Sassoon (or Houghton or Hutton) sale."

In the ten following days, Christie's will hold six additional sales—of lesser Impressionists, of jewelry, of English and American silver, and of books including some important Audubon material—but none of these are "name" sales either.

In the face of this challenge, Parke Bernet has mounted a brilliant batting order designed to make Christie's lineup look embarrassingly bush-league.

This Friday it is offering furniture formerly belonging to Ailsa Mellon Bruce and Marietta Peabody Tree. On May 11 it will hold an impressive Impressionist sale of its own, only five days before the Christie's opening, but it includes works from the collections of the late Abby Rockefeller Mauze (Nelson's sister), Arthur Murray, and Josef Rosensaft. On May 12 and 13, in a sale whose most glamorous painting is Lee Radziwill's Francis Bacon, it expects to pull off the first $2-million contemporary sale since the celebrated 1973 Scull sale. At the same time, SPB is holding other important "name" sales abroad, including not one but two Rothschild auctions, in England and in Monaco.

So much for the opening rounds. But who will finally win the silken slugfest in New York will be determined by how hundreds of rich Americans answer three questions posed by Christie's arrival here:

1. Why should I sell my things at Christie's instead of at Parke Bernet?
2. Why should I buy at Christie's instead of at Parke Bernet?
3. Why should I be seen at Christie's instead of at Parke Bernet?

1. The most important issue at any auction house is *how to get the merchandise* that attracts buyers from all over the world. A worldwide network of agents, secret and not-so, sniffs out those circumstances—death, divorce, financial misfortune—that force the sale of family treasures. The seller, not very surprisingly, will try to give his or her merchandise to that auction house whose experts can best identify and describe its value; who can best—and at the lower cost to the consignor—advertise it to the greatest number of potential purchasers; and who, finally, can best tease, tempt, or frighten forth the highest bid for each object while subtracting the lowest selling commission from this hammer price.

Although the selling commission charged by the auctioneer is often negotiable, depending on the importance of the consignor and the merchandise, Parke Bernet's *published* rates range from 12.5 percent to 25 percent. Christie's, however, in order to induce American consignors to abandon Parke Bernet, has exploded a bombshell: a flat 10 percent commission rate and a 4 percent finder's fee to dealers and others who bring on consignors (as compared with Parke Bernet's 2 percent). In order to compensate for this low commission, often less than half that charged by Parke Bernet, Christie's will charge an additional 10 percent buying commission above the hammer price to the winning bidder of each lot. More of that later.

Description is essential to a business that depends so much on catalogs. An exaggerated catalog description means that the buyer will get less than he reasonably expected, but a careless or ignorant underdescription means the seller may receive less than he's entitled to, as happened recently when Sotheby's sold for $408 what it called a copy of Queen Victoria's Great Seal. Shortly thereafter, Christie's sold it for $5,610, having correctly identified it as the original and not a copy.

Other tales of inexpert expertise abound, and some human error is inevitable. But much of the problem results from the dual role of the "expert" in each field (porcelains, old-master

"...'Christie's 10 percent surcharge to buyers will be as popular in America as the Stamp Act,' predicts SPB president Marion..."

paintings, books, manuscripts, and so forth). Ostensibly, the expert's main role is to identify and to describe accurately in the sale catalog each object in order to ensure a fair shake for both consignor and buyer. But, in fact, the expert's chief role is to *get* the merchandise, in the first place, from the blasé collector or lazy bank trust officer. Therefore, charm and good connections are often more important in an expert than scholarship or real knowledge of his field. Parke Bernet's experts include a number of undeniably charming young men whose ability to beguile a bereaved widow or divorcée has on occasion carried them both away.

Christie's Captain General for the Recapture of the Colonies, L. Guy Hannen, insists: "The primary function of our experts is to be expert—to discover and tell the truth. Because we have the same charges here in New York as in London and in Geneva, and indeed all over the world, we are also in a position to tell the consignor the truth about where the best place is to sell his objects, without his having to worry about the different charges in different countries such as may cloud the judgment of other auctioneers.

"New York is, for example, an excellent market for Impressionist and modern paintings, but not for old masters or Continental silver. For some years New York has been penalized by higher auction charges here, with the natural result that many important consignors sent their things to London or Amsterdam. Now that we have brought the lower London—international—rates to New York, I doubt not that others will shortly follow our lead."

Whether or not Hannen's prediction turns out to be correct, many consignors will continue to use Parke Bernet simply because it is much larger and offers a great variety of services that Christie's cannot. Agents can not only dry the widow's tears but they can also sell her old apartment or country place (while trying to sell her a new one) through its real-estate division, which recently sold Henry Ford II's Carlyle penthouse and the Phipps estate in Virginia. Many consignors and estates have merchandise of such undistinguished quality that neither SPB nor Christie's will sell it in its main auction rooms. But Parke Bernet can sell this "junk" (as it is often secretly termed by its experts) in its PB84 auction rooms at 171 East 84th Street. Christie's last year announced similar service via William H. O'Reilly's Plaza Art Galleries at 406 East 79th Street, but it was unsuccessful for reasons it resolutely refuses to discuss, and Plaza has now been sold to others.

Because Christie's operation in New York is so much more circumscribed, both physically and in terms of services, than Parke Bernet's, it is making a virtue of necessity: "Ours is a quality, not a quantity, operation," Hannen declares. "We have always sold only the finest and most prestigious things and we are happy to leave the rest to others."

"Quality and prestige, indeed!" sniffs a Parke Bernet spokesman. "There's absolutely *nothing* they won't try to sell, including Queen Victoria's knickers." (Christie's recently sold a pair of Queen Victoria's monogrammed undies and a monogrammed pair of her black silk stockings. Wherever she is, she is not amused.)

One of the complaints against Parke Bernet heard most often from consignors and buyers alike is that the merchandise is jammed into too little storage space with the result that much of it is scratched, broken, and lost despite the best efforts of porters. When Christie's officials are asked how they plan to avoid this problem in New York, since their total space here is only a small fraction of Parke Bernet's, they answer airily that their people are much more knowledgeable about how to handle the merchandise properly. In fact, how and by whom its merchandise will be handled is as yet unclear. Although Parke Bernet has renewed a three-year contract with the Teamsters Union, Christie's has as yet no contract and has so far refused to discuss the problems of handling and storage.

Whether or not Christie's can overcome Parke Bernet's enormous lead in getting the merchandise, built up over the many years it had the only game in town, is the most important single factor in who wins this war. Parke Bernet has the enormous advantages that accrue to an incumbent, be he United States senator or heavyweight boxing champion. But incumbency carries disadvantages as well. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of clients who have, or think they have, been mistreated by Parke Bernet are therefore cheering for the challenger and may send over their sale lots. And overconfidence has been known to backfire.

On the surface, at least, Parke Bernet's demeanor is Olympian if not benevolent, but "not for attribution" attacks on the newcomer are numberless. "Here at Parke Bernet," snaps one expert, "we *never* allow a reserve higher than the low estimate, but Christie's does. [Christie's does not deny this practice.] And it's impossible for clients to tell what Christie's sales truthfully are because, for example, in Geneva they include in their report of what was 'sold,' merchandise that did not sell at all but was reacquired by their consignors [Christie's is considering ceasing this practice]."

The wildest attacks on Christie's come from Ralph Colin, former attorney for Parke Bernet and presently the hired gun of the Art Dealers Association of America. To earn his considerable fees, Colin has alleged a constitutional issue and an illegal conflict of interest involved in Christie's charging both the consignor *and* the buyer a 10 percent fee. But the real issue is simply that his employers, the dealers, are the biggest single group of buyers at New York auctions, and so they want this charge put back on the consignor rather than on them. They also fear that it may cut into their secret bidding as agents for other buyers, for which their usual 5 percent charge may be too much when added to the new 10 percent buyer's fee and the 8 percent sales tax.

2. If Christie's should offer the best merchandise from the best consignors, and if it describes this more correctly than does Parke Bernet, people will want to buy from it. But if merchandise actually costs more because of the 10 percent buyer's premium Christie's is charging (and Parke Bernet is not, at least for the moment), potential buyers may object.

"That extra 10 percent will be about as popular in America as the Stamp Act," predicts Parke Bernet president John L. Marion, "and as the buyers stay away in droves or else lower their bids enough or more than enough to make up for the extra 10 percent, the consignors will quickly learn to their regret that our 15 percent or 20 percent selling commission on a much higher bid nets them far more than a 10 percent commission on a low bid."

"John Marion would like Americans to believe that this buyer's charge is a vile and disgusting crime against nature and God," confides a carefully anonymous Christie's partisan, "but it's difficult even for as smooth-tongued a fellow as he is. After all, the firm whose employee he is charges this same 10 percent buyer's fee all over the world except here in New York. In fact, total sales in London at both Sotheby's and Christie's are up enormously since this buyer's fee was introduced there two years ago, and this in the face of a threatened dealers' boycott and the same blustering and whining one hears in New York."

Although Christie's folk firmly refuse, for the record, to enter into a slanging match, Christie's is not infrequently provoked by Parke Bernet pronouncements to contrast itself to what it obviously regards as an unprincipled, immoral, and enviably fat competitor. "*We*, unlike others," Hannen suggests with a pronounced accent on the pronoun but a relentless refusal to mention Parke Bernet by name, "never act as anything but agents—we never have and never will sell at auction things that we ourselves own, as *some* do. And we are confident enough of the expertise of *our* experts to warranty *all* our attributions for a full six years and not merely for five years or only on works of art since 1870 [Parke Bernet's limitations]. We of course make our share of mistakes, but we admit them and we stand behind what we say."

Because both auction houses handle many thousands more objects than even the largest dealer, a variety of errors are inevitable. But both consignor and buyer have noted that Christie's is considerably more willing than SPB to quickly and generously correct its errors, a difference that can mean thousands of dollars to a client.

Since the announcement of Christie's opening in New York, Parke Bernet has made much of how many more experts it has here than Christie's has—some 60 experts, according to John Marion, whereas, he says, Christie's entire New York staff, including packers and porters, is only 40. But according to one client of both houses: "The greatest single advantage Christie's has over Parke Bernet is a few of Parke Bernet's experts."

3. In no other area has Parke Bernet done a more superb job than in making its showrooms and auction room the place to be seen in New York, far more so than any opening night, ball, club, or other public display of pecking order among the self-proclaimed "beautiful people." And now that all New York museums and most art galleries charge admission, Parke Bernet is the last and best freebie in the city. It's a place where you can spend almost any Saturday afternoon rubbing shoul-

MORE THAN 227,000 TICKETS ARE BOUGHT BY BROADWAY THEATER GOERS IN AN AVERAGE WEEK IN NEW YORK.

IN THIS TOWN WITH SO MUCH OF EVERYTHING, THERE'S ONLY ONE RARE SCOTCH.

ASK FOR IT BY NAME.

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RARE
SCOTCH

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1977 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Encounter
austria

I put myself on Sigmund's couch

Here in the Sigmund Freud Museum at Vienna's Berggasse 19, I dreamed I met the great Doctor himself. What would he say about the mystery I felt in that room?

Elsewhere, in houses on streets I can't name, I heard echoes of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Haydn. I visited the many museums and monuments reflecting the past that brought me here to Austria. I saw the Lipizzaner stallions of the Spanish Riding School, sailed the Danube, walked through the Vienna Woods.

In the mountains near Innsbruck I relived the breathtaking races of the Winter Olympics. I listened to the sound of music in the hills of Salzburg. And I was changed.

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parade

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ders with Jackie or Nelson or Diana.

To build itself to this peak of chic, Parke Bernet has long used the London and New York public-relations firm of Clark, Nelson, Ltd., whose importance to SPB may be judged by the fact that its brilliant boss, Brigadier Stanley Clark, sits on SPB's small board of directors.

And now, Christie's has hired superflack Letitia Baldrige to challenge the the SPB preeminence even here. With the profile and presence of a Roman emperor, "Tish" Baldrige dismisses any suggestion that the small size of Christie's operation in New York is a serious handicap: "Elizabeth Arden is not Avon, Tiffany is not Sears Roebuck, and Christie's is not Sotheby Parke Bernet," she smiles, thereby not only packing off SPB to the limbo of the Great Unwashed but simultaneously plugging two of her former clients, Arden and Tiffany.

Asked how she is handling the tidal wave of urgent requests for invitations to Christie's May 16 opening sale—a demand that many times exceeds the supply of 1,000 places—she disclaims any connection, with a twinkle in her eye: "That's being handled from London." But no one believes she will not have a great deal to say.

She is more frank, however, about Siberia. "Our main salesroom holds only some 500 or so people, but we've made an arrangement with Regine to use her place—it adjoins ours—when we need it. And those who sit in her room will still be able to see our auctioneer with their own eyes, unlike those poor people who are put outside Parke Bernet's main salesroom into adjacent rooms and can only follow what's happening on those dreadful little television screens. Just as there are auctioneers and auctioneers, so there are Siberias and Siberias, and *our* Siberia is a great deal less chilly than theirs."

It is unlikely that either of these two contestants can knock the other out of the ring entirely; indeed, partisans on both sides declare that both houses will continue to exist but that *theirs* will be *numero uno.* A number of collectors who admire Christie's and dislike Parke Bernet nevertheless predict that Christie's can never overtake its competitor because, as Durocher's dictum declares, "Nice guys finish last." And although many people love an underdog, the smart money is rarely against Goliath, with his brass armor and giant spear. But it was undeniably David, with his slingshot and his smooth stone from the brook, who triumphed that day in the valley of Elah. ■

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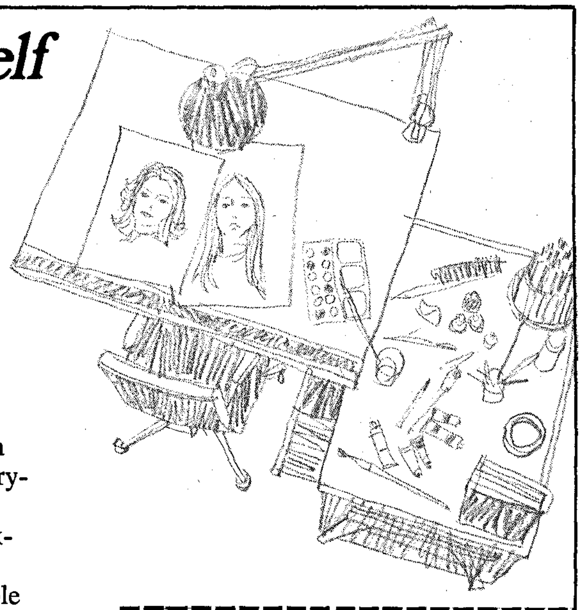
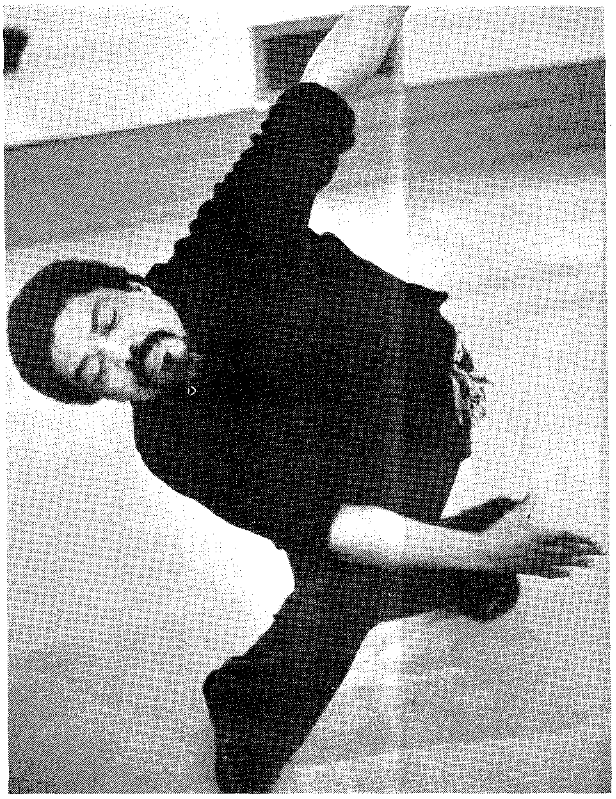




Alvin Ailey: *"I love dance," he says, "and dancers are really crazy and I love them too."*

Alvin Ailey: Dancing on a Tightrope

By Peter J. Rosenwald

"...At the height of public and critical success, Ailey finds it impossible to follow the dictates of his creative genius..."

Alvin Ailey is now 46. His American Dance Theater, the company he founded and has inspired from its inception, packs houses across America and through the world. At the inaugural gala for President Carter, Ailey's signature work, *Revelations,* was the only thing on the long program which brought the audience cheering to its feet. In addition to the main performing company, there are now two apprentice companies giving performances everywhere, from commercial and university theaters to prisons and old-age homes. There is also a dance school bursting with pupils.

But Ailey is in trouble.

What started as a pickup company of eight dancers nineteen years ago has become an artistic conglomerate. And the past couple of years have been rough for conglomerates. The cancellation of the spring season by the Joffrey Ballet and the general cutback in its activities is symptomatic of the problems which all companies face. But for Alvin Ailey the difficulties spring from a deeper well than just the explosive inflation of costs and tighter purse strings on the moneybags of the affluent individuals and foundations who used to give generously to the arts. The one thing which he would never have imagined could happen to him when he abandoned a potentially lucrative theater and Hollywood career to create modern dances—"because I really love dance and dancers are really crazy and I love them too"—has happened.

Alvin Ailey has become a prisoner of his own success. In fulfilling that particularly American dream, he has also become haunted by its attendant nightmare. At the moment, when he has done what no modern choreographer before him has accomplished—making a uniquely American form of dance accessible to a wide and growing public—he finds himself surrounded by both financial and artistic insecurity. At the height of his public and critical success, instead of freedom to follow the dictates of his creative genius, he finds that the demands on his time make it impossible for him to work the way he wants.

"I don't want to have to raise money to keep us going," he says. "I find that doing fund-raising and hobnobbing with politicians and kissing so-and-so's

---

Mr. Rosenwald leads a double life: as advertising executive who commutes between New York and London, and as dance authority who writes for the Wall Street Journal *and several other publications.*

Photographed by Alexander Wilensky

Paddy Jubilantly Opens The 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition

And this year Murphy's demands equal rhyme!

A.D. 1976 was the year of the American Bicentennial, the Viking probe of Mars and the First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Of these three historic successes, only the Competition will be repeated in 1977. And this year the makers of Murphy's Irish Whiskey have asked that their brand of "Gaelic Gold" be eligible for versification, as well as Paddy's. In the spirit of enlarging the scope of poetic inspiration, Paddy welcomes Murphy as a co-sponsor of the 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Competition.

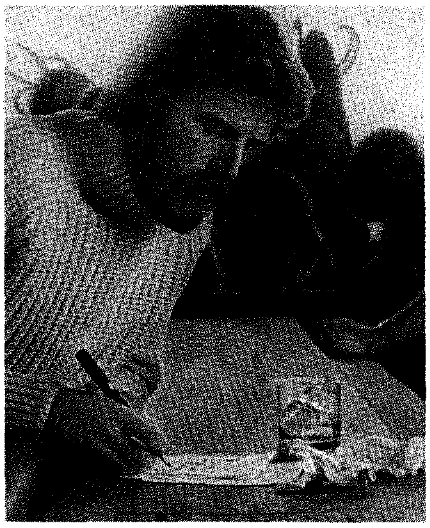
To enter, simply compose a verse alluding to either Paddy or Murphy's Irish Whiskey. You may use the Official Entry Blank provided or expand your horizons to separate paper. The form of verse may be as light as a limerick or as solemn as a sonnet, depending on your muse.

The Spirit Of The Irish Poet

More important than verse form, we suggest, will be the atmosphere you improvise to stoke your creative fires. Imagine you are an Irish poet, living his adventurous life and penning his lusty lines. On the table before you is a glass of liquid glory (Paddy Irish Whiskey) or earthy ambrosia (Murphy's). As you write, you sip your "Irish," earliest and greatest of all whiskeys dating back to the 6th Century. You pause to ponder the great names that have celebrated this same distilled essence: Sean O'Casey, James Joyce, Brendan Behan...Humbly you compose your own tribute to Paddy or Murphy's.

Murphy's
PADDY

Paddy and Murphy say this: If there's poetry in your soul, we'll bring it out.



Portrait of an Irish poet: "One man with a dream at pleasure —Shall go forth and conquer a crown." A. O'Shaughnessy

Fame Rather Than Fortune

For this Second Annual Competition, the makers of Paddy and Murphy's will continue to offer a semblance of notoriety in lieu of crass financial reward. (Poets, after all, have always found fame before fortune.) If you are a finalist, your name and poetry will appear, with your consent, in an advertisement for Paddy or Murphy's.

From among the five finalists, a board of judges will select the 2nd Annual Winner of the Competition. If this be you, prepare for veritable Immortality. Your name will be engraved forever on the Silver Loving Cup commemorating the Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. And you will appear, proudly holding the cup, in our End-Of-The-Competition ad. Every entrant will receive a certificate designating the bearer as Honorary Irish Poet.

Since you won't be celebrating the Bicentennial this year, nor witnessing a voyage to Mars, we urge you to attack the ramparts of the 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Familiarize yourself with The Official Subject Matter (Paddy and Murphy's), and glorify the space below with your Precious Blarney.

PADDY IRISH WHISKEY **Murphy's** IRISH WHISKEY

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Write entry in the space below, or on separate paper if you prefer. Contest is open to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin, Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Five finalists will be chosen at the rate of one per month until closing date of contest: Sept. 30, 1977. Austin, Nichols & Co., will appoint judges. Decision of judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Void where prohibited.

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"...'I want to look at the company objectively,' Ailey says. 'I feel I've been letting too many people run it instead of me'..."

hand at a cocktail party and calling people on the phone and arranging endless meetings is too much—man, that's like seven hours of rehearsal. I could have made a new dance in that time."

Looking tired and depressed, Ailey fiddles with some knobs on his VTR machine and suddenly Sara Yarborough appears on the screen dancing to elegiac Ralph Vaughan Williams music, her movement following the violin theme, capturing its mysterious nuances. The ballet is *The Lark Ascending*. Ailey is suddenly animated. "Watch this arabesque," he whispers. "She stretches it a little beyond its capacity." Now she is moving across the stage gathering speed for a jump. As she is about to lift off, Ailey talks to her as if she were in the studio instead of on videotape: "Fly, girl, fly." Then he relaxes and explains how he hates to be pigeonholed as a "black choreographer." *The Lark Ascending*, for example, has no basis in black experience but was inspired by the company's visit to Edinburgh in 1968 and by the English music "which just blew my mind. It was choreographed for Judy Jamison, but when she saw Sara do it, she said she would never do it again because Sara had captured what I wanted. Judy was too ethereal. The critics never knew what this ballet meant. The lark is ascending and the girl is becoming a woman. All my ballets are about transition."

Ailey is also going through a period of transition. When the company opens its three-week season at City Center May 4, there will be five premieres, works by Jennifer Muller, Dianne McIntyre, Milton Myers, and Rudy Perez, but none by Alvin Ailey. Theoretically, he is taking a year off, "to rest, to get myself together, and to get my body together as well. I can't choreograph when I'm fat like I am now because I have to move to show what I want, and I can't move the way my body feels now." But there is a more important reason, says Ailey: "I really want to look at the company objectively. I feel I've been letting too many people run the company, instead of letting me run it."

Despite its tremendous box-office success, the various Ailey dance enterprises have a current deficit of a quarter of a million dollars. That's about the same amount they were in the red when Stanley Plesent became chairman of the board of trustees in 1972. A New York lawyer and a former USIA official who has close connections with a number of dance institutions, Plesent projects a guarded optimism about the future of the Ailey company. "It's fair to say the company has financial problems, but that's a melody that every company is singing, probably accurately," he says.

"When the new board got going, a couple of years ago, the company was on its back with a significant question of whether it could continue from week to week. It did survive. It has grown significantly. It is true the problem of survival is at us again, but now it is at a higher level," he explains. By a higher level, he means that the budget has grown from approximately $700,000 in the 1972–1973 season to $2,670,000 in this fiscal year, which ends in June. With the growth has come the need for greater administration, and, for Ailey, a heavier load of worries without giving him the one thing which he believes a necessity to the continuation of his company and his dream—a permanent and secure home with proper facilities for the company and school.

It is not for lack of trying that the board has so far failed to realize the Ailey vision. Over the years, Plesent put together a board which represented the best talent from the black community: Eleanor S. Applewhaite, an experienced government-affairs lawyer from CBS; Dr. June Christmas, commissioner of New York City's Department of Mental Health and Mental Retardation Services; Judge Robert Carter; Dr. Jeanne Noble, professor of education; and Eleanor Holmes Norton, New York civil-rights commissioner; plus a host of others. Yet for all their public and private accomplishment, the board lacked one of the critical ingredients for the successful stewardship of the expanding Ailey enterprise—money.

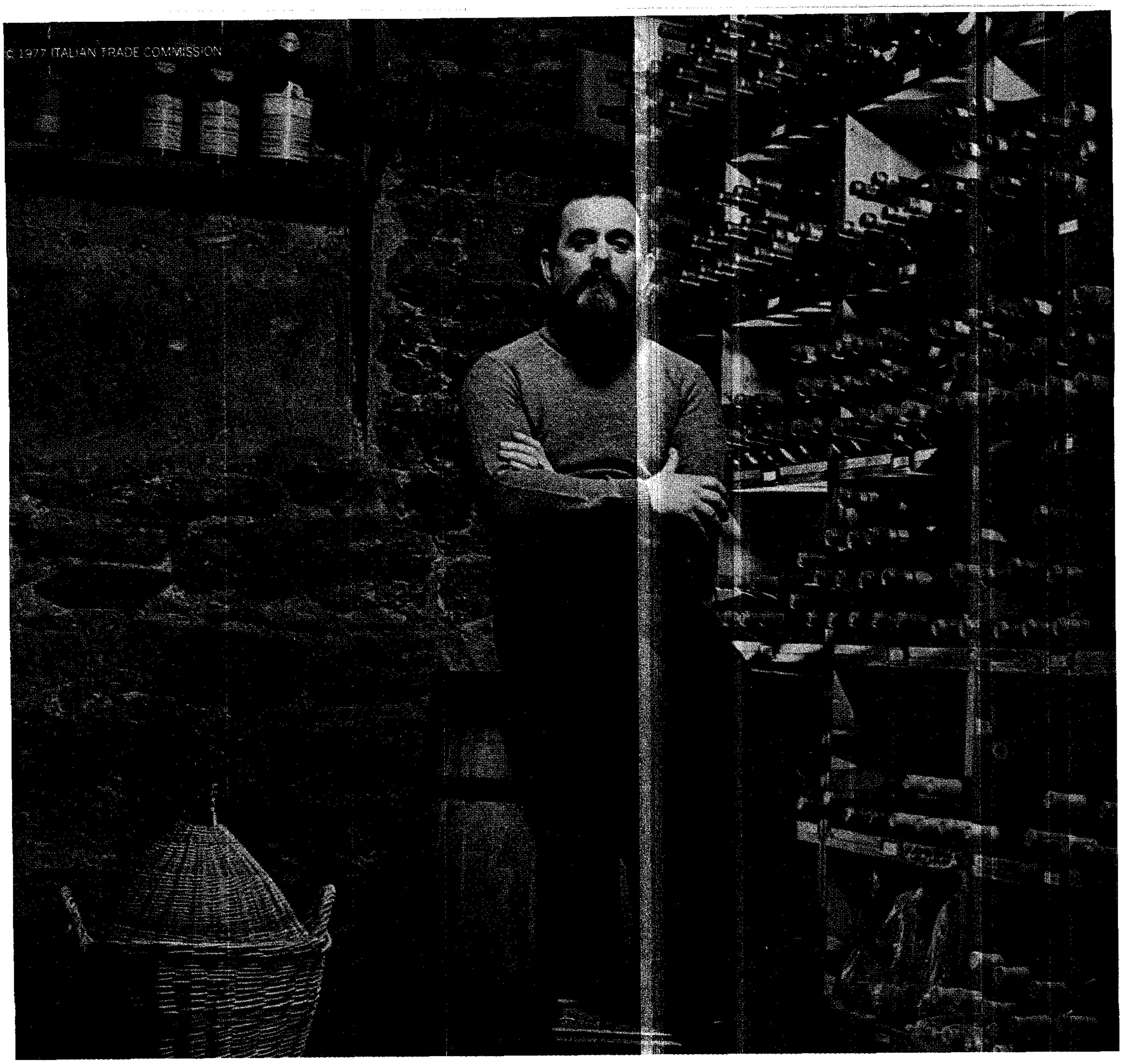
Plesent admits this was a mistake. "We didn't have wealthy people. They were fantastically dedicated, but the problem was what to do when any of them couldn't write out a check for $50,000 and get rid of the company's deficit out of his own wealth." The solution made survival possible: Each of the board members pledged personal guaranties to the banks of any sum from $750 to $5,000. Those who could afford the time took on executive duties which paid employees would have done—had there been the money to pay employees. Board members took over fund-raising, which had already gained momentum, spending nights writing proposals to foundations.

Dr. Noble virtually ran the dance school. Ford came through with a matching grant which helped eliminate the original deficit and which has given cash for operations ever since. A search was undertaken for an executive director for the foundation, which administrates all the activities, and in May, 1975, Ed Lander was hired.

The hiring of Lander was not without its problems. He inevitably came into conflict with Ivy Clarke, who had run the administrative side of the company since 1967 and was Ailey's alter ego. The conflict caused her to leave the company, not without a fair degree of bitterness and a general pessimism about its future. "From the time I took over the Alvin Ailey company," she says, "he continued to go up and up, even though we didn't have any money. Of course, we came to a point where we couldn't go any further without major resources. After we got into the City Center, in 1971, Alvin was tired of being low man on the totem pole, and no money was coming in and he got impatient. Everybody believed that Alvin's problem was management. There was no management because there was no money to manage. We even raised $100,000 from the New York State Council on the Arts and realized that we needed expert help to raise more money. The trouble with the board is that they think that if you don't have a college degree in business, you don't know what you are doing."

Whether Ivy Clarke knew what she was doing or not, she had a rare understanding of Alvin Ailey, the single ingredient which seems most alarmingly absent now. Bill Hammond, the Ailey production stage manager; Wade Williams, who ran the school; Jim Truitte, a former Ailey dancer, were all close to Ailey, and all have left. So has Sara Yarborough, who, according to Clarke, said she "just couldn't take it anymore. Sara was to Ailey what Suzanne Farrell is to the New York City Ballet. She took class and watched her diet. She was a dancer." The void Ivy Clarke left has not been filled, except partially by Judy Jamison, who has become the company's mother figure but who has never been close to Ailey in the way Ivy was.

"Alvin wants everyone to love him," says Clarke. "I don't think the board understands him. They can't tell his pipe dreams from reality, so they do whatever he asks them. What I think is



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ROBERT JOFFREY
Choreographer, Oenophile

"Life should be good.

"To this end, I realize what pleasures I can.

"A rewarding performance, even a beautifully executed passage, is cause for personal celebration.

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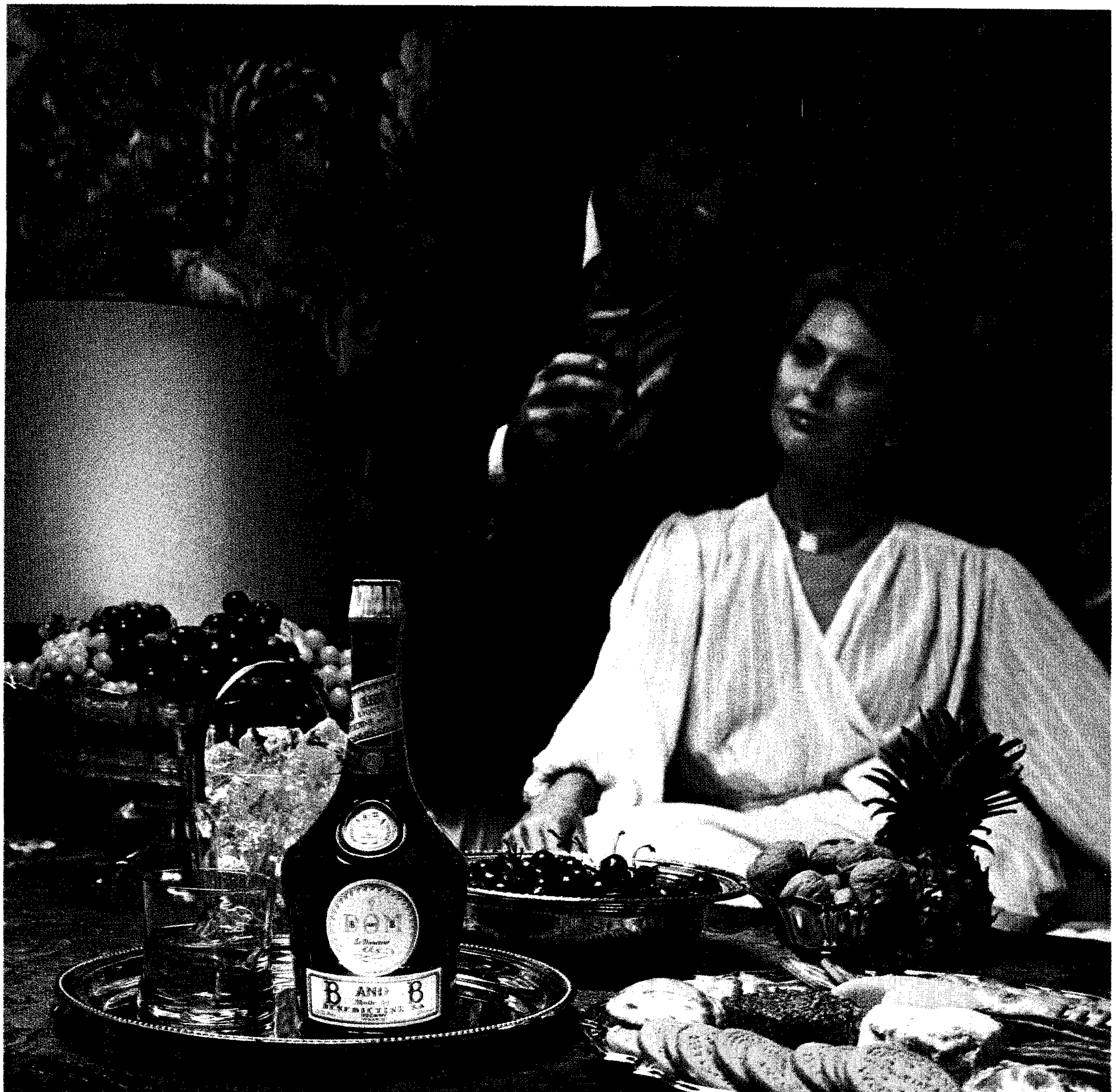
"Some of my best wines are Italian."



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"...'I want everybody to understand that dance is not about mechanical dolls. I'm interested in ensemble, human personality'..."

dangerous is that there is no guidance."

There is no doubt that Ailey has tremendous charm and a charisma which might entice any board to do practically anything. An old friend who remembers his days as a dancer in *House of Flowers* claims, "Once Alvin stepped on stage, men and women would scream that they would love to put their shoes under his bed." Perhaps it's this charisma which has made it hard for the present regime to say no to Ailey's visions. The line between support and indulgence is a delicate one, just as is the balance between artistic endeavor and administrative need. As Ailey says, it is a line "one walks along as carefully, as sensitively, and as sensibly as possible, but it's a line you have to go back and forth across at all times and always at your peril."

The creation and production of Alvin Ailey's celebration of Duke Ellington's musical genius after the Duke's death, in 1974, culminated in the premieres of several works by Ailey in 1974 and an additional Ellington ballet last year. Uneven in quality, the best of the works, *Three Black Kings, The Mooche,* and *Night Creature,* are, by the standards of *The River* (choreographed in 1970 for the American Ballet Theater), inferior. Nonetheless, the "celebration" was a major dance event and a sufficient expenditure of creative energy to earn any choreographer a rest. Ailey says pensively, "I went through a whole trip with Ellington. I did nothing but think about Ellington music and Ellington dance and Ellington orchestration and Ellington family for two years because I felt that this was the first authentic genius I ever met."

When Ellington died, Ailey felt he had lost a father. He remembers with great affection commissioning the music for *The River* and his first meeting with the Duke. Months later, when Ailey was supposed to be rehearsing the ABT company in the ballet, Ellington had only given him the first section, "Spring," and was sending the music in "page by page. I kept calling him in Wisconsin saying, 'Where's the music?' And the Duke said, 'Man, I've got to meander.' Then one day, I saw red. With all the ABT dancers watching, I took all my notebooks with my counts and my research and I threw them all against the wall.

"At that moment the door opened and in walked the Duke in a white camel's-hair overcoat. And he asked, 'What's going on here?' I was mad and I said, 'Look, man, I can't make a ballet without music.' And he said, 'Oh, you just turn two bars and tell me what you want.' I said that I didn't want a page a day, I wanted the whole length to choreograph. If you can't do it that way, I told him, get Merce Cunningham to do it. Then the Duke said, 'Man, I don't know what you are talking about because here's the music,' and pulled out a box with a tape in it. And it was there and it was beautiful. Then he took me outside and said, 'Man, if you would stop worrying about this music and start worrying about choreography, you'd be a lot better off.' "

Ailey says that only now, during his period of reflection, does he really understand what Ellington meant; he is going to try choreographing without music. "I'm going to do what I want with movement and screw the music," he says. He quotes his friend and vocal soloist Brother John Sellers as saying, "Alvin, if you can't have what you want now at this point in your career, you're never going to have it." Ailey says simply, "I need somebody to get the whole trip together. I've stopped giving a damn. I need a company of 32 dancers, not the 27 we have. I need enough time to rehearse. We're stuck over there at Harkness House. The studio is too small for Jennifer [Muller] to see what she is doing. I'm embarrassed by that. We need a building."

The building may be the answer, and it may not be as far away as Ailey fears. The board has been negotiating for what Ailey and everyone believe would be the perfect space, an old building which used to house the Columbia School of Pharmacy, part of Columbia University. Now it is empty, but just at the point when the Ailey board was about to sign a long lease, the adjacent A&P got into the deal, and Columbia University opted for what looked like a lot of money. Now the deal may not go through. Plesent hopes that Columbia may reconsider, but he is by no means certain.

"If A&P does not conclude the deal, Columbia may tear the building down to sell the land vacant to avoid the tax they are paying, now that the building is no longer housing an educational facility. As far as I'm concerned on the political side, that's a horror. There are so few facilities in the city which can be used for this kind of purpose, to tear it down would be an almost immoral act."

Perhaps, as Ivy Clarke suggests, Ailey's pipe dream of a totally integrated dance center which would combine school, company rehearsal studios, regular educational facilities, a small performing area for experimental work, and a place for guests to work, like Pearl Primus and Pearl Lang, is unrealistically grand. Perhaps she is right when she says that Ailey stopped creating when he started getting into the business side of the operation.

Ailey realizes that he is spreading himself too thin and hopes that the time he is taking off will help remedy that, will rekindle his creative spark. But along with his creative sense, Ailey wants to establish a social institution. He admits, "I know I'm trying to do a lot of things at once. But I want a place where we can have lectures and films and young people. I want everyone to understand that dance is not about mechanical dolls. I'm interested in ensemble dance and the human personality, which is the most important thing. If a dancer can reveal through dance something of himself or herself, that's what it is about. I'm trying to be color-unconscious. You know there are people who think that a black boy can't do a jazz dance with a white girl. Or a Japanese girl, what is she doing in a spiritual dance with a black boy? I'm trying to erase all of that.

"And I'm trying to create a repertory company which can dance all kinds of American styles, just like the works I saw at the 'Y' when I first came to New York in 1954. There was Pearl Lang, Talley Beatty, and Donnie McKayle. They'd have worked six months to do one concert. I saw fantastic ballets—*Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder* and *The Road of the Phoebe Snow*—many, many others. Many of the works were never repeated and they should have been preserved. Those Sundays were like painting a gorgeous painting and then burning it. I want to re-create those works and keep them alive."

Alvin Ailey is in trouble realizing his dream. But he has a lot of credit with a whole new audience which has had its eyes opened to dance through seeing the Ailey company. The company is where his greatest strength lies. Morale is high, and Judy Jamison says simply, "I've seen Alvin up, down, and in between. I always find it miraculous that Alvin has lasted since 1968, holding it together practically by himself."

The fact is that he has, and there are a lot of people rooting for him.

BEST BETS

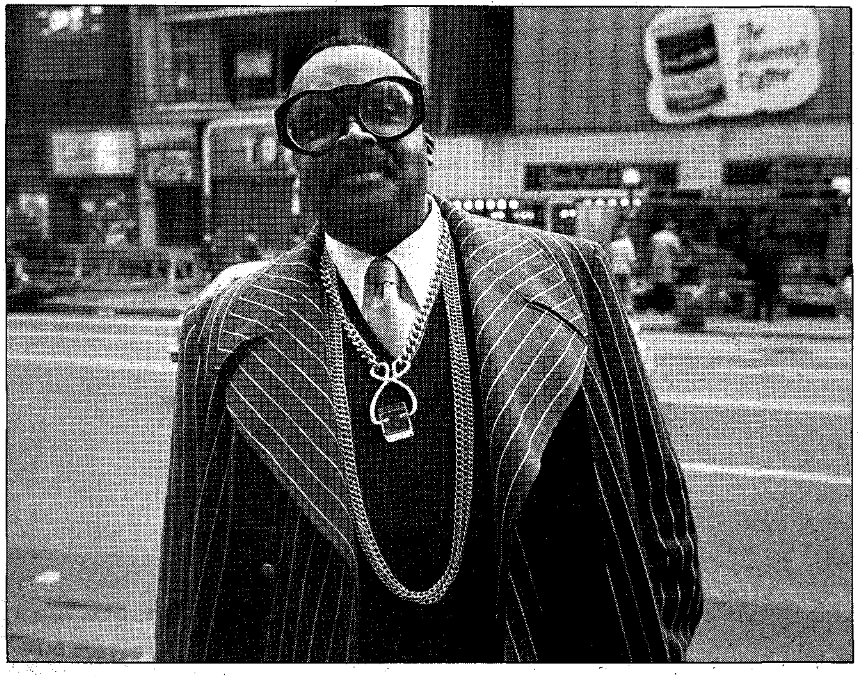
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Hearing Is Believing

"It's training refined movements in a known territory, and marvelous harmony no matter what the musical aptitude," says Norman Klekamp, a wry and sensitive musician who gives piano lessons to blind children. He uses Braille editions of Bartók, Bach, Beethoven, et al., and says: "The most thrilling thing is to see them reading the music with one hand and singing it as they go. And they memorize much faster than sighted children. It makes sense, after all. They live in a world of sound."

NORMAN KLEKAMP/*evenings after 9 p.m., 858-5369*



Basic Black

Alex Haley records things one way and Bernard Pierre Wolff another . . . with a camera. When he was in Africa and the Caribbean on assignment for the United Nations, Wolff did some shooting. When he got home, he did some more. His prize: a photographic portfolio of black men and boys in Sierra Leone, Harlem, Barbados, Togo, Liberia, Senegal, and, above, even in front of Macy's.

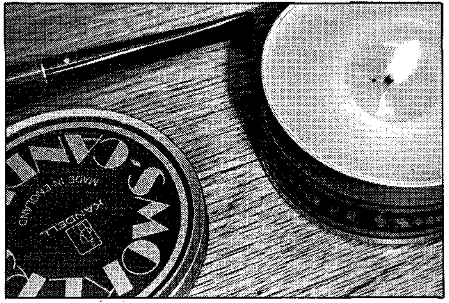
BLACK MEN/*May 8–29/Midtown "Y" Gallery/344 East 14th Street*

Wax Vobiscum

In this era of candles burning sickly sweet, the Smokers Candle, shown at right, from England is a welcome alternative ($4). It clears the room of smoke in just a few minutes without leaving a trace of its own basic sandalwood. The can is handsome, with maroon-and-gold label. **—Priscilla Tucker**

BONWIT TELLER/*Seventh floor*

DOUGLAS SANDHAGE



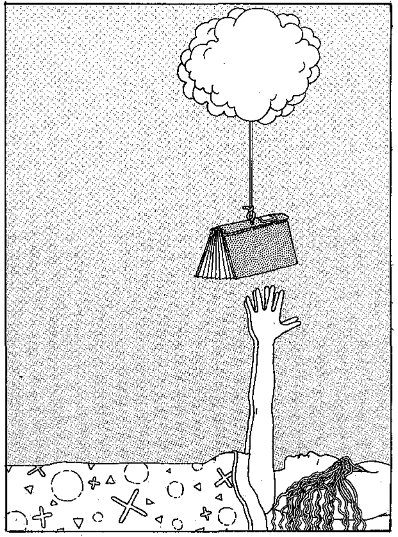
IRIS SCHNEIDER

The Big Top

No chef worth his/her salt should be caught in the kitchen without this pure-cotton stovepipe hat from England ($8). Yummy.

HENRI BENDEL/*Bailey-Huebner Main floor*

FRANK OLINSKY



Jeepers, Sleepers

What a shortcut! Freud would roll over on his couch if he had what we have: a reprint of Gustavus Hindman Miller's 1931 volume, *10,000 Dreams Interpreted.* It's simple. All you do is look up what you dreamed about last night, and Miller has the answer. Who else would analyze dreams about katydids, parasols, clouds, apricots, hedges, and roof corners?

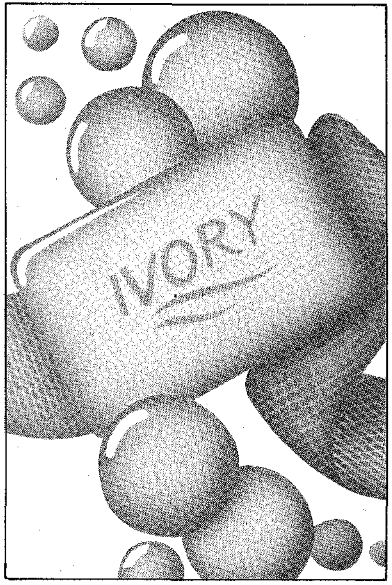
10,000 DREAMS INTERPRETED/*By Gustavus Hindman Miller/Hubbard Press/$3.95/999 Book Shop West 2345 Broadway near 86th Street*

Suds

We know how to make our own peanut butter, roll our own smokes, quilt our own quilts, and stalk our own mushrooms. All that remains, it would seem, is to learn how to make soap (facial *and* laundry). Some of us can, in a two-session class that is limited, alas, to twelve. Don't you wish everyone could?

HOMEMADE SOAP/*May 7 and 8 Wave Hill/$15/To enroll: 549-2055*

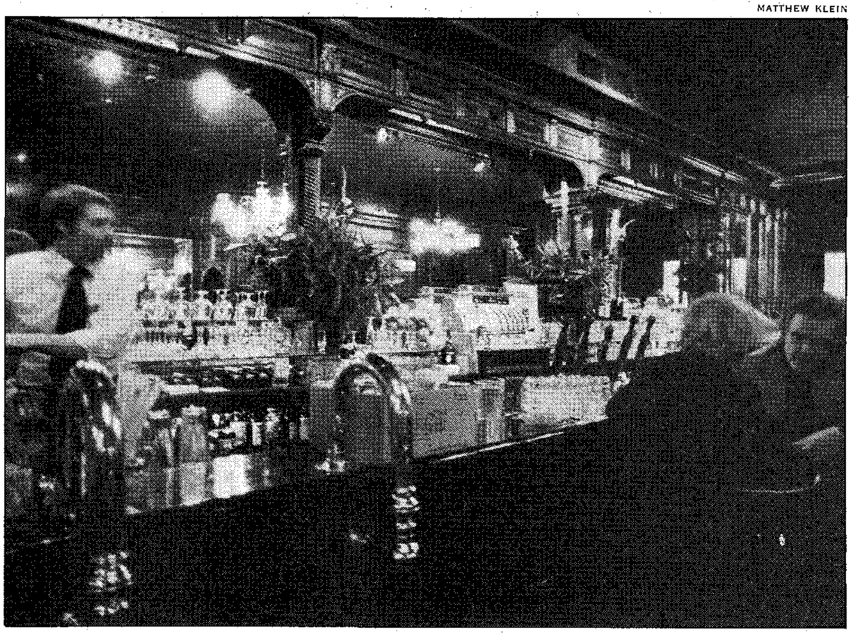
CAROLYN OGDEN



Then there's this: the Ivory-soap ceramic belt buckle ($6). Also available: Lava, Sweetheart, Dial, and Gay Bouquet.

SHENANIGANS/*384 Bleecker Street at Perry/924-9284*

MATTHEW KLEIN

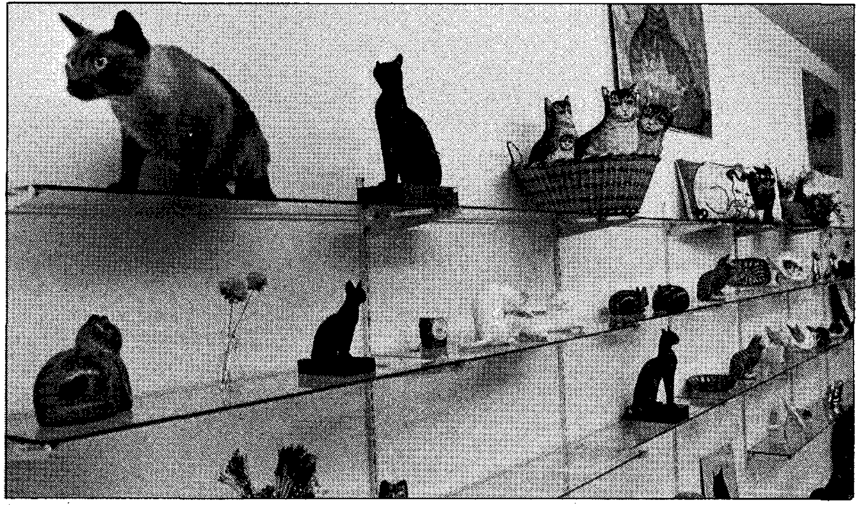


Realms of Old

Dick Harvey is our very favorite archaeologist because Dick Harvey restores forgotten restaurants and allows us to live, for a few hours anyway, in the past. Four years ago, he resurrected the Landmark Tavern. In December, he opened the beveled-glass doors to the Chelsea Restaurant. This was, in 1889, Eisendorff's . . . a German eating place known less for its cuisine than for the three sets of doors—mahogany, glass, and wicker—it kept for all seasons; it was the place for ladies and gents to stop after shopping at O'Neill's and Cooper-Siegel, around the corner. Now it is very much Harvey's, with a brass coatrack, brass phones, frothy chandeliers, a cash register that rings up $1,000 on one key, and a glorious bar made for the original owner by Anheuser-Busch. "These things are not props," Harvey says. "They are used." Dinner was scallops and crab meat au gratin and terrific soda bread. Dessert was their not accepting credit cards, our not having cash, and Harvey's response to the dilemma: "Do you live around here? You can send me a check." We did.

HARVEY'S CHELSEA RESTAURANT/*108 West 18th Street/243-5644*

JAY MANIS



Kitty Litter

No chow or catnip here. Purrfection is, according to the owner, a gallery. A gallery of catty gifts for cat-lovers. And so there are cats in silver, cats in brass, cats in pewter, and cats in glass; cats on china, cats in books, cats in drawings and on aprons for cooks. Surely you get the idea.

PURRFECTION/*1584 First Avenue at 82nd Street/737-6342*

Wing Tip

Nathan Cott had a fear of flying. So seven years ago, he started a program called Fly Without Fear. Since then, 2,000 people have gone from fright to flight. Classes meet in conference rooms at JFK ("Getting them out to the airport is the first step," says Herb Gross, Cott's son-in-law); a psychiatrist talks to the group about giving up control; guest speakers—pilots, flight attendants, and maintenance engineers—talk about takeoffs and landings, turbulence, lightning, etc. Members visit the radar tower at La Guardia, go into a simulated cockpit, do relaxation exercises aboard a jet, and, at graduation, take a real flight to Boston or Washington. Courses run ten to twelve weeks; meetings are $10 each (plus a $5 yearly membership fee).

FLY WITHOUT FEAR
101 Park Avenue/683-1557

Theater/Alan Rich

THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS

"...*Annie* is a show for everybody, and it's also everybody's show, from a number out of *Oliver* at the start to *Hello, Dolly!* later on..."

Annie is *Oliver Twist* in drag. It cheats like the dickens to try to cover the fact, although I don't see why it bothers. Cheating and all, *Annie* is going to be exactly the hit everybody has predicted. You find me a show with six preteen foundlings as chorus line, a mongrel dog, a love song to New York City, and a Christmas tree, and tell me it's not going to be a hit, and I'll find you Judge Crater. The producers got my back up a few days before opening with the statement that their show was "critic-proof"; now I'm willing to concede the point.

Or almost, at any rate. There are times, in all honesty, when the cheating does start to wear you down. Matters not too much, I don't suppose, that *Annie* has precious little to do with Harold Gray's spunky little do-gooder; any decent replacement for Gray's own story lines is bound to be an improvement. Nevertheless, the book that Thomas Meehan has pieced together around the character of Annie and her patron, Oliver Warbucks, and the lyrics that Martin Charnin has spatchcocked in whenever Mr. Meehan stops for breath, spin a rather devious yarn on their own. The text of the show is a little like blacking in all the squares on a multiple-choice questionnaire; try one of everything, and some of it's bound to work.

Along the way, therefore, in their basic tale of a little girl in search of her parents, the authors divert our steps through a Depression-age Hooverville under the Queensboro Bridge. Why? So that a bunch of bums can, in December, 1933, sing a defiant song about Herbert Hoover—who has been out of office ten months. Later on, Annie's hegira takes her to a meeting of President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Why? So that brave little Annie can sing the folks an optimistic ballad called "Tomorrow," thereby inspiring FDR and his assembled officers to invent, on the spot, the NRA, CCC, the New Deal, and, for all I know, the Washington Monument. Here again, history takes something of a battering; more important, so does the story line.

But these deviations are as chaff before the wind when we arrive at the ending. It is Christmas Eve; Annie and her "Daddy" are together, and, for a Christmas present, he proposes to her. Marriage? No, adoption, but the lyrics, set to a lush and languorous waltz tune, make one wonder: Have we moved through and out of the "Little Orphan Annie" ethos and on into *Lolita*?

There is a goodly bit of chicanery, as well, in Charles Strouse's music. At its best, the score pulls in a fair amount of 1930s twinkle, as in a roisterous ballad for the orphans early on ("It's the Hard-Knock Life") and a rowdy-dow number called "Easy Street" for a trio of no-gooders out to get the Warbucks bankroll. Most of the ballad stuff runs the short range from merely cloying (Annie's opening "Maybe") to merely banal. Mr. Strouse, like others of the Strauss-Straus persuasion, is not above dipping into the grab bag when the inspiration fizzles.

Come to think of it, *Annie* is pretty much of a grab bag overall. It's a show for everybody, but it's also everybody's show—from the first scene, an almost note-for-note haircut off the "Food, Glorious Food" number from *Oliver*, to the end, where Annie (finally decked out in the red dress and fright wig from the original cartoon) comes down the grand staircase to a song called "Annie," and we wonder whatever happened to Carol Channing. Sure, it's good news that big-time, multiset musicals have returned to Broadway, and that the above-noted surefire elements will ensure a successful run. David Mitchell's paste-up sets, incidentally, are pure cheat, and marvelously clever. But no amount of cheating can substitute for quality, and it solves none of the theater's problems to see a show succeeding in spite of itself.

There are, to be sure, some elements that are beyond reproach. One of them is the genuinely talented, thirteen-year-old Andrea McArdle, who picks up the title role and runs with it like a real pro. Her onstage assurance is wonderful to watch; the light in her eye comes from the glow in her actress's soul, not—as could so easily have happened—as a reflection of the tinsel in the show itself. Dorothy Loudon as the evil Miss Hannigan (a neat hybrid of Dickens's Fagin and Mr. Bumble) has herself a great, luscious chew on a nicely written part. Reid Shelton as Warbucks seems at times a little embarrassed by some of the role's more curious deviations, but gets through it with what might be termed a dignified efficiency. As Sandy, a mutt named Sandy (a foundling himself, we are told, from the dog pound at Newington, Connecticut) gives cause to regret that he hasn't more to do.

This *Annie*-proof critic's heart was stolen, however, not by any of the aforementioned, but by a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois, who is cast as Molly, the smallest of the foundlings at Miss Hannigan's orphanage, and who walks off with the show whenever she is

Illustrated by chas b slackman

within ten feet of the stage. From her frightened insomniac wail (the squeal of a cornered gerbil, filtered through the vocal apparatus of, say, Beverly Sills), through a vigorous number involving cartwheels, to something at the end so magical that it needs some sentences of its own (patience!), Miss Brisebois is totally in command of the show. Hers is something more than mere professional stagecraft: It is a full realization of the wonderment of being seven years old and in love with that fact. Let me now tell you about the special magic. She has been brought to the Warbucks manse, along with the other orphans, for Christmas, and has been handed a wrapped package that is probably the first very own present in her life. She opens it; we don't see the contents except through the enchanted presence of this divine youngster, lying on the floor, her head buried in a box, love quivering in her every pore. Out of such is the stuff of theater fashioned; out of such a moment comes exculpation for all the cheating that *Annie* obliges us to endure.

Nobody wrote better theater songs than Kurt Weill; nobody writing for the theater, here or abroad, had Weill's power to turn the affect of a given moment into a melody that clutches at the listener's consciousness and pulls him into that moment. Working with Brecht in Germany, or with far lesser scriveners on Broadway, Weill never lost that power. **Knickerbocker Holiday,** which Weill wrote with Maxwell Anderson in 1938, is currently at Town Hall in an unsatisfactory concert production—unsatisfactory because Anderson's idiotic book is still kept intact, and because ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes (their spitting made painfully visible in front of a black velvet backdrop) are forced by the director, John Bowab, to pantomime clumsy stage business. Yet, there is Richard Kiley to sing "September Song," and it almost stops your breath.

In Brooklyn the Chelsea Theater produced the Weill-Brecht **Happy End** of 1929, also, alas, unsatisfactorily. Brecht's silly story (gangster guys and Salvation Army dolls in Chicago) was made even sillier by Robert Kalfin, who pasted moronic jokes onto Michael Feingold's decent translation, and by Kalfin's staging, a burlesque of Keystone Kop routines. Yet, *Happy End* has some of the best Brecht-Weill songs, including "Surabaya Jonny," which, I could easily argue, is the greatest song ever written for theater. At Brooklyn this was chirped, rather than sung, by Meryl Streep, and nothing else in this grossly erroneous production was very much better. The show closed last weekend, although the producers are already planning to bring it to Broadway. I can't imagine why.

The year is 1971. At Joe Papp's Public Theater, a new playwright named David Rabe is introduced, with a play about Vietnam called **The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel.** "He will go far," people are saying. Elsewhere in New York a young actor named Al Pacino, exploding with abrasive passion, is burning up one play after another. "He will go far," people are saying.

People were right. Pacino first took the role of Pavlo in 1972, for the Theater Company of Boston under David Wheeler's direction, and that production, with not very many cast changes, has now been revived here at the Longacre. Overlook it at your peril.

Rabe has gone on to write better plays than *Pavlo Hummel: Sticks and Bones* and, especially, *Streamers* (which, with *Pavlo,* come together loosely as a trilogy about what Vietnam did to this nation) are both tighter and tidier than this first play. Rawboned and overwritten as *Pavlo Hummel* is, however, it is a play about important matters: the waste, the stupidity, the corruption, the cheapness of life that a mindless conflict visited upon an entire generation. The core of *Pavlo Hummel* still works its power; what seems somewhat dated, however, is the dramatic paraphernalia that surrounds it, the Brechtian ritual, most of all the Brechtian apotheosis that rubs our noses in messages already thrice stated.

Pacino's performance, however, is compounded of an inner power that surmounts questions of time and datedness. It is a performance that, I would assume, he has built from out of himself; the street-toughness, the anger, the insane pushing-onward toward unreachable ideals—it has taken that to become Al Pacino, *or* Pavlo Hummel. It is a piece of stagework that, in its mingling of subtlety and wild abandon, dwarfs any single performance currently in town (Miss Brisebois, see above, possibly excepted).

Wheeler's staging, even with the Longacre stage jiggered (not wholly successfully) to pass for the Boston theater's thrust, is splendid, both in the broad, ritualistic moments and in the close-ups down front. Robert Mitchell's unit set, little more than an arrangement of various plateaus off a steep rake, serves the action surpassingly well, greatly aided by David F. Segal's lighting. A huge supporting cast is never less than adequate, if, of necessity, put into deep shade by the dazzling work of Pacino himself. ▬

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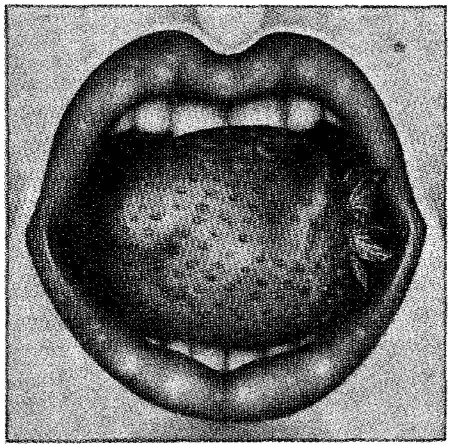
The Insatiable Critic / Gael Greene

IN PRAISE OF THE HIGH-WIRE ACT AT THE PALACE

"...Alas, there is a natural tendency to want to hate the Palace. The town's French-restaurant Mafia would love to see it fail..."



The true gourmand is a strange mutant. I'm talking here about that rare and irrepressible creature who is totally daffy about what goes into his mouth. Imagine perceiving the first fresh litchi of June as if it were a mystical vision. Imagine weeping over the perfume of a peach. Imagine the sudden heat racing through your body, blurring your vision, making your heart pound. Some get that rush winning with commodities . . . making a killing at gin rummy . . . some get it in bed. And—wild and bizarre as it might seem—for some of us, all it takes is the first taste of a wild strawberry.

So I'm admitting I'm irrational about food. And true gourmands are a very tiny percentage of a tiny percentage of the population. We are a totally frivolous minority. But our self-indulgence is essentially benign. That's why I must once again celebrate the splendors of the **Palace** . . . an outpost of the most decadent fuss and excess a true gourmand could wish for.

I've spent paragraphs apologizing for loving the Palace . . . brooded earnest hours away hoping to justify a $200 tariff on a meal for two. The price is even higher now, and the *carte des vins* could be used as evidence in a case charging outright theft. And I still can't nice-ify $250 for dinner. I'm not going to try. Some people buy emeralds. Some people have children. I am good to my mouth. And there is no restaurant like the Palace anywhere in this town. No other restaurateur shops with such insane abandon. No one else offers caviar on the prix-fixe dinner. No one else would fly in ortolans. No one else sets a table with such extravagance. No one else has the patience for such ridiculous and spectacular presentations—the toasted-bread clipper ship, the carved-turnip roses, the sculpted-pastry baskets wound with candy ribbons—wonderfully immoral and wanton embellishments.

There is a natural tendency to want to hate the Palace. It is never spoken of without the coda "the most expensive restaurant in town." That boast is not likely to engender bursts of affection. The town's French-restaurant Mafia would love to see it fail. What is it, after all, but the megalomania of Frank Valenza, failed actor, Bronx-born, not even French? But then Valenza has a primitivism that never fails to grate. He has courted the most irritating publicity with his solid-gold credit cards and his $500-a-person birthday dinners.

Thus, fired by the wholesome paranoia New Yorkers pop like a One-a-Day capsule, we come to the Palace wary for fraud, eager to expose the myth. But the Palace cannot be weighed and measured and starred as if it wer some little Mom-and-Pop beanery on Prince Street. I worry about the Palace's being judged twice in the New York *Times,* first by a critic who confesses preferring fish well done and then by a critic who cannot eat pink chicken livers. (True, I have confided my passion for junk food. I like to think it a frailty I keep in its place.) Never mind the latter writer's obvious errors, like describing cassis as "blackberry liqueur" or confusing a cushion of foie gras under sauce suprême for "a winy brown sauce" or thinking a chocolate truffle filled with vanilla butter cream and crème pâtissière was a cocoa-dusted ice cream ball. What matters is the undue emphasis on price and décor.

Yes, it's sad that Valenza's fortune went into a bland beige setting appropriate for Saks's better-dress department. The paintings *are* banal. The best that can be said for the background is just that: It is background. It doesn't distract. And there is a luxury of space and quiet that's quite rare.

There are nights when the pacing falters, times when the brilliant young chef Claude Baills panics. He is especially skittish with someone he wants to impress in the house. Some of the coolest heads in town give in to excess when a restaurant critic is identified. I have had seriously disappointing meals in my favorite restaurants, even an inedible dish in one of the most celebrated three-star inns of France.

I asked Claude to do something special with sweetbreads and brains for a birthday dinner one night last week. In a characteristic burst of anxiety and ego, he took over the entire meal. The first dish was a brilliant still life: two little mounds side by side—duck rillettes and quail mousse—ringed with tiniest pickled white onions and carrot balls, then an outer ring of pristine crescents of orange and grapefruit, a moving counterpoint of sweet, tart, and acid playing against the fattiness of the terrines. "A dizzying immersion in total spectacle," said my sybaritic friend. But a salad of sweetbreads and brains, ringed with slant cuts of leek under a toss of truffle julienne and bean sprouts—an exercise of exquisite arrogance—was lost under a heavy vinaigrette. Claude Baills the erratic genius just didn't know when to stop. I can go on with the honor roll of triumphs—and with listing flaws, too. But the flaws here have to do with daring.

There is an artist-dreamer in the kitchen. He does daring French classics, and every day he walks a high wire. Almost always he makes it. And this sublime madness is financed not by a Barnum amused to see what the suckers will pay, but by philanthropy. The Palace does not make a profit. It almost certainly never will. It is subsidized by Valenza's pop eatery, the Proof of the Pudding. If you care about your mouth, you will send everyone you know who doesn't care all that much to Proof . . . and start saving for your next dinner at the Palace. ▬

The Palace (420 East 59th Street, 355-5150) is open for dinner Monday–Saturday. Seating 7 p.m.–9:30 p.m. All major credit cards.

Illustrated by Mel Odom

The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

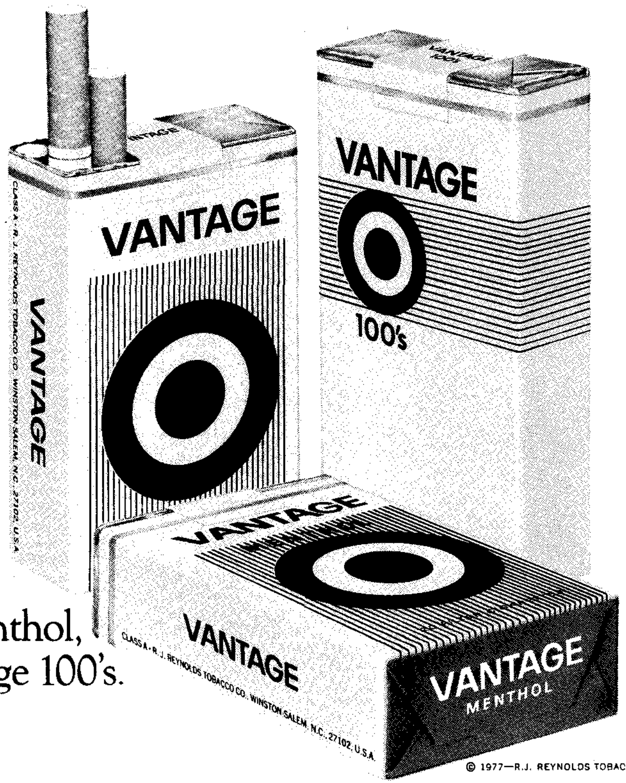
First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage was designed to deliver flavor like a full-flavor cigarette with less tar than 95% of all cigarettes. So forget all those empty promises and go with the real flavor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.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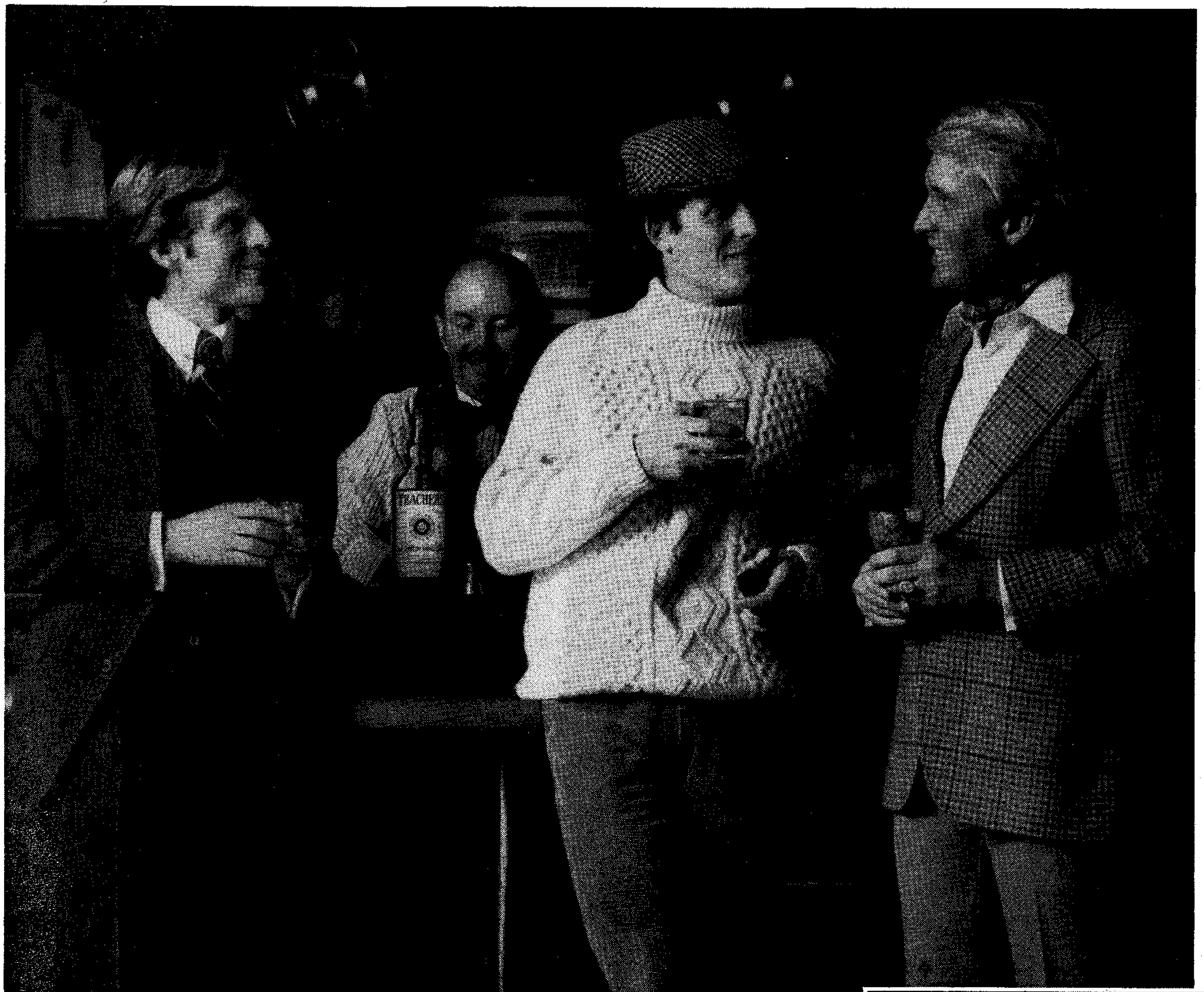
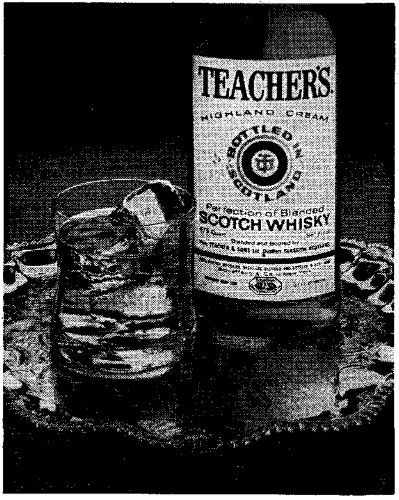
Why our scotch rules in England.

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

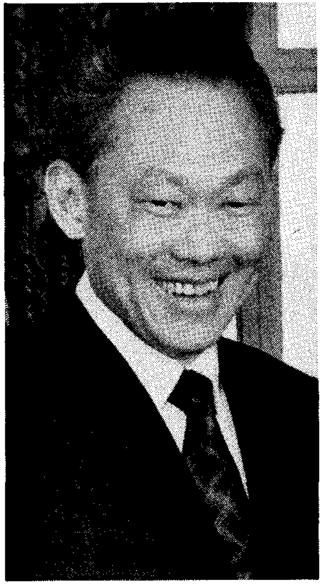
Rocky's Choice for Mayor—Lee Kuan Yew

Nelson Rockefeller has a new candidate for mayor of New York City: Lee Kuan Yew. At a recent dinner honoring Rockefeller and former Governor Averell Harriman (after a lengthy cocktail hour), the former vice-president was overheard telling a White House aide that he thought the prime minister who has ruled Singapore with a dictatorial hand was "a helluva guy." Rocky, who's back from a world tour, was saying that he was one "fella" who could really save New York.

Yew, who calls his concept of government "the rugged society," was the subject of a recent A.P. dispatch: "The latest campaign of Singapore police against community problems was called 'Operation Stickup.' It was no blitz against crime. Officers were sent to bus depots in the middle of the night to place road safety posters on 1,000 municipal buses. Don't Road Hog, say green letters in Chinese or English. Or, It's Polite to Give Way, or Keep in Lane. The drive was similar to earlier campaigns in which the public was urged to conserve water, not to litter or use drugs, or have more than two children. . . . Signs in the post office in four languages say Males With Long Hair Will Be Attended to Last."

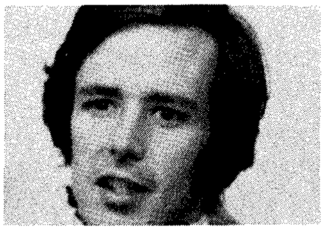
Association for a Better New York, please take note.

UPI



Yew: Has he got the right idea?

Whiz Kid Rolls On



Armstrong: Exits Stone.

Staffers over at *Rolling Stone* magazine were stunned last week to learn whiz-kid publisher Joe Armstrong was leaving. So was everybody else. The 33-year-old Texan tells us he "simply" has decided to move on. His immediate plans include "doing taxes and teeth and seeing a few friends." Then Armstrong will decide which publication to conquer next.

Quoting the O.J. Queen

Although we certainly don't want to enter the fray between the orange-juice queen, Anita Bryant, and gay-activist advocate Robert Kunst, we must note a fascinating interview with the duo in the May issue of *Miami* magazine. One quotation by the singer on the burning topic is quite illuminating. Asked Bryant, "Do you know why God hates homosexuality?" She hastened to explain that God hates fellatio, adding, "Sperm is the most concentrated form of blood. The homosexual is eating life. That's why God calls homosexuality an abomination."

TOM WILLIAMSON/PEOPLE WEEKLY

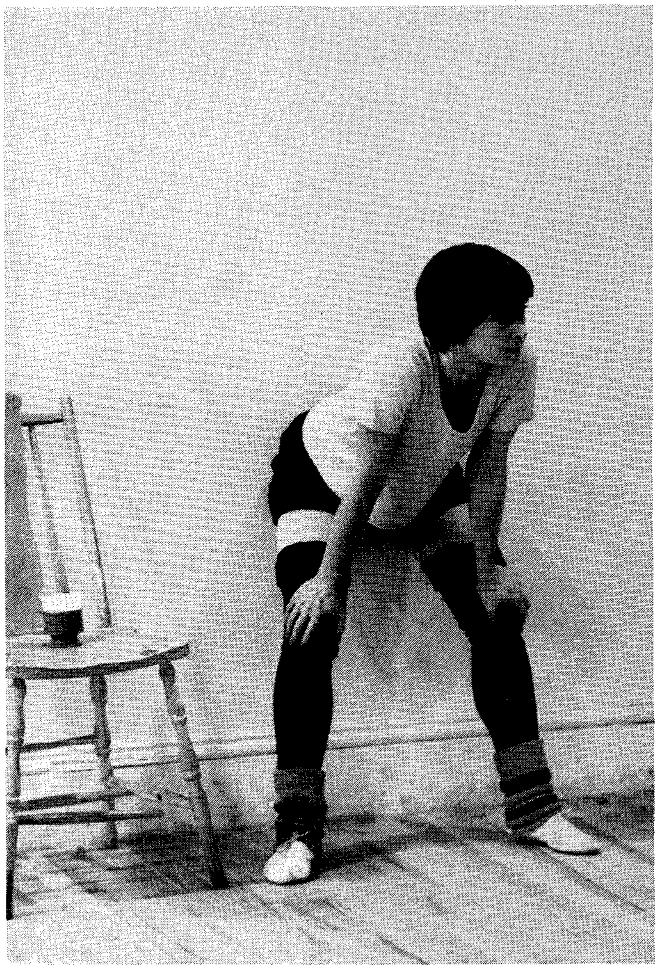
Bryant: Straight talk.

Expect Twyla and Her Troupe of Novices

Ah, that one brief moment of glory at center stage. That fantasy will literally come true for some well-known New Yorkers. They are being given their chance in the limelight by Twyla Tharp, who as part of her Brooklyn Academy of Music season is presenting a work called *Half the One Hundreds,* May 13, 14, and 15. In reality, though, center stage will probably be monopolized by Twyla, who will dance 50 eleven-second movements, which will then be repeated by 49 guest performers. BAM invited numerous celebs to participate.

So far, however, many of the biggies have declined, citing previous commitments—like John Lindsay, who'll be in Europe. Others simply may have chickened out. Those who will be high-stepping, after just one rehearsal, we're informed, include Bobby Short; Janet Langsam, deputy commissioner of cultural affairs; Howard Golden, Brooklyn borough president; Abe Gerges, city councilman; and Pia Lindstrom, of Channel 4. Should be amusing to watch.

MARTHA SWOPE



Tharp: She'll share the dance spotlight.

Tavern: Clean Bill of Health?

Like a lot of restaurants in the city, Tavern-on-the-Green has had its problems with Department of Health inspections. But last week, something rather curious happened. We learned that in a routine inspection, several health-code violations were noted, and a warning sign supposedly placed in the window. The sign later mysteriously disappeared. Some problems were corrected, but according to Helen Stone, a health-department spokesman, Tavern still has some outstanding violations, which will be discussed in a criminal-court hearing on June 7. Owner Warner LeRoy claims all the violations were corrected. LeRoy says the summons had been served to a Tavern steward, and he still insists that a senior health-department inspector told him all was now well.

Channel 11 News Changes Bear Watching

M. JACKSON

Harper, Bosh: New WPIX anchor team is heavy on the verbal interplay.

For several weeks Channel 11 has been shaking down a newly revamped *Action News*. And people are just beginning to talk about the innovations shaped by consultant Al Primo for this local news show. Says one insider, "It's certainly a development the other local-news people ought to be watching." The new format is based on three twenty-minute segments, each filled with news, features, tidbits on weather and sports, and a news capsule to wind it up. The hour-long newscast concludes with headlines from the morning newspapers and a preview of the next day's major events. Each segment moves from the formal—serious "hard" news—to the informal—a lighter vein with lots of cutesy interplay between the anchor team of Pat Harper and Steve Bosh and everybody else on the show. It's all planned that way, according to John Corporon, a WPIX vice-president: "It's an up newscast." The lively, fast-moving news show also features weatherman Roberto Tirado, who was once in the theater, and thinks he still is. His weather reports are indeed theatrical.

Corporon tells us it's too early for ratings; they're up just slightly—"Not enough to brag about." We think the way this show's going, there'll be a lot of bragging.

A New (?) Fashion Peg

WILLIAM D. KING

Lauren: Pants are on the cuff.

Top fashion designer Ralph Lauren startled everyone last week with a revival of what looks like nothing more (or less) than pegged pants. His otherwise classic sportswear, which delighted buyers and press in a showing at the Biltmore, included trousers for women that were subtly but very clearly tapered toward the cuff and rather amply pleated below the beltline. Looking on in delight, though noncommittal about whether they favor a return to zoot suit–ism, were Diane Keaton; Amanda Burden; Berry Berenson and husband Tony Perkins; Sinatra's lawyer, Mickey Rudin; and the presidents of stores as far apart as Bloomingdale's (Marvin Traub) and I. Magnin (Norman Wechsler). Wechsler very nicely got up and gave his seat to the late-arriving Geraldine Stutz, president of Henri Bendel. This kind gesture might have lessened the impact of Jimmy Breslin's curious attack on that store in a *Daily News* column earlier in the day.

Caught Up in the Broadway 'Spirit'

The devil seems to have taken over Hollywood, but Broadway is infused with the holy spirit. "Some people might need to do yoga exercises, some people might need to take a drink. Our preparation, thank God, happens to be the prayer circle," says Delores Hall, one of the soloists in *Your Arms Too Short to Box With God*, the gospel musical now packing 'em in at the old Lyceum Theater. Before every performance of *Your Arms*, a religious ritual takes place—the entire cast meets (after they're in costume and make-up) and forms a circle with everyone holding hands; one cast member leads a prayer, and they receive "the Holy Spirit." Clinton Derricks-Carroll, another soloist, explains: "It gives you a feeling of unity, of oneness. There's nothing like touching and getting the mind and everything in one accord." The holy spirit must be working because several weeks ago *Your Arms* broke the house box-office record. Apparently, thanks to the holy spirit, the recent no-hit curse on the Lyceum seems to have been lifted.

Discomania's A Mob Scene

"I had no right to take a shower," moaned Ian Schrager, who returned half an hour later to find his Studio 54 opening one of the year's worst mob scenes. People pushed and shoved and fought at the front and back doors of the lavish new disco on West 54th Street until 4 A.M., and the limousines, including one with Sinatra in it, jockeyed and honked and screeched round and round the block.

This isn't Queens, where Schrager and partner Stephen Rubell run the Enchanted Gardens. In Manhattan, when you spend 50 days collating 3,000 names from everyone's list of media groovers, what can you expect but chaos, guerrilla theater, and VIP's who can't get in?

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Movies / John Simon

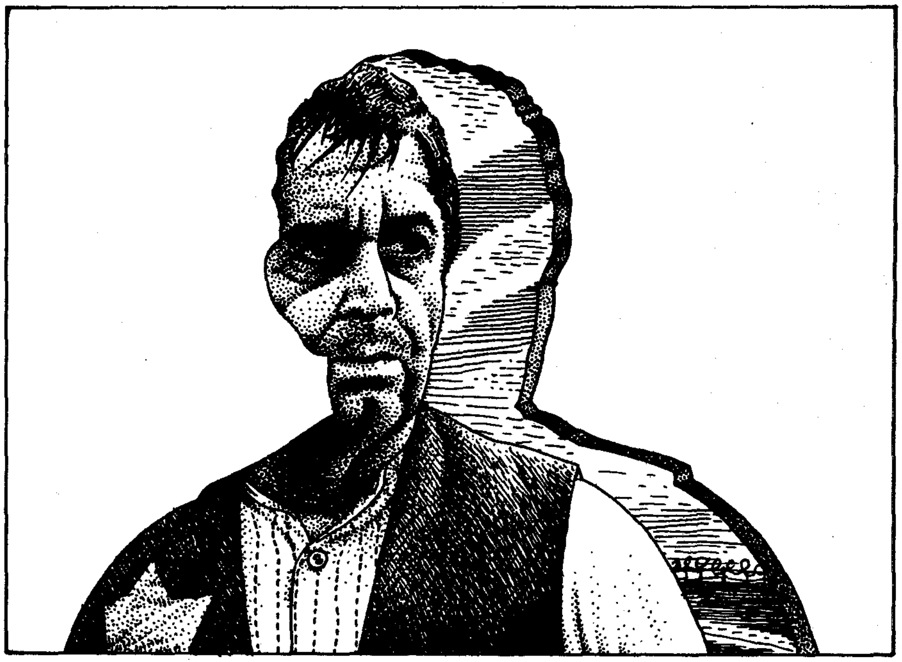
WELL-INTENTIONED, ILL-CONCEIVED

"... All of the relationships in *Jacob the Liar* are presented soberly and decently enough, but without true inspiration..."

Jacob the Liar is such a well-intentioned film that one heartily wishes it were also well done. Alas, it is plodding from beginning to end, except for one fantasy sequence that is worse—almost totally lacking in imagination. Imagination is the key: Even in strictly realistic movies some kind of inventiveness is needed, some kind of delicacy, poetry, vision. Or language—in this case, a cinematic language better than humdrum, slow-moving literalness.

This East German film by Frank Beyer, from Jurek Becker's screen adaptation of his own novel, strives to remain understated in every way. Though it concerns dreadful events in a Polish ghetto in World War II just before the coming of the Russians, it scrupulously avoids any kind of sensationalism or tear-jerking. When a Jewish worker is shot by a Nazi guard, we do not even see the moment of death. When another Jew hangs himself, we see his corpse only after it has been decorously laid out, the neck covered with a muffler. When a girl's parents are deported and a lover prevents the dutiful daughter from joining them, or even seeing them being marched off, it is all directed and played with the minimum of emotional self-indulgence.

These are virtues, no doubt, but they are negative virtues, perhaps even crippling ones, when there is no artistic heightening to take the place of the missing melodrama. In Greek tragedy, it was the poetry that did the trick; in Renaissance paintings of martyrs, it was the symbols of their martyrdom; in the films of Carl Dreyer and Ingmar Bergman, it is the suffering human face in agonizing close-up. But *Jacob the Liar* just plods along from the grimly comic to the wryly wistful, never hitting an absolute low point and never attaining a major high one.



Jacob Heym, a former café owner and chef, is now a slave laborer like all other remotely able-bodied men of the ghetto. By a fluke, he overhears a German broadcast announcing Russian attacks on a not so very distant Polish city. He leaks the news out to the ghetto, which gives him the idea of pretending to own a strictly forbidden contraband radio and fabricating ever more encouraging accounts of alleged Russian advances. He becomes a bit of a hero and savior: The formerly mounting Jewish suicide rate drops to zero.

There are several subplots: the impeded love affair between a couple of young Jewish lovers; the little sickly neighbor girl whose parents have vanished and for whom Jacob cares; the nexus between Jacob and his best friend, Kowalski, a former barbershop owner; flashbacks to Jacob's prewar affair with a mistress he loved but wouldn't marry, so that she ended up emigrating to America with another man. All of these relationships are presented soberly and decently enough, but without true inspiration—without the telling detail, the striking image, the powerful words that would lift them out of mediocrity. There is no strong sense of either narrative progression or visual rhythm; incident follows incident unsmoothly and without cumulative force, with flashbacks turning up at erratic and not particularly compelling moments.

The story is not especially original; it is only on a smaller scale than most such tales. It is rather impoverished in terms of incident, and what happenings it does possess are generally known to us from other movies, plays, or books on similar subjects. There is even an unwelcome similarity to *Lies My Father Told Me,* and the film may well capture the same audience. Yet *Lies,* though much more sentimental, at least did not invoke the Holocaust for added prestige and impact.

It is depressing to find people admiring a movie or other work because of the magnitude of its theme, regardless of the level on which that theme is engaged. *Jacob the Liar* has none of the slickness and crassness of *Voyage of the Damned,* for example, but it is likely to benefit from the same stock response audiences bring to "big" themes: the atom bomb, the 6 million Jews, black slavery and roots, a hospital for the terminally ill, and so on. Such subjects mean to elicit our automatic awe, clamor to be viewed ipso facto as lofty achievements, even if they are such poor fare as the play that just won the Pulitzer Prize and the book that garnered both a Pulitzer and a National Book Award.

Jacob is better than either *The Shad-*

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

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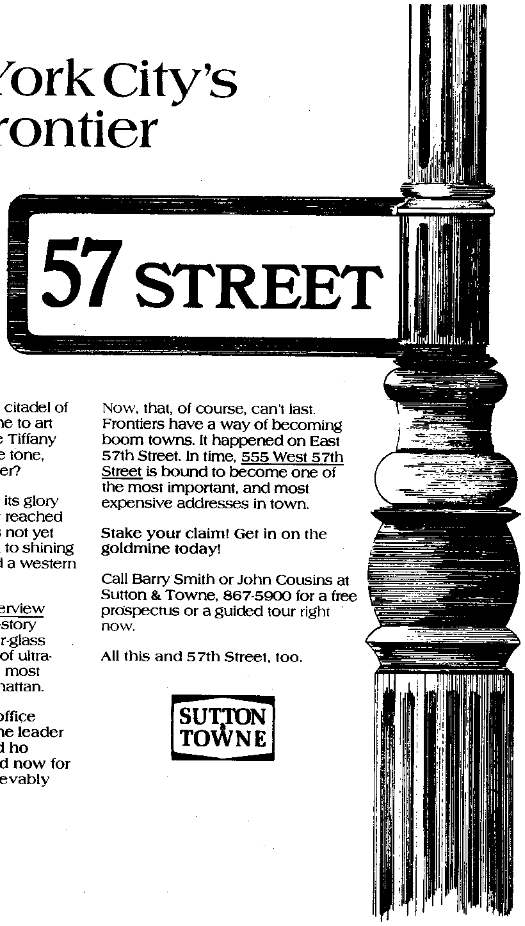

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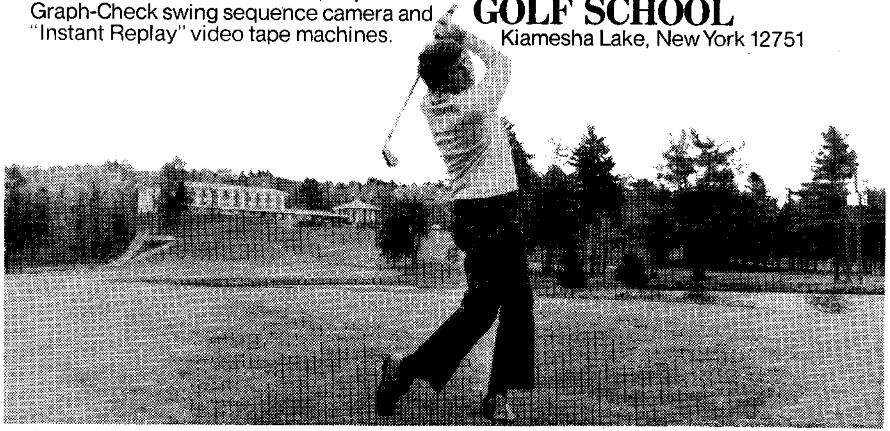

ow Box or *Roots,* but it is still pedestrian stuff: a tragic subject accosted without the requisite greatness. It is not unlike the recent movie, *Brothers,* a fictionalized version of the story of the Soledad brothers, which at least had a remarkable performance from Bernie Casey. Here, Jacob is played by the Czech Vlastimil Brodsky, best remembered for his Councilor Zedniček, the collaborationist functionary in *Closely Watched Trains.* Brodsky is a competent actor whom I have enjoyed in character parts in various Czech films. But he is not great enough to fill in what *Jacob* is lacking; his protagonist is grimy, gruff, amusing in his vaguely petulant melancholy, and sometimes even a bit touching. He does not, however, truly move us—we do not get a sense of feelings more profound and complex than the surface view communicates. On top of that, Brodsky is dubbed into German.

There is rather better work from Erwin Geschonneck, a Brechtian actor, as Kowalski. Unlike Brodsky, Geschonneck has a face and voice that impart more than the prescribed expression and the specific words. This "more" is conveyed by less—by withholding certain conventional strategies, by simplifying and muting effects, by giving us the bovinely inarticulate quality of dumb animals in pain that is singularly affecting. There is quite good work in some supporting roles, too, although the child Lena is played with a slight excess of cuteness by Manuela Simon. The cinematography is no better than the writing or direction, and the subtitles by Melvin Kornfeld are grossly inadequate. The film is recommended to people who mistake intention for achievement.

Something similar can be said about the West German movie version of Ibsen's **The Wild Duck,** adapted and directed by Hans W. Geissendorfer. It is just about impossible to transfer a great stage work to the screen for reasons I have expressed so often that my readers must be as tired of reading them as I am of writing them. But Geissendorfer has committed errors well beyond the call of the inevitable.

First, he has cast two important roles disastrously. Hjalmar Ekdal, a charming, ineffectual dreamer, must be played by a winning actor who can convey why this failure of a human being nevertheless commands so much affection and loyalty. To cast in this part Peter Kern, an obese, effete, tallowy, devious creature with little rat's eyes—in short, one of the more repulsive performers I have ever encountered on stage or screen—is to undermine Ibsen's intention completely. For it is not the creepiness of a creep that Ibsen took pains to write about here, but the terrible inadequacy of a typical respectable citizen—*just like you or me.* Equally wrong is Anne Bennent as Hedwig. The girl is supposed to be fourteen (Juliet's age)—a sensitive, impressionable, romantic soul in the throes of puberty and with a strong father fixation. The part is usually played by somewhat older actresses, and, considering its demands, for good reason. To turn it into a twelve-year-old who looks in some ways very, very old and, in others, still totally childlike is to miss the point. It is to make the suicide into a freak occurrence or into a piece of heavy metaphysical symbolism in the manner of Little Father Time in *Jude the Obscure.* The effect becomes shocking rather than moving.

An even graver error is one of which Geissendorfer, as he said in an interview, is particularly proud: the slight opening up of the play to include scenes in the attic where the wild duck and other animals live. This is meant by Ibsen to be a symbolic realm, the unnatural domicile of natural forces man cannot fully harness; to show it on film does not open up a new dimension, as Geissendorfer claims, but deprives us of a greater and more important dimension—one of which he evidently knows very little—namely, the *imagination.* With the theatrical means at his disposal, Ibsen could have easily put the attic on the stage, had he not known better than to do so.

The third inexcusable error is the omission of the last few lines of the play's dialogue with their important summation of the main theme. A less grave error is the not exactly ideal casting of some lesser parts. Jean Seberg, dubbed into German, at least looks and sounds right as Gina; but Heinz Bennent (Anne Bennent's, the Hedwig's, father) is a poor Relling, making that sensible doctor into almost as much of a fanatic as Gregers, played barely passably by Bruno Ganz. The best performance comes from Heinz Moog as Werle Senior, but I doubt that the play was intended as old Werle's tragedy. A useful contribution is made by Harry Nap's moody cinematography, which captures some of the author's implications missed by the director-adapter.

Briefs: Ralph Bakshi's new animated feature, **Wizards**, tries to be a fresh departure but looks more like a late arrival. Even though we are in a fairytale future, there is still much uninteresting contemporary street lingo, the *plotting is still weak, the idea still*

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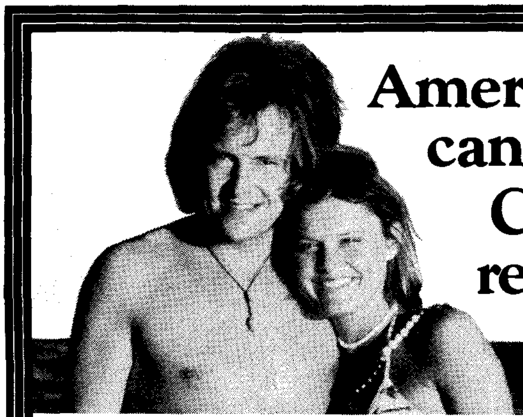

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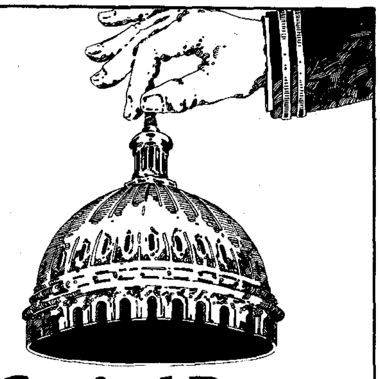

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hackneyed. The quality of the drawing is not bad, though lacking in intense originality, and the simplistic tale of good, sloppy pacifism winning out over wicked, hyperefficient militarism is not couched in terms that could be considered arresting.

As usual with Bakshi, there is an inadequate musical score (by Andrew Belling), and, again as usual, only worse here, the dragging in of poorly integrated live action. The only one ever to get away with this kind of cinematic miscegenation was the fine Czech animator, Karel Zeman, and even he only intermittently. What makes it so offensive here is that scenes from Nazi newsreels, *The Triumph of the Will,* and *Alexander Nevsky* juxtaposed with Bakshi's elves, fairies, and wizards make Bakshi look pretentious and his inventions puny. The strategy also cheapens the great horrors of history, not to mention Eisenstein's art. Were the brush of a Leonardo at work here, it could not paint over the coarseness of the imagination.

Infinitely worse yet is Walerian Borowczyk's **The Beast**, which falls at least as far below as it purports to ascend higher than pornography. The Paris-based Polish filmmaker has all the prurient vulgarity of his fellow émigré Roman Polanski, without any of the latter's talent. *The Beast,* which Borowczyk also wrote, is an awkward, stupid, schoolboyishly salacious, and, above all, pretentious and ludicrous tale about copulation between woman and beast, dwelt on lovingly, lubriciously, and, most of all, ineptly. The use of the camera, the handling of actors, and the quality of the dialogue do not exceed the abilities of a slightly backward erotomaniacal choirboy who has never before seen a movie.

The only possible reason for Borowczyk's being taken seriously by a few critics is that the poor fellows cannot believe that anyone could make such bad movies other than deliberately—scenes of supposed high tragedy emerging as outrageous farce, moments of intense eroticism making you laugh to split your sides—and thus assume that there are hidden intentions here that they must not appear to have missed. As for Borowczyk's frequent showings at certain film festivals, I can explain it only in terms of his fanatical misogyny (though, apparently, heterosexual) striking responsive chords in some homosexual festival directors. In one of the highlights of *The Beast* a woman tries to masturbate with a rose—unsuccessfully; so, as long as we have Borowczyck, at least we won't have to go around making up Polish jokes. ■

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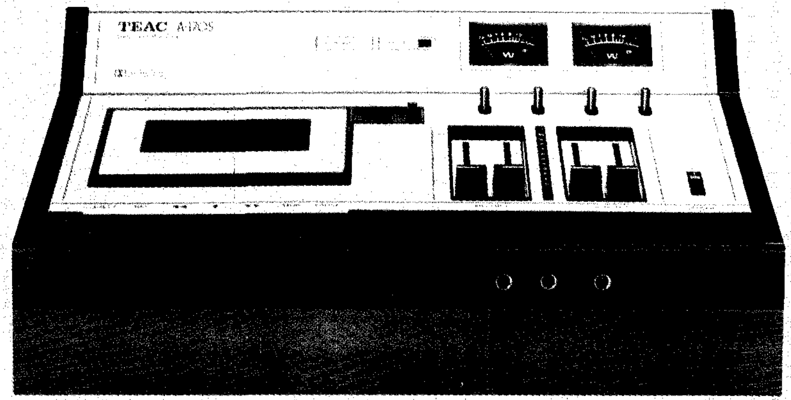

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ON THE PERFECT BOUILLABAISSE

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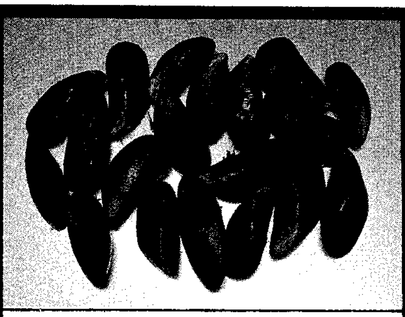
It was on a very cold night, as we recall, that the idea suddenly struck. We'd been living around the Mediterranean the past few years and had only recently moved back to New York. Suddenly we were nostalgic for that most robust and aromatic of all Mediterranean dishes, that glory of sunshine and the sea—bouillabaisse.

"Well," I said to Paula, "there isn't anything you can't find around here," and thus we began what became an obsessive search for a perfect bouillabaisse in New York.

Now the thing you have to understand about bouillabaisse is that it's much more than a great fish stew. There are marvelous soupes aux poissons and soupes des pêcheurs, but true bouillabaisse is a way of life.

(Continued on page 78)

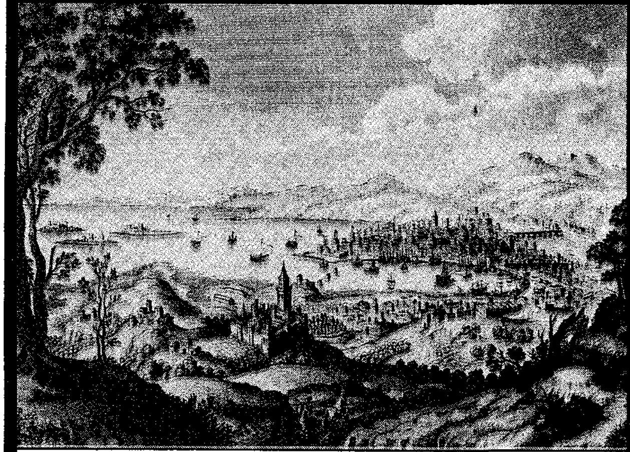


Mussel *(Mytilus galloprovincialis)*

Some fine fish a true bouilla-baisse. New Yorkers can substitute for Mediterranean fish: sea robin for tub gurnar croaker for meagrè; for rascasse, they can try to find delaroche.

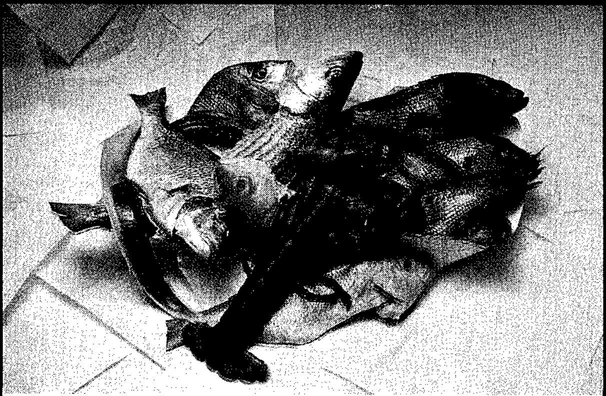
The vegetables for the soup.

And the sauce does matter: To make a rouille sauce, combine garlic, red chili peppers, liver of bream, fish stock, olive oil.

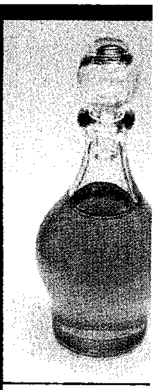


Marseilles, home of the true bouillabaisse. Only fish caught in these waters, broth cooked in this air, are likely to contribute the certain indefinable esprit that marks the authentic dish.

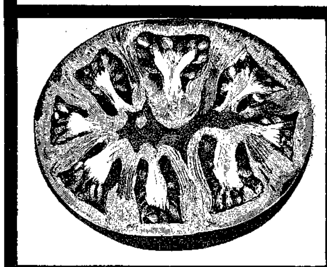
"La rascasse, sans elle pas de bouillabaisse"
—any chef from Marseilles.



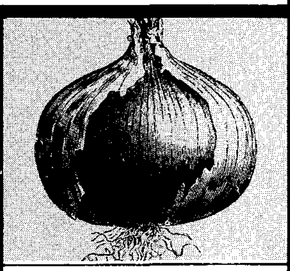
It's fresh (never frozen) fish that make the bouillabaisse.



Olive oil is b
in the broth.



Tomato

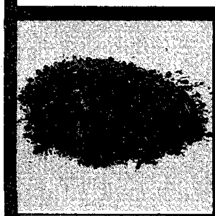


Onion

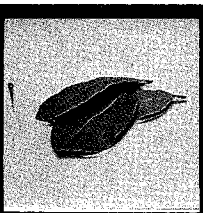
The photographs on these pages show bouillabaisse in preparation at Chez Pascal, 151 East 82nd Street.

The making of a true Marseilles bouillabaisse: Use ingredients in American bouillabaisse recipe, making sure water for the broth is taken from the Mediterranean near Canadel (never mind that it's polluted). Cook dish within 100 kilometers of Marseilles. Add rascasse.

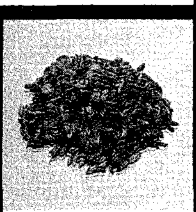
Dried fenn



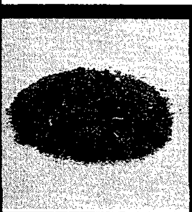
Basil



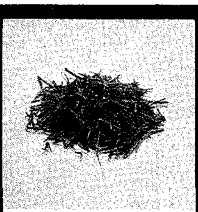
Bay leaf



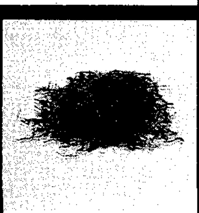
Fennel



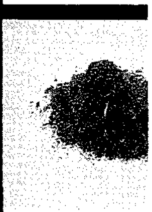
Oregano



Rosemary

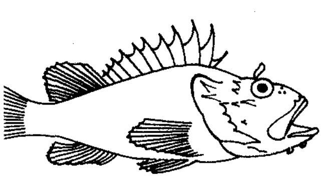


Saffron

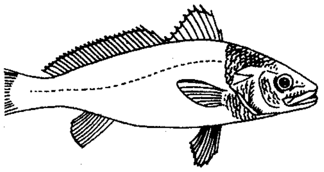


Thyme

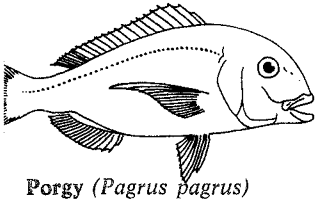
Photographed by Dan Wynn



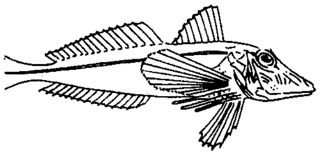
ascasse (*Scorpaena scrofa*)



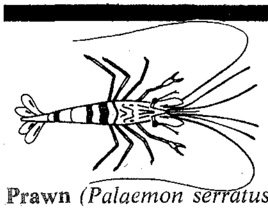
eagre (*Argyrosomus regium*)



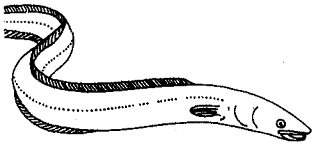
Porgy (*Pagrus pagrus*)



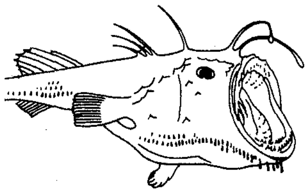
ub gurnard (*Trigla hirundo*)



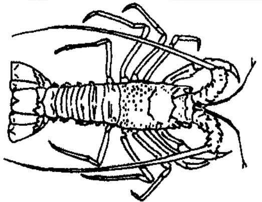
Prawn (*Palaemon serratus*)



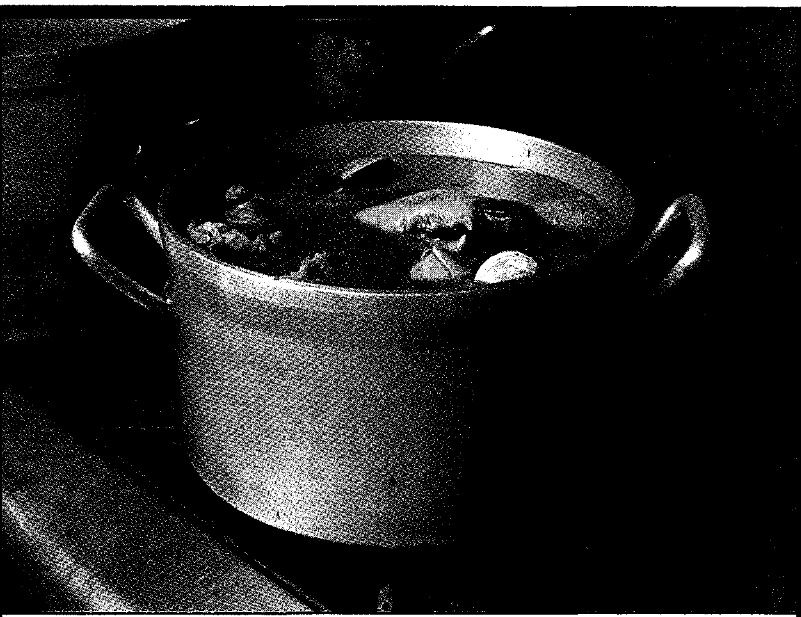
Conger eel (*Conger conger*)



lerfish (*Lophius piscatorius*)

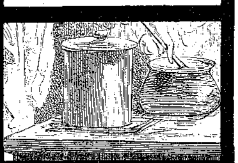


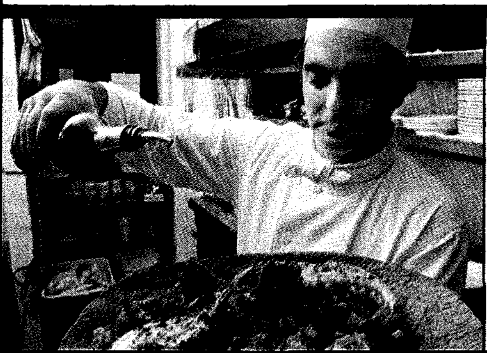
y lobster (*Palinurus elephas*)



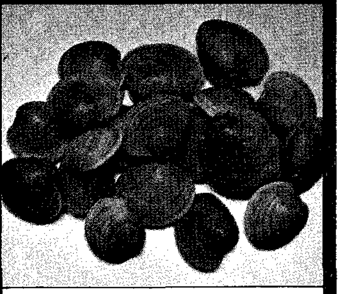
Stove-top harmony: Bouillabaisse in the pot at Chez Pascal.

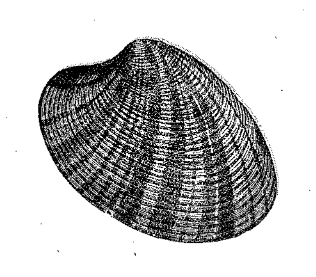
All cooks agree: Rascasse (*Scorpaena scrofa*) is the one indispensable ingredient of a true bouillabaisse. It's found in the Mediterranean, not—alas!—here. (A variant, *Helicolenus dactylopterus,* swims in North Atlantic waters, but fishermen here usually cast it back into the sea.)





Adding a little dash: Chef Emmanuel Sender anoints with Pernod the striped bass, butterfish, cod, red snapper, lobster, bass, clams, and mussels served in Chez Pascal's bouillabaisse.





Clams

The making of an American bouillabaisse:

(1) *Into the broth* go celery, leeks, fennel, onion, chives, garlic, dried zest of orange, tomatoes, shallots . . .

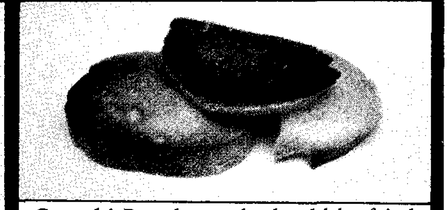
(2) . . . and spices: thyme, rosemary, saffron, oregano, basil, dried fennel, and bay leaf . . .

(3) . . . and fruity Provençal olive oil.

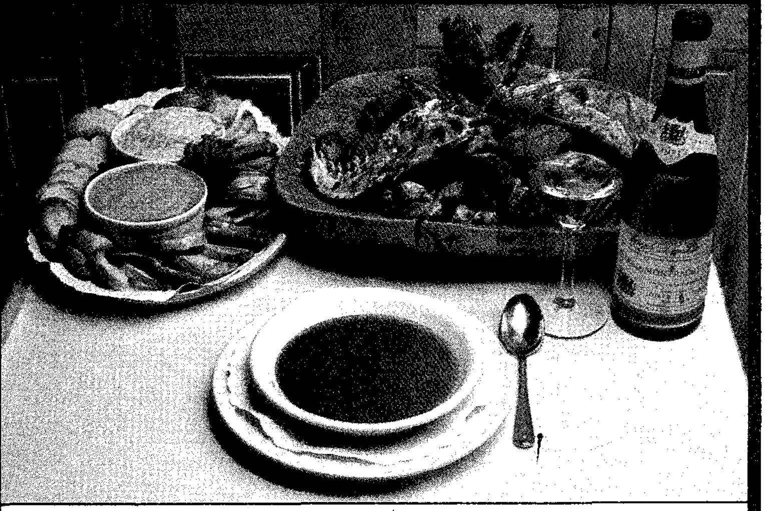
(4) *The fish* must be various (at least four kinds, one of which is eel) and the freshest of the fresh. Mussels, lobster, sometimes shrimp and clams, are welcome additions.

(5) *Bread rounds* (oven-dried or fried in oil, then rubbed with garlic) accompany the dish, to be heaped with rouille sauce.

(6) *The optional coup de grace:* Stir in a dash of Pernod.



Crunch! Bread rounds should be fried or oven-dried, not toasted.



Quelle présentation! The meritorious bouillabaisse at Chez Pascal. Center, the soup; left, the bread rounds, the cheese, the rouille sauce; next, the fish; right, to accompany all, a Bâtard-Montrachet.

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". . . Even in Marseilles the arguments are erudite, medieval, fierce. There is no one right way to make a bouillabaisse . . ."

People will tell you it must be made in sight of the Mediterranean and, at the very least, cooked in air within 100 kilometers of Marseilles. There are even purists who proclaim that the water in the soup must be taken from the fishing grounds off Cavalaire. The fact that this air and these waters are now polluted is, to the fanatic gastronome, utterly beside the point.

Even in Marseilles the arguments are fierce, the quarrels erudite, medieval, thoroughly French. The secret, you are told, is in the stock—it must be made with at least 100 tiny rockfish. If you reply that Julia Child says it's all right to make it with frozen fish and clam juice, the Provençals will stare at you as though you're mad.

All Marseilles cooks whisper that the one essential ingredient is rascasse, a hideous Mediterranean rockfish with red and poisonous fins. The rascasse, you are told, is what makes the stock gelatinous, and its cheeks are among the great gastronomic treasures of the sea.

Shellfish are indispensable, says one chef; no, says another, they corrupt the dish. The arguments go on. The quarrels become intense. There is no one right way to make a bouillabaisse. Each cook's recipe may change from day to day. But after tasting awhile you begin to understand a certain esprit that is the dish's soul. It is the spirit of the Mediterranean somehow captured in fish stew.

It was this spirit we decided to search for in New York. We set to work, established our criteria. There would be some things we'd forgive, some things we would not.

Paula was adamant about the fish. They must be the freshest of the fresh, the best available in the market that day. Never mind that we were living on the North Atlantic and that Mediterranean fish could not be found. If the fish were various (at least four kinds), fresh, and perfectly cooked—moist and firm—she would overlook the absence of rascasse.

I held strong views about the soup. It must be light-bodied yet gelatinous, a savory and harmonious blend of Mediterranean ingredients: saffron, tomatoes, fennel, leeks, a *coup de grace* of Pernod, garlic (rubbed on bread rounds, which must be oven-dried or fried in oil), and olive oil (*fruity* Provençal olive oil, emulsified with the soup, vigorously boiled a quarter of an hour). We also expected to be served a good rouille (the rust-colored pepper sauce that should accompany the fish).

To prepare for the testing, we consulted George Lang, Gael Greene, and James Beard, reread the bouillabaisse section in Waverley Root's *The Food of France*, and made lists of restaurants, adding and subtracting names. We were waiting for the chance to share the experience with two teenagers who'd spent their youth around the Mediterranean and were now enduring the winter at New England schools. These two, a boy and a girl (henceforth to be known as the Kids), were connoisseurs of bouillabaisse, which had been *their* Campbell's soup.

It seemed reasonable to begin our search at **Les Mareyeurs**, a highly recommended French fish-and-seafood restaurant on upper Madison Avenue, a cavernous place decorated with fishnets and those awful murals one finds in so many older restaurants in New York. Here the bouillabaisse ($13.25) consisted of a delicious rich and flavorful soup, but, we thought, it lacked Mediterranean aroma, was insufficient in saffron and fennel, and had no trace of olive oil at all. We were also dismayed by the fish (striped bass, sea bass, red snapper—an inevitable trio in wintertime), which were dry and overcooked, and by lobster tails that had no taste. Our captain served us not a peppery rouille but a saffron-spiced garlic mayonnaise. The waiter spilled soup on the tablecloth. The croutons were toasted, not fried.

It is only now, in retrospect, that we think fondly of Les Mareyeurs, a Breton restaurant which called its version "*notre bouillabaisse,*" thus getting itself off our Mediterranean hook. We were lucky that night—we were served a good fish soup/stew. That would not always be our experience.

The next night we tried **Le Château Richelieu**, on East 52nd Street between Madison and Park, where bouillabaisse was once a specialty of the house. It wasn't on the menu, but the chef was happy to make it for us all the same ($10 dinner, $9 lunch, plus $1 cover charge, no advance notice necessary in our case, since he had the fish). The execution was mediocre, the presentation inept. ("The pits," the Kids grumbled when the waiter splashed the soup.) The fish were overcooked, but there were Pernod, saffron, and emulsified olive oil in the broth. We got no sauce rouille, and the toasted bread rounds doused with garlic butter were burned. This bouillabaisse was barely acceptable, but at least we'd sniffed Marseilles.

At **Sea Fare of the Aegean,** on 56th Street between Fifth and Sixth, "bouillabaisse Marseillaise" ($12.95) was nicely served from copper casseroles. The fish were absolutely fresh and perfectly cooked, but we got no sauce, no bread rounds, no olive oil, a trace amount of saffron, and so many tomatoes we were reminded of kakavia, a Greek fish soup that has nothing to do with the glory of Marseilles.

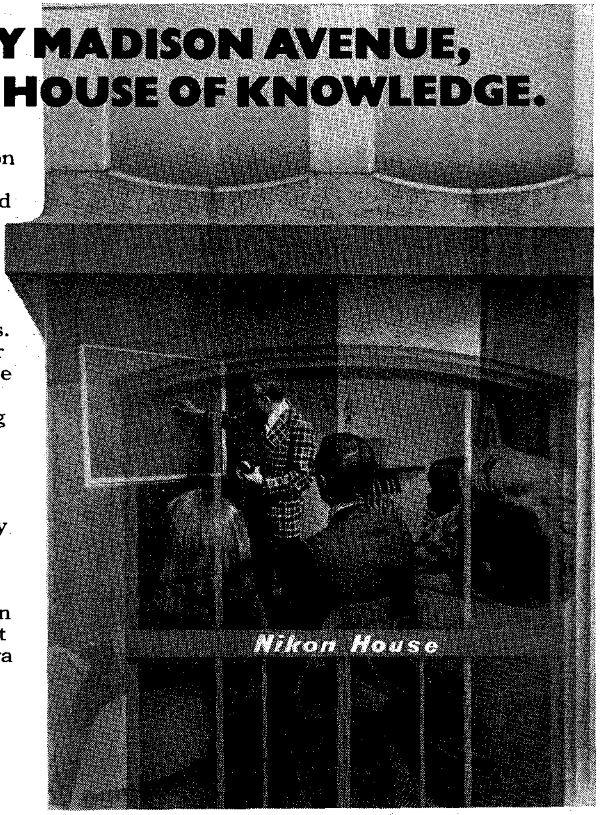
Again, it was only later that we realized how lucky we'd been. The next night, at **Le Provençal**, on East 62nd Street between Fifth and Madison, we faced a culinary calamity of such magnitude that even now the memory makes us wince. The owner-chef is from Marseilles, but it was an exercise in pure masochism to order his bouillabaisse ($13.75 on a full dinner). Everything possible went wrong.

There was no richness to the broth, which was also bitter and alcoholic from an enormous and uncaring overuse of Pernod. The bread rounds were tough, masked by disgusting globs of garlic mayonnaise; the fish were nearly inedible, tasteless, way overcooked; and the shellfish were impossibly tough.

"Children," I said, "note well the sensibility here. We've just been treated to a hard lesson in middle-class French parsimony. The people who run this place think Americans are hicks who'll gobble up anything so long as it's called 'French.' "

It was at this point we decided to go proletarian. We'd take the subway to Grand Central and eat our bouillabaisse at a counter at the **Oyster Bar**. The price was right ($6.95), and our soups, heaped with lobster, mussels, and clams, arrived still bubbling from the stove. Then, a miracle—we received little paper cups of sauce rouille, which none of the three French restaurants we'd been to had seen fit to serve. The soup was good, with a nice aroma of saffron; the lobster was fair enough; but the fish, badly overcooked, were crushed beneath the heap of shellfish. We detected no fennel, and there were too many tomatoes. We got Wet-Naps instead of finger bowls—that incongruous touch, along with the serving of the very French sauce, was charming.

"All right," Paula said. "Remember those little dockside places in Marseilles where the bouillabaisse was wonderful and cost barely anything at all? Why don't we try **Sloppy Louie's** on South Street near the wharf?"



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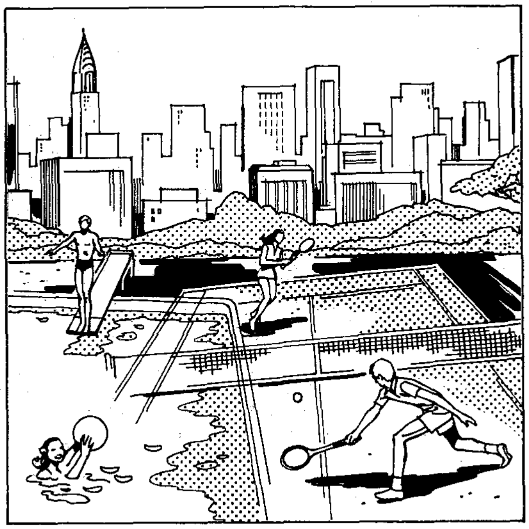

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Alas! "Sloppy Louie's Famous Bouillabaisse" ($5.75 a portion; $1.75 for a miniature) tastes like a Manhattan clam chowder with some saffron and wine thrown in. Oily indeed, but not with good Provençal olive oil. There was even a cube of meat (inexplicable!) swimming around in one of our bowls.

Enough of proletarianism! We would go with the big money now. During our researches we'd heard rumors of a fabulous presentation, over on 82nd Street off Lexington, at **Chez Pascal.**

The price here was steep ($18 à la carte), but from the first moment we were impressed. An intimate restaurant. Silver and crystal and copper gleaming beneath candlelight; soft, comfortable banquettes; and a warm reception from the staff.

Immediately we were served a snack of saucisson chaud en croûte. We ordered bouillabaisse. The captain smiled. We had a hunch that we might be pleased.

It came to us twenty minutes later, a glorious display upon a free-form tray of cork. The shellfish glistened with freshness; the slabs of fish were firm. We sniffed, approved. The tray was whisked away, the fish to be boned, filleted, arranged.

A few moments later a marvelous aroma wafted across the room—an aroma that reminded us of sunshine, jacaranda trees, and lazy Mediterranean cafés. The soup had arrived. It was ladled into bowls. Then the fish were added, the bowls set on platters, and the shellfish—lobster, mussels, clams—lovingly arranged. We were served rouille (peppery, glossy, smooth like mayonnaise) and coarsely grated Gruyère cheese. And an excellent house wine, a white Burgundy, Chevillot. From nearby tables, envious stares.

We were in paradise. Our fish were perfectly cooked. Our seafood was tender. Our lobster was sweet and tasted of the sea. The soup was pure ambrosia, rich and dark. The Kids turned rapturous. "*Intense,*" they said.

We set to work dabbing sauce onto bread rounds, setting them adrift in the soup. We slurped, cracked lobster, delighted in the bass. We gorged, had three bowls, mopped up with bread. Finally, satisfied, we received finger bowls perfumed with rose petals.

"Well," we said, "it was marvelous, but not perfect—not quite."

Although the oven-dried bread rounds were acceptable, we wished they had been fried in olive oil and that there had been more oil emulsified in the soup. The rouille was good, but not totally authentic: It was a fine pepper mayonnaise, not the real rouille of Marseilles. Still, we agreed, we had come extremely close. How much farther would we have to look?

It occurred to us then that there might be some relationship between the quality of a bouillabaisse and the price we would have to pay. This was not true on the *vieux port* of Marseilles, but in New York . . . perhaps . . .

Le Perigord, on East 52nd Street between First and the river, has bouillabaisse as part of a prix-fixe meal at a high and mighty $22 per head. At this price, we thought, we were entitled to something sublime, but all we got was a mediocre fish stew, no olive oil, no second helpings, no rouille or any kind of sauce, and—pure absurdity—frozen turbot among the fish. Turbot is the prince of the ocean (what a luxury to find it in New York), but to use a frozen fish is to totally miss the point. It's freshness, not luxury, that makes a bouillabaisse.

On a particularly cold night, we trudged to **Le Marmiton,** at East 49th Street off Third, where bouillabaisse is a Friday specialty ($12.95 with the dinner). Here, finally, we touched the bottom of the abyss. This fish stew was so disgusting—thin, bland, no body, no taste—that even our experience at Le Provençal didn't seem so bad. The rouille contained chunks of garlic that caught between our teeth. The lobster was stale. The fish had turned bad and were so overcooked they'd crumbled into peas. The Kids refused to eat it. "Utterly gross," they said. We sat staring at our plates, ushering out the winter in pain.

By this time we were getting strange looks. Did our breaths reek of garlic? Were there saffron stains on our shirts? The Kids had had it, were desperate to get back to school.

"Great vacation," we said, putting them on the bus.

"*Wicked,*" they said. "Can't wait to eat some school food."

There was a moment, then, when we discussed the possibility of quitting while we were ahead. We'd been pleased at Chez Pascal, but we'd also become obsessed. We'd come too close to turn our backs on the project now.

We couldn't understand the difficulty. Bouillabaisse isn't that hard to make. The ingredients are available here (except, of course, for rascasse), and if the fish situation isn't the best in winter, still there *are* fresh fish, and they needn't be overcooked.

Pont Neuf, on East 53rd Street between Second and Third, was another disappointment. Everything in the bouillabaisse Provençale ($12) was overcooked (inexcusable). There was no sauce. "We used to serve rouille,"

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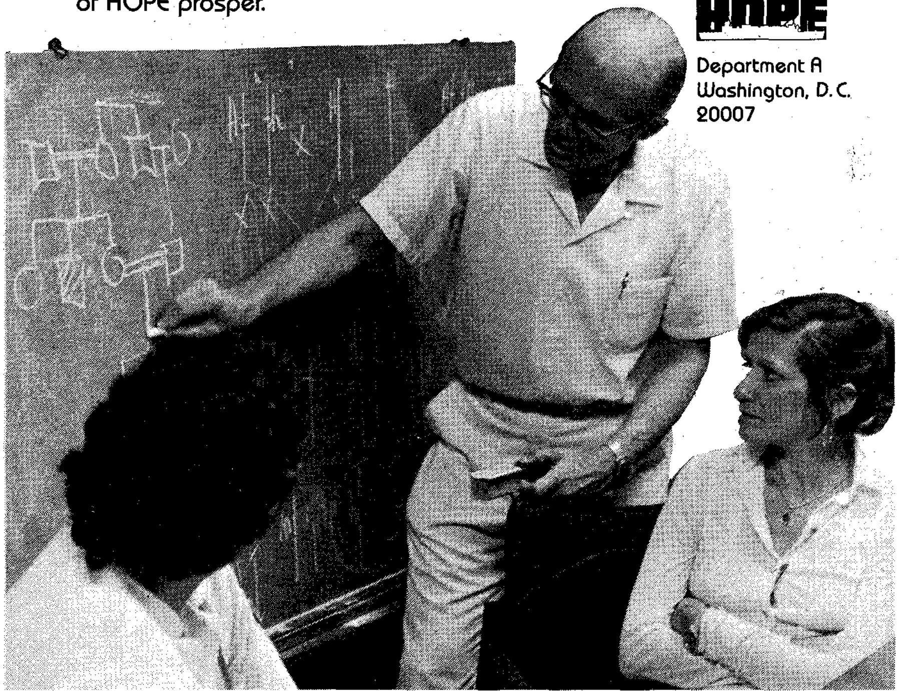

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> "...The soup's aroma reminded us of sunshine, jacaranda trees, outdoor cafés..."

said the owner, "but nobody ate it, so we stopped."

At **Mon Paris,** on East 29th Street off Park, the bouillabaisse cost $13. For the first time we got bread rounds fried in olive oil, but no sauce, and the soup was way out of balance—too little saffron, too much salt. "We used to serve eel," confided the waiter, "but the customers didn't like it because it looks like snake."

On to **Le Cirque,** on East 65th Street between Madison and Park. Expensive-looking customers. Simian murals on the walls. Bouillabaisse is a Friday plat du jour—$10.50 on a prix-fixe lunch, $11.75 for the dish alone at dinner. The fish and shellfish were good, the aroma robust though too intense. We noted a very heavy hand with spices—many too many fennel seeds, too much salt, so many saffron threads we knew this saffron wasn't all from Spain.

Then—a miracle! **Tout Va Bien,** on West 51st Street between Eighth and Ninth, a neighborhood place. Actors and actresses in jeans. People speaking French around the bar. Tout Va Bien seemed happy, like a bistro in Marseilles. And, when the bouillabaisse arrived ($11, a Friday specialty)—*delight!*

The soup tasted of the Mediterranean—warmth, happiness, sunshine, good tomatoes, fruity oil. It was a perfect blend, savory and rich, properly gelatinous from blackfish in the stock. Our first serving was just the soup, garlic bread rounds, aioli sauce. (We didn't miss rouille at all—there was sufficient pepper in the broth.) But alas, the fish, sitting waiting all that time, were served up overcooked. Still, this was the best soup we'd had. A couple minutes' less cooking of the fish, and the whole dish would have been sublime.

All right, we decide, the time has come. We will go the limit. We'll order a bouillabaisse *fait sur commande.* Where? La Caravelle? Lutèce? Le Madrigal? We settle on **Le Lavandou.** Chef and owner Jean-Jacques Rachou, we learn, once worked at Chez Fon-Fon on the *vieux port* of Marseilles. Paula calls him up. We've had some pretty nasty bouillabaisses, she says. Will he make the dish especially for us? Yes, if we are at least six. Perfection? He promises nothing less.

He asks for several days to round up a good variety of fish. Phone calls back and forth. He can't find rascasse, of course, or vives, or grondins. But despite the snow, he has black sea bass, good red snapper, jumbo eel, sea bass, lobster, littlenecks, mussels, shrimp.

Everything is set. We invite four friends. Paula asks chef Rachou if she can watch him work. He is happy to oblige.

She is fascinated, especially by the way he makes rouille—the authentic Marseilles rouille, made out of a special stock of baby bass and tiny saltwater rockfish, cooked with aromatics for hours, then strained and mixed with crushed potatoes, saffron, and cayenne.

We arrive at 134 East 61st Street at eight, excited, prepared to feast. After a first course of salmon terrine, we are served the soup, with toasted croutons and grated cheese. Then the platter—shellfish, fish, and potatoes, as in Marseilles. The chef himself comes to our table to cut and set this bounty in our bowls. *Quelle présentation!* This time, after soup is ladled over fish, we are served oil-fried bread rounds and his rouille, which is a dream.

We hesitate to be critical. Everything is pungent, good. Chef Rachou has gone all out. He has duplicated the dish as best he can in winter in New York. He has given us absolute authenticity—perfection, in a sense. But good as it is, there is something missing, some magic, perhaps—we just don't feel like mopping up every drop. Hard to put our finger on the difficulty here. Perhaps after working so long with *haute cuisine* this chef has lost a primitive touch which must grace a great bouillabaisse. He has dazzled us with elegance. We are in awe of his technique. He has done well for us, cooked bravely. We are grateful . . . but unsatisfied.

That night we have a serious talk. We've been to fourteen restaurants, have spent upwards of $1,000, have enjoyed fine meals at Chez Pascal, Tout Va Bien, and Le Lavandou. We've had an adventure, endured an ordeal. But perfection has eluded us. Is there any point in going on?

La Toque Blanche? Argenteuil? The Palace? The Plaza Oyster Bar? The Fin 'n' Claw? What agonies await us? What ecstasies lie in store? How many more overcooked fish and disharmonious broths will we be required to eat? Is it really possible to find the Mediterranean in this city? Are we crazy? Prisoners of our dream? The smartest and cheapest thing, we decide, is to hop a plane for Marseilles. But do we still care all that much? Do we really want to eat another bouillabaisse?

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No, we agree, even if it should be perfect. At least not for a while.

Postscript: Late in March we noticed that a new restaurant had opened: **La Bouillabaisse,** on 49th Street at Third. On account of our bouillabaisse fatigue, we tried to ignore it, but we just couldn't—the name reproached us every time we passed.

Here is our verdict: The dish ($9.95 at lunch, $12 at dinner) had a good rich stock, fine croutons, fresh and sweet shellfish, a very sharp rouille, but the fish were overcooked, and for the first time we encountered mackerel—a fatal error, it seemed to us, since this oily fish embittered the soup. ■

Fifteen Bouillabaisses, and How They Rank

One *can* get a good (though not a true) bouillabaisse in New York. Below, the results of our authors' search, in descending order of worthiness.

Good Bouillabaisse

1. **Chez Pascal** (151 East 82nd Street, 249-1334). *Excellent bouillabaisse, the best we tried ($18). Best presentation. Fine soup and fish.* Served at dinner daily—two sittings, 7 P.M. and 9:30 P.M. AE*

2. **Tout Va Bien** (311 West 51st Street, CI 7-8622). *Best soup* ($11). Bouillabaisse served at Friday dinner, 5 P.M.–11:30 P.M. It's wise to reserve it in advance. Other days, it can be ordered in advance — a minimum of four persons. Open for lunch, noon–2:30 P.M.; dinner, Monday–Wednesday, 5 P.M.–11 P.M.; Thursday–Saturday, 5 P.M.–11:30 P.M. AE, BA.

3. **Le Lavandou** (134 East 61st Street, TE 8-7987). *The most authentic bouillabaisse we encountered* ($16.50). It must be ordered three to four days in advance; minimum, six persons. Open Monday–Saturday for lunch, noon–2:30 P.M.; for dinner, 6 P.M.–10 P.M. (10:30 P.M. on Friday and Saturday). Closed Sunday. AE.

Good Fish Stews (Not Bouillabaisse)

1. **Les Mareyeurs** (958 Madison Avenue near 77th Street, 628-3333). *A fine rich soup.* It's served Monday–Saturday at lunch, 11:30 A.M.–3 P.M. ($13.25 for two); dinner, 5:30 P.M.–11 P.M. ($13.25 for one). AE, DC, MC.

2. **Sea Fare of the Aegean** (25 West 56th Street, 581-0540). *Good fish stew* ($12.55). It's served daily, noon to 11 P.M. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

Barely Acceptable

1. **La Bouillabaisse** (156 East 49th Street, 751-5262). Bouillabaisse served Monday–Saturday at lunch, noon–3 P.M. ($9.95), and Monday–Saturday at dinner, 6 P.M.–11 P.M. ($12). AE, BA.

2. **Le Cirque** (58 East 65th Street, 794-9292). Bouillabaisse ($10.50) is a Friday plat du jour, served at lunch, noon–3 P.M., and dinner ($11.75 à la carte), 6 P.M.–10:30 P.M. AE, DC.

3. **Mon Paris** (111 East 29th Street, 683-4255). Bouillabaisse ($13) served Friday and Saturday at dinner, 5 P.M.–10:30 P.M. AE.

4. **Le Perigord** (405 East 52nd Street, PL 5-6244). Bouillabaisse ($22) served Monday–Saturday at lunch, noon–3 P.M., and dinner, 6 P.M.–10:30 P.M. AE.

5. **Le Pont Neuf** (212 East 53rd Street, PL 1-0373). Bouillabaisse ($12) served on Friday and Saturday at lunch, noon–3 P.M., and dinner, 6 P.M.–11 P.M. Cooked to order. AE, CB, DC, MC.

6. **Le Château Richelieu** (48 East 52nd Street, PL 1-6565). Bouillabaisse ($9 lunch, $10 dinner, plus $1 cover charge) served (in winter only) on Friday, noon–midnight. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

7. **Oyster Bar and Restaurant** (Grand Central Station, lower level, 532-3888). Bouillabaisse ($6.95) served Monday–Friday, 11:30 A.M.–9:30 P.M. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

Forget It!

1. **Sloppy Louie's** (92 South Street, 952-9657). Bouillabaisse ($5.75) served Monday–Friday, 11:30 A.M.–8 P.M. No credit cards.

2. **Le Provençal** (21 East 62nd Street, 838-4248). Bouillabaisse ($9.50 on a full lunch, $13.75 on a full dinner) served Monday–Saturday at lunch, noon–3 P.M., and dinner, 6 P.M.–10 P.M. AE, BA, DC, MC.

3. **Le Marmiton** (216 East 49th Street, 688-1232). Bouillabaisse ($9.95 lunch, $12.95 dinner) served Friday at lunch, noon–3 P.M., and dinner, 5 P.M.–10 P.M.; and on Saturday at dinner, 5 P.M.–11 P.M. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

* *AE, American Express; BA, BankAmericard; CB, Carte Blanche; DC, Diners Club; MC, Master Charge.*

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Kitchen things—Zabar's is having a large spring sale of copperware, scales, and automatic appliances. The American Food Processor—a Cuisinart-copycat with a heavy G.E. motor and the same 4 blades—retail $119, usually $89.95 here, now, for 1 month only, $59.95. The manufacturer's guarantee is backed by Zabar's. The Contempra automatic electric crepe pan, with a "ready" light, was $23.95, now $14.95. European scales weigh in both grams and ounces: a wall scale, holds 3 kgs. or 7 lbs., was $17.95, now $9.95; scale with mixing bowl, 2 kgs. or 4¼ lbs., was $19.95, now $11.95; collapsible mini-scale, 2 kgs., was $14.95, now $8.95. Plastic, knob-operated salad-dryer, elsewhere $13, now $7.98. For 1 month only, 50 percent off retail prices on French heavy-gauge, tin-lined copper: 14-cm. saucepan with bronze handle, $29.95 elsewhere, here $14.95; 22-cm. frying pan with bronze handle, $31.95 elsewhere, $15.95 here; 20-cm. oval sauté pan, $47.95 elsewhere, here $23.95. Covers are available at additional cost. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge; checks accepted. Refunds, exchanges made. *Zabar's, 2245 Broadway at 80th St. (787-2000); Mon.–Thurs. 8 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Fri. 8 a.m.–10 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m.–midnight, Sun. 9 a.m.–7:30 p.m.; thru 5/31.*

A bloomin' sale—The Brooklyn Botanic Garden's annual 2-day sale offers full asparagus ferns, a yd. across, $16 elsewhere, here $10.50; African violets in bloom in 3½-in. pots, elsewhere $2.98, here $1.75; Norfolk Island pines, 3 ft. tall in 6-in. pots, elsewhere $18, here $9.50; Boston ferns, 2 ft. across, elsewhere $10, here $7.50; gloxinias in heavy bud, 4-in. pots, elsewhere $3.50, here $2; ivy geraniums, 4-in. pots, elsewhere $2, here $1.50; bromeliads, most in flower, elsewhere $3.50–$30, here $2–$17.50; trained bonsai, the garden's specialty and sold only at this sale, $12–$600; starter plants, 75 cents and $1. As an additional feature, Abraham & Straus's Glemby hair salon will style, cut, and blow-dry hair—men, women, and children—for $8.50 apiece, outdoors under the magnolias. Plenty of parking along Flatbush Ave. *Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn (IRT 2 train to Eastern Parkway) (622-4433); Wed., 5/4, 11 a.m.–6 p.m., and Thurs., 5/5, 11 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Coffee and tea—The oldest coffee company in America is opening a second store, in Greenwich Village, and holding a coffee-and-tea sale for a limited time to celebrate: 18 varieties of coffee beans—including mocha-java, Kenyan, Colombian, Costa Rican, and Venezuelan, and Italian, French, or Vienna roast—regularly $5.29 a lb., now $4.29 a lb.; Kenya A-A, Guatemalan Maragogype (extra-large bean), decaffeinated American roast, and decaf Italian roast, were $5.79 a lb., now $4.79; and the shop's highest-priced coffee, Hawaiian Kona, was $6.99 a lb., now $5.99. Teas, including Earl Grey, Ceylon, Assam, Darjeeling, usually $2.25–$2.50 a half lb., now $1.75; spice teas, usually $3 per half lb., now $2.25. A Norelco 8-cup automatic coffee maker, regularly $31.50, now $27.50; the 12-cup Norelco Dial-a-Brew, usually $48.99, now $39.99. *Gillies 1840, 1494 Third Ave. at 84th St. (861-5299); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–8:30 p.m., Sun. noon–8:30 p.m.; 160 Bleecker St. between Sullivan and Thompson sts. (260-2131); Mon.–Sun. noon–midnight; sale 5/2–8.*

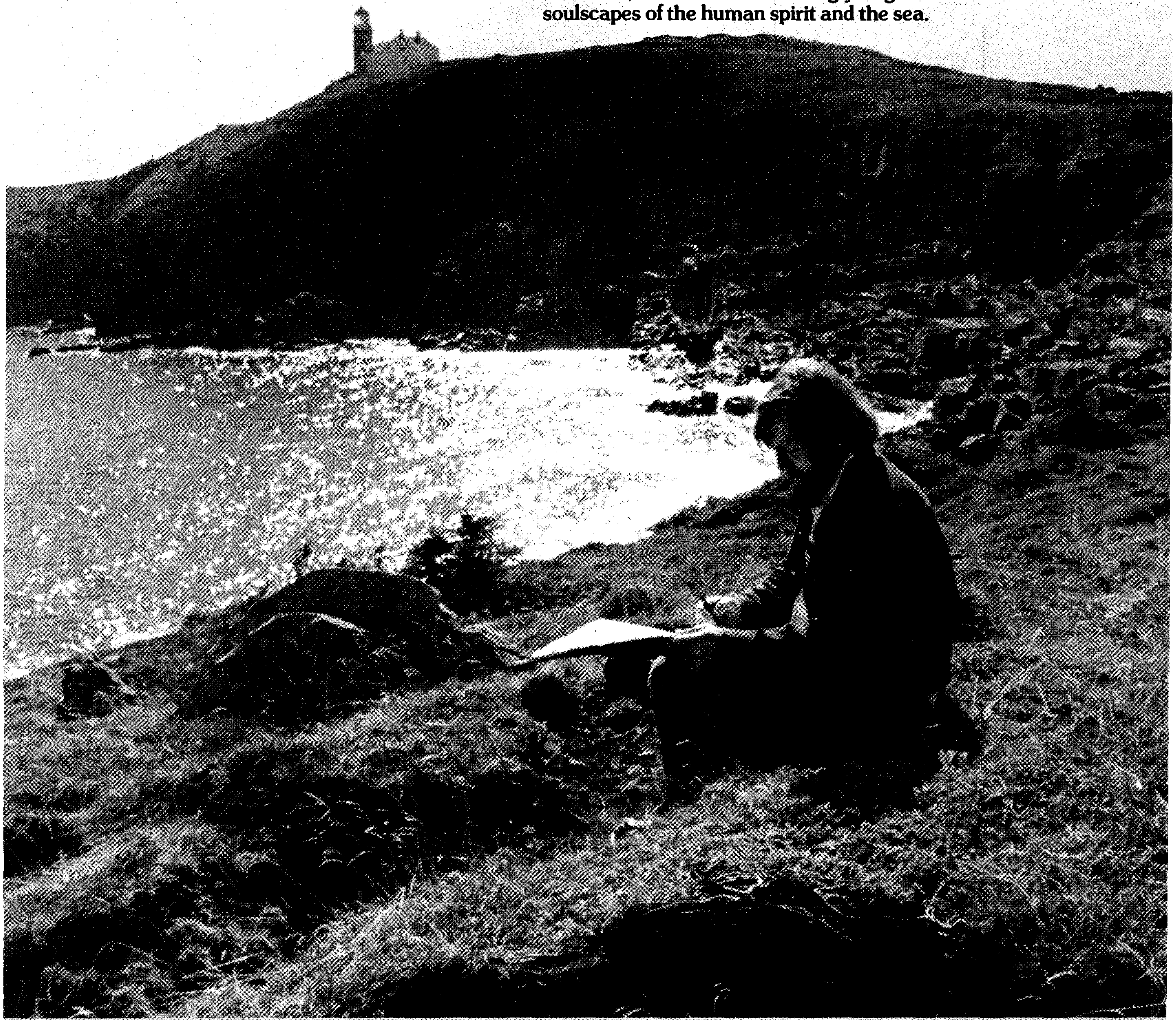
Consumer Aware

Auction—Historical news items will be auctioned off by the Overseas Press Club Foundation on May 5 from noon to 5 P.M. in the auditorium at the Time-Life Building, 1271 Sixth Ave. at 50th St. The proceeds will be used for journalism internships and scholarships and to help promote freedom of expression. Among the items to be auctioned, all of which are on public view on May 4 from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.: a 9½-page unpublished, handwritten Ernest Hemingway manuscript, a Picasso print, James Thurber letters.

Women's seminar—A career-planning seminar for the managerial woman will be held on Wednesday, May 11, at 7:30 P.M. at the Donnell Library Center, 20 West 53rd St., by Drs. Margaret Hennig and Anne Jardim, authors of *The Managerial Woman* (Doubleday, $7.95). Tickets are free but must be ordered in advance. Write to *Ms. Louise Thomas, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 245 Park Ave., NYC 10017. Give name, title, company name, address.* ■

THE ORIGINAL.

Native Newfoundland artist Gerald Squires works out of this lighthouse home on the Atlantic cliffs. In his studio there, he conceives hauntingly original soulscapes of the human spirit and the sea.



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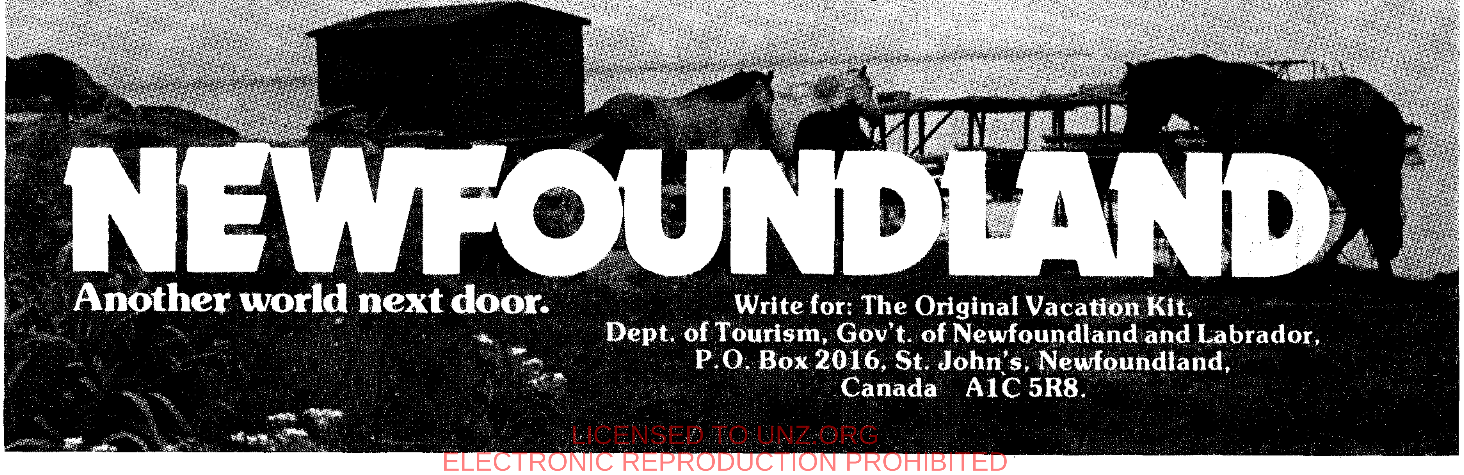

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Home Furnishings

Frankly French

By Suzanne Slesin

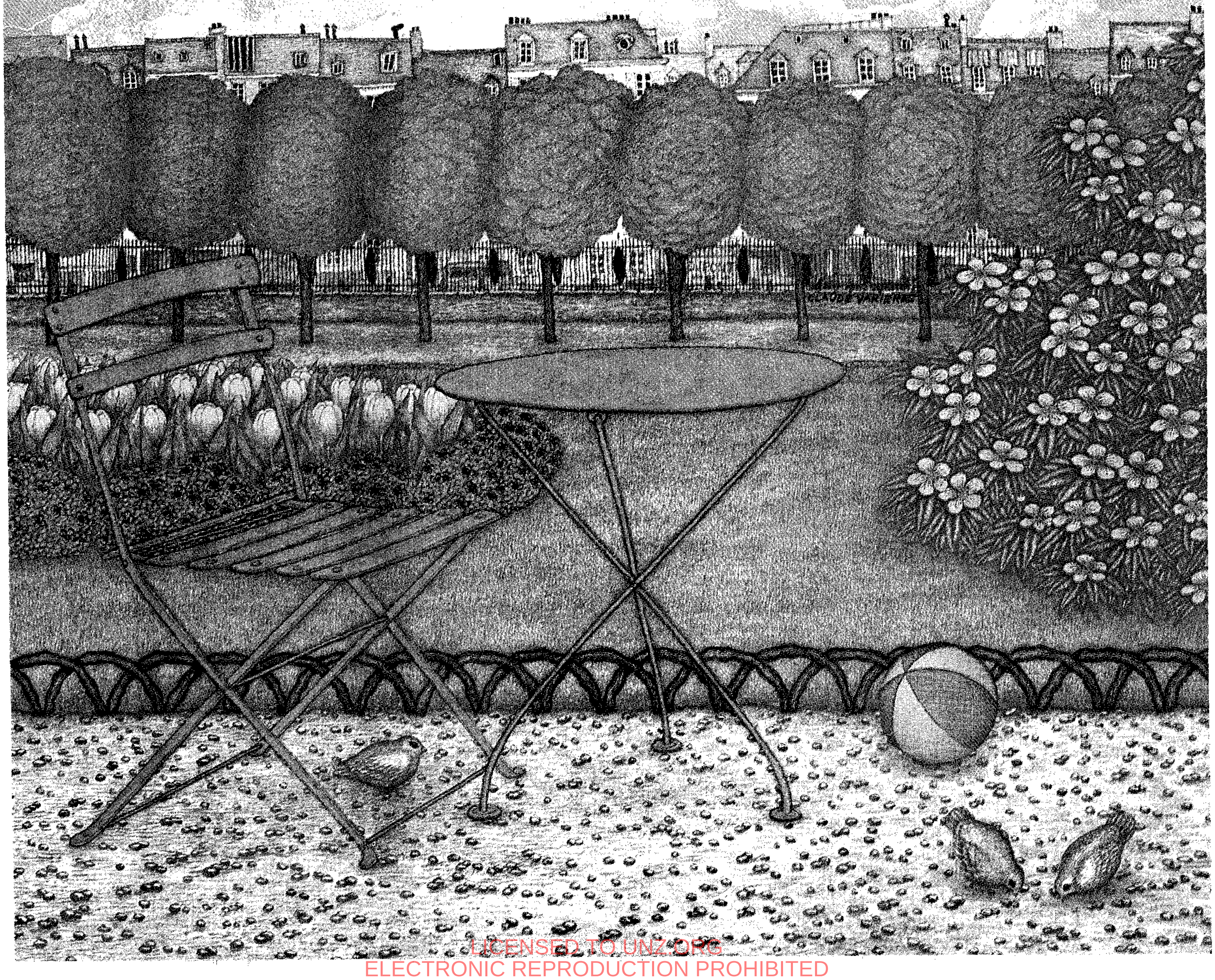
"...Who can imagine the French parks without these chairs? Whatever they may lack in comfort, they make up in charm..."

When, after a long day at the Louvre, an American in Paris sits down to rest on one of the chairs in the Jardin des Tuileries, an old woman will very soon appear at his side, demanding a rental fee. The weary tourist may be disgruntled. But who can imagine the French parks without either the elderly ladies or this furniture? Certainly not Chuck Williams, a San Francisco–based kitchenware retailer. For him, those chairs have always symbolized Paris.

Last year, on one of his business trips to France, Williams decided to import the chairs and the tables that go with them. The furniture, painted in what Williams calls "Parisian-park green," is, he points out, "ideal for apartment kitchens and terraces because it's so small in scale." What's more, both tables and chairs fold up flat for storage. The stackable chairs, measuring 16½ by 13½ by 31 inches, have curved wooden-slat seats and backs and metal frames; the 23½-inch-diameter metal tables are 28 inches high. Whatever they may lack in comfort, they more than make up in charm.

We asked Claude Varieras, an illustrator who has just moved here from Paris, to draw these chairs in an imaginary French park. You'll find the real pieces at Bloomingdale's and Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue at 81st Street, where the chairs retail for $35 and the tables for $80. ■

Illustrated by Claude Varieras



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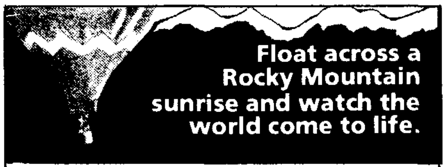

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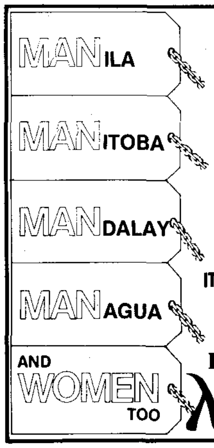

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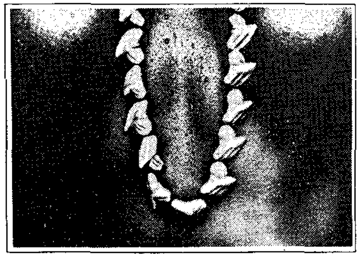

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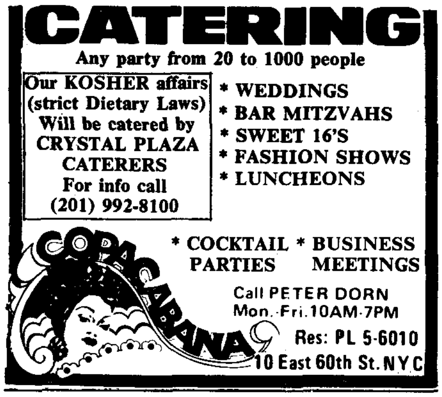
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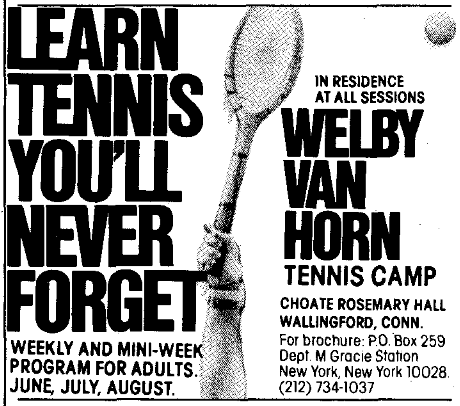
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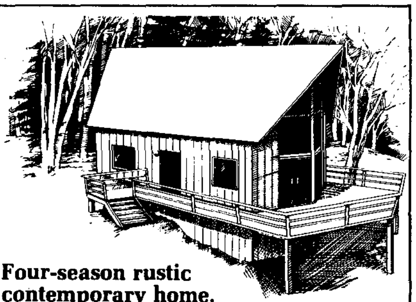

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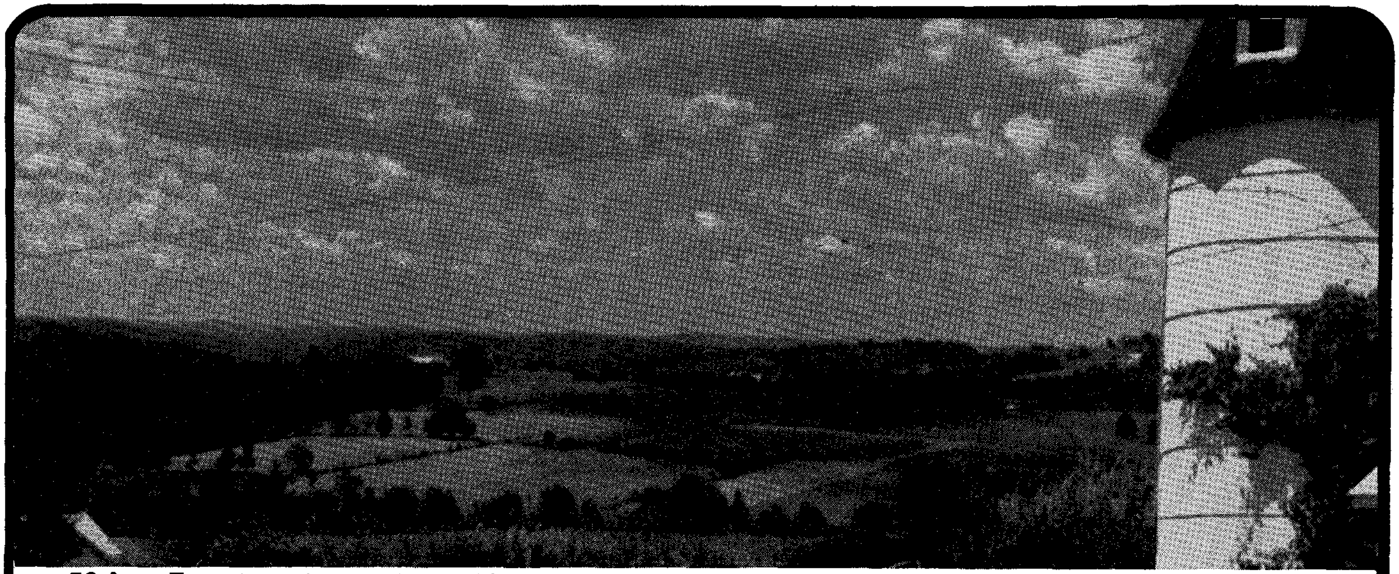

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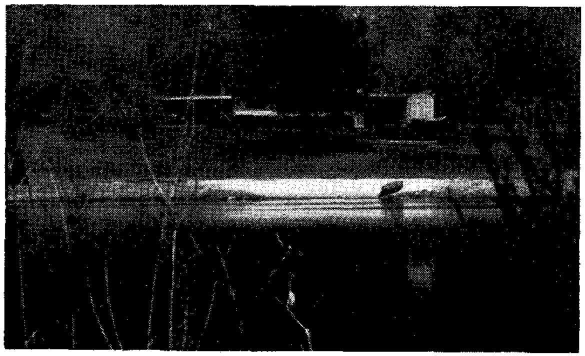

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DAVID'S PLOT

"...The Met's newly acquired portrait was a trumpet blast announcing the New Rational Man and New Liberated Woman..."

Of all the semisecret treasures tucked away in New York—a Byzantine manuscript in an Armenian church, a Florentine polyptych in the New-York Historical Society, that West Side Goya—my favorite was Jacques-Louis David's lofty portrait of **Antoine-Laurent Lavoisier and His Wife,** signed and dated 1788, which since 1927 until a few months ago hung in the library of Rockefeller University. It had the fresh look of a painting that hasn't been looked at or batted around the art market, having descended from the sitters' heirs directly to John D. Rockefeller Jr., who bought it in 1924 for the university he founded near the East River at 65th Street, with the stipulation that, should money ever get tight, the university could sell it—giving the Metropolitan Museum first refusal. Money's been tight for some time now, and so, in order to fund two chairs and four fellowships (which, I reckon, costs around $4 million), the painting was sold to an anonymous donor who gave it to the Metropolitan. (It will go on exhibit May 21 in a Louis XVI–period room given to the museum by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman. Thus it wasn't too hard for the press to guess who the angels were.)

It's been my favorite partly because Lavoisier was one of my heroes from high school chemistry. He devised elegant experiments with mercuric oxide and hydrogen which even I could repeat and which, in their time, helped found the science of thermochemistry and a philosophy of the preservation of matter. I also like to pronounce the rumbling syllables of "dephlogisticated air," which was Lavoisier's term for oxygen.

He had a dark side to his nature (the Marquis de Sade was, after all, as much a part of the Enlightenment as Diderot). Lavoisier was drawn to studies on thunder, lightning, gunpowder. Some of the apparatus in his portrait was designed for experiments with saltpeter and mercury. An egalitarian and man of goodwill, he made his father buy him a patent of nobility. An economist, he was given to such excesses of speculation that, to recoup, he bought a tax-farm franchise—a fatal mistake. In 1794, he was one of 33 tax farmers—notorious magnates licensed by the monarchy to reap imposts on such necessities as tobacco, salt, paper—who were guillotined by Robespierre's government.

Jacques-Louis David was one of the three members of the dread Committee for Public Safety. Surviving documents from May, 1793, when Lavoisier was arrested, and from November, 1794, when he was executed, indicate that David was busy signing warrants for arrest, death, and pardon. The piece of paper condemning Lavoisier hasn't been found, nor are we sure about David's attitude toward his former patron.

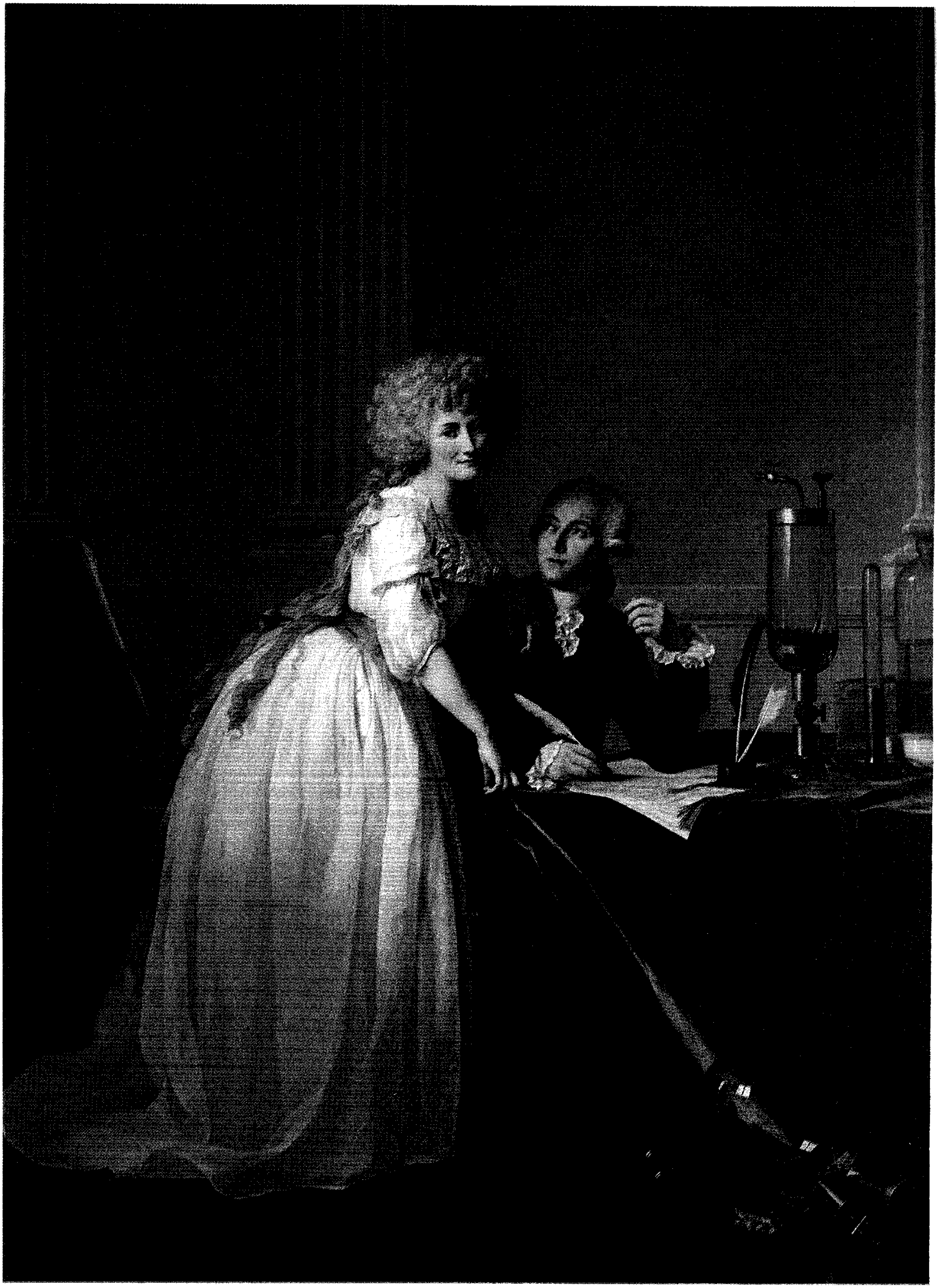
What is known is that the scientist's wife, Marie-Anne, née Paulze, studied art and made engravings for her husband's books. She was also an accomplished draftsman, and it's believed that she was a pupil in David's atelier. In the portrait, Lavoisier looks dotingly at his wife. She aims a beautifully straight blue gaze at you—or at the painter, at David, 40 years old and just entering his fame. Is it a look of complicity? Are Marie-Anne and Jacques-Louis beginning a plot that will end in Antoine-Laurent's death sentence?

The Bastille fell a year after the painting was finished. David's career was ascendant. Lavoisier, a substitute deputy to the assembly in 1789, a commissioner of the treasury in 1791, saw his influence decline. He struggled to preserve the Academy of Sciences, which he had guided through many successful projects. David, a late bloomer, had been rejected frequently in his student days by the Academy of Fine Arts. He nursed a psychopathic resentment all his life. When he came to power, he abolished all academies. "For the love of youth," he said, "let us wipe out these ugly academies." A spectator noted his "swoln cheek choking his words in birth."

No matter how droll it may be to read Clytemnestra into the great double portrait, the fact is that Madame Lavoisier is David's paradigm of revolutionary virtue. The commission was undertaken, as professor Edgar Wind has shown, while David was at work on his version of *Paris and Helen,* traditionally a gallant subject, which David revised for a Spartan Helen (clothed, standing, chaste) with a Phrygian Paris (naked, seated, lascivious). And if Lavoisier doesn't share Paris's vices, his wife has Helen's steel. She isn't merely a husband's helper (her portfolio on a chair might hold her etchings for his text), she's his equal, indeed, his superior—the inspiring muse. He seems to be taking dictation from her, looking for words to fall from her lips. Wind adduces a further source for the painting in Hogarth's portrait of Garrick and his wife, which depicts the great actor seated, his wife, standing over him, interfering with his writing—a bright, parodic muse. David took the atmosphere of serious factuality from Hogarth and other English sources—of tough compositions and leathery surfaces. A dose of Protestantism was his antidote for Gallic luxury, for the creamy softness that marks even Chardin and Greuze.

To understand the revisionist, in fact revolutionary, tone of the portrait, put yourself in the shoes of a spectator in 1788. Consider the cluster of the four hands. There are no rings. How many Rococo or Baroque portraits of wealthy patrons can you recall in which the subjects aren't bejeweled—rings, bracelets, brooches, pearls, fobs, medals—and wearing costly silks or furs? The Lavoisiers' only appurtenances are those of the intellect—some scientific instruments, a portfolio of graphics. They wear their wigs as insignia of rank rather than of fashion. Her soft, ash-blond hair falls "naturally" from beneath the curls of a helmetlike white wig. His wig is even more of a helmet; you envisage a tough crew cut (*en brosse*) beneath. Except for the pale-blue accents of sash and bow (which match her eyes), the Lavoisiers are dressed in severe black, white, and grays. Even his buttons are covered with black cloth.

The architecture and furniture are in the most drastic modern style of the time—the Greek mode. Note the starkly marbleized wall panels, the abstract



Art meets science: *Jacques-Louis David's life-size portrait of the great chemist Lavoisier with his wife, 1788.*

> "...Bernini's *Priapus* is lent from an abbey in New Jersey for the first time..."

lines of the pilasters and dado, the bare varnished floor (it reminds you of a 1970 remodeled loft, all polished wood and whitewashed plaster). To the 1788 spectator, the portrait must have looked like, today, an MIT professor with his wife posed in the latest Philip Johnson living space, wearing the latest Courrèges jump suits, with a tableful of NASA modules for post-LEM living. It's a starkness that must have shocked—like a trumpet blast announcing the appearance of the New Rational Man and the New Liberated Woman united in a marriage of intellects, with all the fripperies of class cleaned away.

Subsuming David's political and social *tabula rasa* is an appropriately magisterial invention of shapes. At the top of the painting is a zone for large, abstract, gray spaces, punctuated by jagged dark striations and long pale stripes. The stripes fall to a dado whose top becomes an arbitrary horizon (it slices through Lavoisier's neck where the blade of the guillotine would fall six years later). At the bottom of the painting is a red-brown zone where parquet floorboards establish a network of linear perspective; the seam below the man's shoe, daringly, is almost vertical; that is, it's almost perpendicular to the vanishing point in Lavoisier's head—the center, intellectually as well as structurally, of this miniature universe. A balloon flask on the floor indicates the light source—a window to the sitters' right, its shade half drawn. Light moves evenly from the upper left of the painting, brightening the whites of the cotton dress, cuff, pen, paper, to the glass sphere. Reinforcing the northwest-to-southeast axis of the falling light are the edge of the portfolio, her right arm, the pen in his hand, his leg, the heavy fold in the tablecloth, and, most of all, his glance at her. Countering this vector is an equally strong, rising southwest-to-northeast axis dominated by the perspective of the floorboards at the left, he major thrust of her white torso, his orearm, the small white pen. Stabilizng the X-shaped scaffolding are the majestic verticals of the wall and of he instruments on the table, as well as the horizontal of the dado molding, and, above all, her level glance, straight out of the painting.

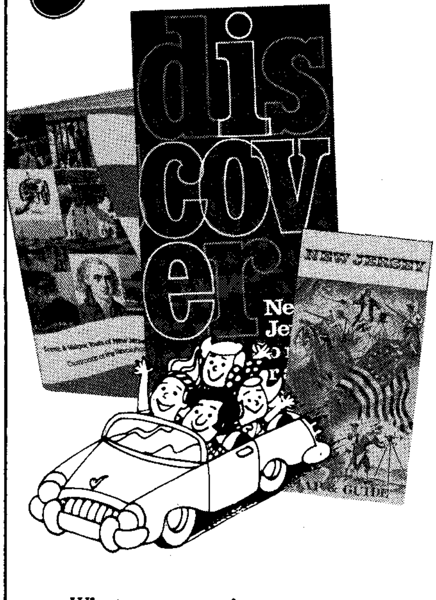
In this rational contemplative world, David evokes a new Adam and a new Eve; their apple of knowledge is a vacuum tube; the serpent has disappeared, leaving behind only some feathers. The Lavoisiers inhabit a new Eden in which the mighty harmonies of nature are disclosed to their mildly inquiring gaze. Did the goddess of Reason—David's favorite divinity—become jealous? Did Lavoisier commit the sin of ultimate moderation—the *hubris* of renouncing *hubris*? After all it was Reason's devotee, David himself, who, even if he didn't pronounce the sentence, permitted the knife to fall.

A mathematician named Joseph Lagrange (he had the comfort of an Italian passport) was there on May 8, 1794, at the place de la Concorde. He wrote: "It took only a moment to sever that head; perhaps a century will not be sufficient to produce another like it." David, of course, knew he could fashion a simulacrum in a few months.

While at the Met, don't miss the Vélez Blanco Patio, in which is installed a newly discovered **Gian Lorenzo Bernini** marble, *Faun Teased by Children*, c. 1616. It's a youthful work still under the Mannerist spell of the master's father and teacher, and it's presented in a wonderfully museological context. There are ample photographs, captions, plus four related marbles by Bernini, including two giant architectural figures, *Flora* and *Priapus*, loaned by the Benedictine St. Mary's Abbey in Morristown, New Jersey—on public show for the first time.

The ensemble is so dazzling that I was inspired to propose an iconographic solution to Bernini's strangely involuted composition with its many voids and small details—whose function and meaning are still mysterious. Doesn't it resesmble, in silhouette, a majuscule initial from the margins of a late Renaissance manuscript? There's a similar complication of profiles and proliferation of narrative elements. And if it is a capital initial, doesn't it read as an *F*? Given the *F*, there follows "a . . . r . . . ." Could the piece announce the Farnese family as patrons, and was it made as an elegantly punning introduction to their great collections? The sculpture obviously alludes to Ovid's metamorphoses—also the subject of Annibale Carracci's ceiling in the Farnese palace. And the mysterious presence of a lion skin behind the faun might be a reference to the famous Farnese *Hercules*.

Perhaps not? At any event, this is a beautiful display, and it makes you think about content and contexts. ■



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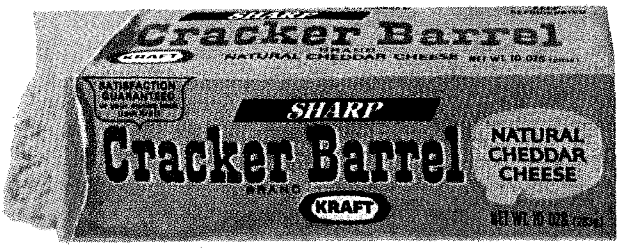
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TOP HAT CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

⅓ cup PARKAY Margarine	2 cups (8 ozs.) shredded CRACKER BARREL Brand Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese
⅓ cup flour	6 eggs, separated
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1 teaspoon salt	
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Heat oven to 300°. Make a white sauce with margarine, flour, milk and seasonings. Add cheese; stir until melted. Remove from heat. Gradually add slightly beaten egg yolks; cool. Fold into stiffly beaten egg whites; pour into a 2-quart soufflé dish or casserole. With tip of spoon, make slight indentation or "track" around top of soufflé 1-inch in from edge to form a top hat. Bake at 300°, 1 hour and 15-minutes. Serve immediately. 6 servings

KRAFT

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 285

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

THROW
SOLSTICE
DON
OLEANDER
GENIAL
PANT
CARTER
PORPOISE
BALEFUL
TELL

Above, ten words in search of a poem. Competitors are invited to compose a poem of six lines, rhyming AB AB CC, which includes all ten words in any form.

Results of Competition 282, in which you were asked to retell a joke in the style of a well-known person. (Limit 100 words.)

Report: A spiffy group. Many over 100 words. But a formidable range: Hemingway, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Joyce, Salinger, Cummings, Vonnegut, Conan Doyle, Ogden Nash (readily mimicked, but you'd better be damned good). And others: Dr. Spock, Burgess, Hawthorne, Galbraith, Michener, Eliot, Runyon, Bunyan, Tolkien, Jack Webb, Jane Austen, Jane Curtin, Mickey Spillane, C. C. Moore, Hunter Thompson, J. Didion, Cosmo, Canby, Marlin Perkins, Sid Caesar, L. Hellman, G. García Márquez, M. Marceau, B. Furness, A. Robbe-Grillet, J. Carol Oates, Lardner, the Bible, Kazantzakis, Amory, Levene, Milne, Gilbert, Melville, Snoopy, J. Caesar, E. Jong, M. Python, G. B. Shaw, A. Cooke, Aristotle, Twain, B. F. Skinner, T. Hardy, Conrad, James, Spooner, Trillin, Christie, Reuben, Stengel, Kafka, O'Neill, Milton, Suzy, Loos, Fields, Lear, Coolidge, Coleridge, Freud, Uncle Remus, H. Van Horne, R. L. Stevenson, Brontës, R. D. Laing, Barthelme, Wodehouse, and Mia Farrow. *Go know.*

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Le Joke Kangaroo—1965

"And there is another juicy story," Ina said, half closing her cracked-ice eyes, dipping lobster morsels into the silver lake of Gloria's Dom Perignon. "The kangaroo at the bar?" "Baba's current lover. Gives him ten dollars a day mad money. He can't afford it here but he must imitate us." "Poor Baba! Kangaroos aren't very good in bed." We watched him grudgingly hand the bartender his daily allowance. "If you complain about the price of eight-dollar drinks, you must be poor." "I wouldn't know." The candlelight was like melting butter. —TRUMAN CAPOTE

Gerald Williams, Oklahoma City, Okla.

I was looking through the *Post* today and I saw this story about a kangaroo buying a drink that cost eight dollars. Where does the *Post* get these *fantastic* stories! So when the bartender says he doesn't have too many kangaroos as customers, the kangaroo says, "Not at these prices." ALL RIGHT! Well, it was boffo in the office this afternoon. Bruce McKay loved it, but what does he know? We'll be back with tonight's guests, Dave Kopay and Anita Bryant, in exactly two minutes and five seconds. —TOM SNYDER

Ralph Gottlieb, Washington, D.C.

A group you'll see/A troupe you'll see/ But an alien Australian marsupial see?/ (Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered, is He)/Martini, please./A blini, please./And pass down a little brown wienie, please./ (Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered, is He)/Look at this, charged me triple/ Made me snort and say Ouch./'F kangaroos wanna tipple/They will pay through the pouch./A flop in here/*De trop* in here/ So Pop, we who hop, just won't stop in here/(Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered—is He). —L. HART

John Mayer, NYC

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

I'm reminded of a story on this cocktail napkin, just handed to me. It seems that a zebra, no, it was a kangaroo, well anyway, he goes into a saloon and pays, let me see, pays ten dollars for a martini. The bartender, I think it was, the one who served him the drink, says to the zebra that he doesn't see many in the bar or words to that effect. So, the kangaroo, if I'm not mistaken, says, "Take off those striped pajamas." I think that's what he said. —GERALD FORD

Jack Ryan, NYC

sp. mention: Mrs. J. Linder, Hewlett, N.Y.
Janet Slifkin, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kangaroo *enters, sits at bar, produces four pound notes.*
Kangaroo: (*To* Bartender) Vodka martini, please.
Pause
Bartender: (*From behind newspaper*) Eh?
Kangaroo: Vodka martini, please.
Pause
Bartender: (*Folds newspaper*) Vodka martini, then?
Kangaroo: Yes.
Bartender *serves drink, leaves one pound change, unfolds newspaper.*
Bartender: Kangaroo, eh?
Kangaroo: Yes.
Bartender: Thought so.
Kangaroo: Did you?
Bartender: Yes. *Pause.* Bloody rare.
Kangaroo: Yes. *Pause.* Yes.
—HAROLD PINTER

Warren Hansen, NYC

sp. ment: D. Rosenstein, Beverly Hills, Calif.

It was warm outside, but the bar was as cool as a Hollywood blonde. I took a stool and ordered a vodka martini. The bartender placed it before me, no napkin, and then went back to polishing a glass with a dirty dish towel. From two sunken eyes he studied me carefully. "You're Marlowe, ain't you?" he said. "The shamus." "You got me confused, bud, I'm a kangaroo." "Smart guy, huh." He went to the register and came back with two crumpled Washingtons. I'd given him a ten. "We don't get many kangaroos in here." "Yeah," I said. —RAYMOND CHANDLER

Richard Grant, Denver, Colo.

sp. mention: William Delligan, NYC;
Ben Philpott, Lexington, Va.

Once upon a midnight beery/Waiting for the owner, Cleary/To return and take me Weary/From the place and lock the door./ In there came a hopping mammal/To the bar and lit a Camel/Then it ordered a martini/(Damndest thing I ever saw)/ "Vodka," (it said) "Stolichnaya./Pile the ice a little higher./Less vermouth, I like it dryer/And some olives—*por favor*."/Thinking fast to make a few bucks,/Back from ten I gave it two bucks,/Saying, "You're an odd one, Mister/Never seen your type before." "At these prices? Nevermore."
—E. A. POE

Mark Kabat, NYC

sp. mention: J. Higgins, Piscataway, N.J.;
Anne Bernstein, Bronx

And Honorable Mention to:

A kangaroo walks into a saloon and hops on a stool. He puts ten dollars on the bar and orders a vodka martini. The bartender serves the drink, then gives the kangaroo his change: two dollars. "Pardon me for staring," says the bartender, "but we don't see too many kangaroos in here." "Yeah," replies the kanagaroo, "and at these prices you won't see too many more."
—MILTON BERLE

Philip Milstein, Amherst, Mass.; Howard Kuperberg, NYC; Susan Wolfson, Chicago, Ill.; Leslie Rothkopf, Jericho, N.Y.; Anthony Jerome, Troy, N.Y.; A. Barry Levine, NYC; Edward B. Davids, Media, Pa.

Tank you veddy much. There is kangaroo, from zoo, and he hop into the bar to buy a drink. He put ten dollars on the bar. Where does he get the ten dol-

lars? He is kangaroo! Tank you veddy much. —ANDY KAUFMAN
Robert M. Eich, Minneapolis, Minn.

The owner of the Kangaroos, a minor-league team, and I go into my favorite New York saloon. He puts ten dollars on the bar and orders a vodka martini. The bartender serves the drink, then gives the guy his change: two dollars. "Pardon me for staring," says the bartender, "but we don't see too many of the Kangaroos in here." "You will soon," I reply, "I just bought most of them."
—GEORGE STEINBRENNER
Matt Greenberg, NYC

When I was one-and-twenty,/I heard a kangaroo,/"Set them up, bartender,/A double shot and brew./Here's a ten spot for them,/I carried in my poke."/The drink and two bills change/Came sliding down the oak./When I was one-and-twenty,/I heard the barkeep say,/"We don't get many roos here,/At least not in my day."/The gray old duck retorted,/As he hopped toward the door,/"At eight bills for a drink, lad,/You won't get many more. —A. E. HOUSMAN
John A. Ferner, Medford, N.J.

Consumer Beware: Local Saloon, vodka martini: eight dollars. Lackluster service. Occasional kangaroo at bar. 755 Second Avenue. Open Mon. thru Sat. 4:30 P.M. to 3 A.M.; Sun. 8 P.M. to 2 A.M. (Do not phone.) —LEONORE FLEISCHER
A. R. Gerald, New Haven, Conn.

Once upon a time, Corky the Kangaroo goes into a Times Square drugstore and orders a vanilla milk shake. The kindly old man behind the counter takes Corky's dime and gives him two cents change, then says, "Pardon me for staring, but we don't see too many kangaroos in here." "Yeah," Corky replies, "and at these prices you won't see too many more!" At this smart-alecky remark, the kindly old man gets highly upset and, pulling a loaded .45 from the folds of his dirty white apron, shoots Corky dead. The end.
—MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE (MR. MIKE)
Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.

Rabbi Morgel, the sage of Omsk, known for his clever parables, often told this tale: An old peasant woman who had very large feet and carried all of her belongings in her apron, ordered a vodka martini and paid with a ten-kopek piece. Taking her for a kangaroo, an animal rarely seen in the *shtetl,* the bartender gave her two kopeks change. She departed in a huff without leaving a tip. The meaning of this story is disputed by Talmudic scholars. It is said, however, that the rabbi was usually able to sponge a free drink.
—WOODY ALLEN
Martin Blume, Sayville, N.Y.

A kangaroo did not walk into a %$¢#@* #$£! saloon, and hop on a stool . . .
—RICHARD NIXON
Patricia Sierra, Marion, Ohio

In 1902 Father opened a saloon on Fairview Avenue in Yonkers, New York. It had a big front window and a large mirror behind the bar. Mother's Younger Brother was the bartender. One day Kangaroo walked in. "Here are ten dollars," said Kangaroo. "I would like a vodka martini." Mother's Younger Brother said nothing. He felt he should listen. President Theodore Roosevelt's third cousin was there. He said, "I have never seen a kangaroo here before." Emma Goldman stepped up to the bar. She said, "You never will again at these prices."
—E. L. DOCTOROW
Andrea Joline, Huntington, N.Y.

Tooy tooy tooy tooy tooy tooy tooy tooy tooy tooy tooy tooy. Tooy tooy tooy tooy. Tooy tooy tooy . . . —CECIL BILL
Phil Levine, Bronx

A pale yellow chicken, each feather catching and snapping light in ever-widening golden circles, wandered into the absurd little bar, gently lifted itself onto a stool rooted in the city beneath it, and, with a wan, weary smile, whispered, "D-d-darling, let me have a gin." The bartender, huge, contained in prison walls of bottles and leather, raised a heavy brow, smiled suggestively and said, "We don't get many chicks like you in here." The pale yellow chicken, poised, alone, different, unique in its chickenness, drawled, "Cluck."
—F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
Jane Garron, Knoxville, Tenn.

A kangaroo walks int

you won't see too many more.
—ROSE MARY WOODS
Marsha Caplin, Cincinnati, Ohio
Jack Rottenstein, Brooklyn

. . . "Parbleu," dit le kangourou, "C'est certainement vrai/Et, pour, çelà, je suis tellement navré/Mais à ces prix que tu augmentes à l'excès/Tu ne m'y verras plus, tu peux en être assuré." —LA FONTAINE
Lewis Ware, Montgomery, Ala.
sp. mention: Peter Kerns, Dedham, Mass.; A. V. McLees, St. Albans, N.Y.

The Frugal Marsupial from *Imperfect Laughter,* a revue.
Barman: Pardon if I seem to stare,/But draped upon the barstool there/We see so few/Of kangaroo.
Kangaroo: Forgive me if I say I think/At what one's asked to pay for drink/You'll be the viewer/Of fewer.
—NOEL COWARD
Ross Allen, Bloomington, Ind.

From down in Auckland comes the tale of a kangaroo. A smart animal who turns out to be a humorist. The kangaroo, thirsty for drink, goes into a saloon. The bartender, willing to serve anyone, can't help but stare at his unusual customer. Seeing that gaze as he downs his drink, the kangaroo winks and remarks, "Prices are too high in this place, even for a rich kangaroo. I won't be back." And so long until tomorrow. —LOWELL THOMA
Martin Fass, Rochester, N.Y

Ingmar Bergman presents *The Joke.*
The action takes place in a bar or an spiritual wasteland. The bartender is underlining a borrowed copy of Hegel whe a kangaroo places a fifty-kroner note o the bar.
Kangaroo: An akvavit martini, please
(The bartender nods and fixes the drink.
Bartender: Here we are. And your change
(He hands him a ten-kroner note.) Frankly, we don't see your type in these parts
Kangaroo: Indeed. You have much t learn about economics!
(There is much laughter as the other patrons exchange private jokes at the expense of the bartender.)
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y

"Oh, my pouch and joey," murmured th kangaroo, propping herself tailwise agains the pub's counter. "Quickly, potboy, vodka martini." "I'm not a potboy," sai Alice. "If you would turn counter-tailwis and mind your manners, you could se that quite clearly." "So long as you're no a potboiler," said the kangaroo. "An don't be mean with the pickled onions. "Just exactly what kind of creature ar you?" asked Alice. "A marsupial, o course." "That'll be £8 including marsupial tax." "Boycott!" shrieked the roo . .
—LEWIS CARROL
Joyce Harrington, Brookly

KANGAROO TO BARTENDER:
"DROP DEAD"
as told to Michael J. O'Neill, New Yor *Daily News.*
Jonathan Garlick, Riverdal

George: Once a kangaroo came with u We ordered drinks and when it was hi turn he put ten dollars on the bar an said, "I'll have bergin, bergin and wate please." Laughter spread throughout th saloon. The bartender served him a vodk martini and gave him two dollars. "Pa don me for laughing," said the bartende "but we don't get many orders for bergin.
Nick: What happened to the kangaroo
George: Soon after, with his driving pe mit in his pouch, he swerved his car t avoid a koala and drove right into mimosa.
—EDWARD ALBE
Mona Finston, NY

Kang Snopes squinted through the cig rette-distilled Venetian blind–filtered five o'clock light at the two moss-green wri kled ones lying in what seemed like ridicu next to the newly served silver (althoug it, too, was jaundiced by the spent afte noon sun) eight-dollar vodka martini c the butt-scarred mahogany with an e pected (unrehearsed, really, but ingraine by constant repetition) empty feeling an the memory of a tryst he had heard involving a traveling circus and his cous (the ogling bartender's uncle had owne the circus) and filled with a resigned res lution not to drink in town again.
—W. FAULKN
Bob Peay, Montgomery, N.
sp. mention: JoAnn Stephan, NY

Perry Mason stood up at the defense counsel's table and announced, "I re-call Joe the Bartender. Now, sir," asked Mason, "tell the jury again about the last time you saw the deceased." "I was alone behind the bar when the deceased hopped in and ordered a vodka martini. I gave him his drink and his change, and then made a remark about not seeing too many kangaroos in there. He came back with a wiseacre crack about my prices." "Then what did you do?" "I shot him—he had it coming." "The defense rests."

—ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
Joel Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

STEWED KANGAROO

1 six-foot kangaroo
15 bunches carrots (diced)
6 fifths imported vodka
Seasoning
2 rabbits (optional)

Cut the kangaroo into 2-inch squares and add the diced carrots. Pour vodka over meat and carrots. Season and cook at 425 degrees for 8 days. Serves 150. If more are expected, add rabbits, but only as needed, as one does not like to find a hare in the stew.

—JULIA CHILD
Cassie Tully, Monsey, N.Y.

One day out of a clear blue sea, this kangaroo saunters into a bar, pulls a tenor out of his pocket, and orders a vodka martini . . .

—SAMUEL GOLDWYN
Norton Bramesco, NYC

My Roo, my rue. She stood barely four feet high in her blue Adidas. Dark eyes, gray fur furrowed by the elastic of her boxer shorts; powerful, downy arms thrusting eight-ounce gloves—these stirred memories: adolescent evenings at my father's lambent, lost Outback Hotel.

I first saw my marsupial mistress when she leapt to the barstool . . . —V. NABOKOV
T. Ban, NYC

The Kangaroo of Livinsk

Yasha Grobelnik, or the Kangaroo of Livinsk, as he was known everywhere but in his own village, sat at the end of the long wooden table and watched the workmen eat with gusto. "You want?" asked the table attendant. "Vodka," he said in Polish. "Vodka with the rich, foreign wine."

As he made his ablutions, Yasha conversed with God, Bless the Name, over 4-1 or 5-1 in the mixing. "Eight zlotys," demanded the attendant, placing the shimmering liquid on the table. "Payment in advance. Not every kangaroo from the provinces is seen here." "For eight zlotys, he'll suffer only fools from Chelm," Yasha lamented quietly to God, Bless the Name.

—I.B. SINGER
Stephen R. Sandler, Westerville, Ohio

We surveyed 100 people and the top six answers are on the board to this question: Name a comment a bartender might make to a kangaroo after serving him a vodka martini.

1. Pardon me for staring.
2. We don't get too many kangaroos in here.
3. That's a cute change purse.
4. No, but if you hop a few bars . . .
5. How come you're so jumpy?
6. I'm sure you won't like their prices either. Same to you!

—RICHARD DAWSON
Alan Levine, Copiague, N.Y.

One look at the titular marsupial in Disney's pernicious *The Last Kangaroo* and you know he is a mutant. Even less talented is Dean Jones as the inquisitive innkeeper . . . —JOHN SIMON
Roger A. Gindo, Brooklyn
similarly: Grace Katz, Rutland, Vt.
sp. mention: Jay Boyar, Brooklyn Heights

One day little Kimmy Kangaroo decided to leave home and seek Adventure. Klip, Klop! Hip, Hop! Pretty soon he came to Mr. McGregor's Bar and Grill. . . .

—BEATRIX POTTER
Laura Cowman, Columbus, Ohio
sp. mention: Steven B. Palmer, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Let us not forget that it is a joke we are expounding. Petitioner Kangaroo avers entering Respondents' drinking establishment and admits specifically . . .

—CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL
Douglas L. Day, Washington, D.C.

She lifted the cool glass carefully with her tiny brown hands. "Eight." She started, spilling it. "What did you . . . ?" The bartender grinned. "Eight bucks. Say, we don't get many . . ." The glass fell onto the bar. "Damn you!" She rummaged in her pouch and drew out a handful of tissues, stamps, and paper bills. She threw it all onto the counter. "*Damn* you!" He laughed, "Say now, Brownie, don't . . ." The door slammed. Out on the sidewalk the sun made her feel a little better. At least she wouldn't have to go back. Not at those prices. She hopped to the curb. "Taxi," she called. "Taxi!"

—DOROTHY PARKER
Bob Colonna, Philenda Stryker, Providence, R.I.

3:00 [5] *Mr. Roo*—Comedy (BW) Roo talks Wilbur into taking him to a bar, gets upset over prices. Wilbur: Alan Young.
Brian Plante, Staten Island

A man walks on an airplane, and the stewardess asks, "Hello, sir, would you like to sit by a window?" "No, thank you, I'm blind," he replies. "Oh, I'm sorry! Would you care for a magazine?"

—BOBBY VINTON
Frances Perkins, Columbia, S.C.

Contest rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 285, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by May 13. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive a two-year subscription to *New York* and runners-up will receive a one-year subscription. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of June 13. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. Postcards, please.

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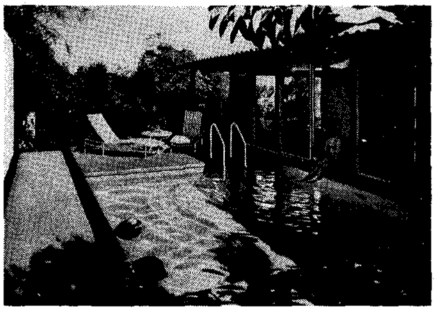

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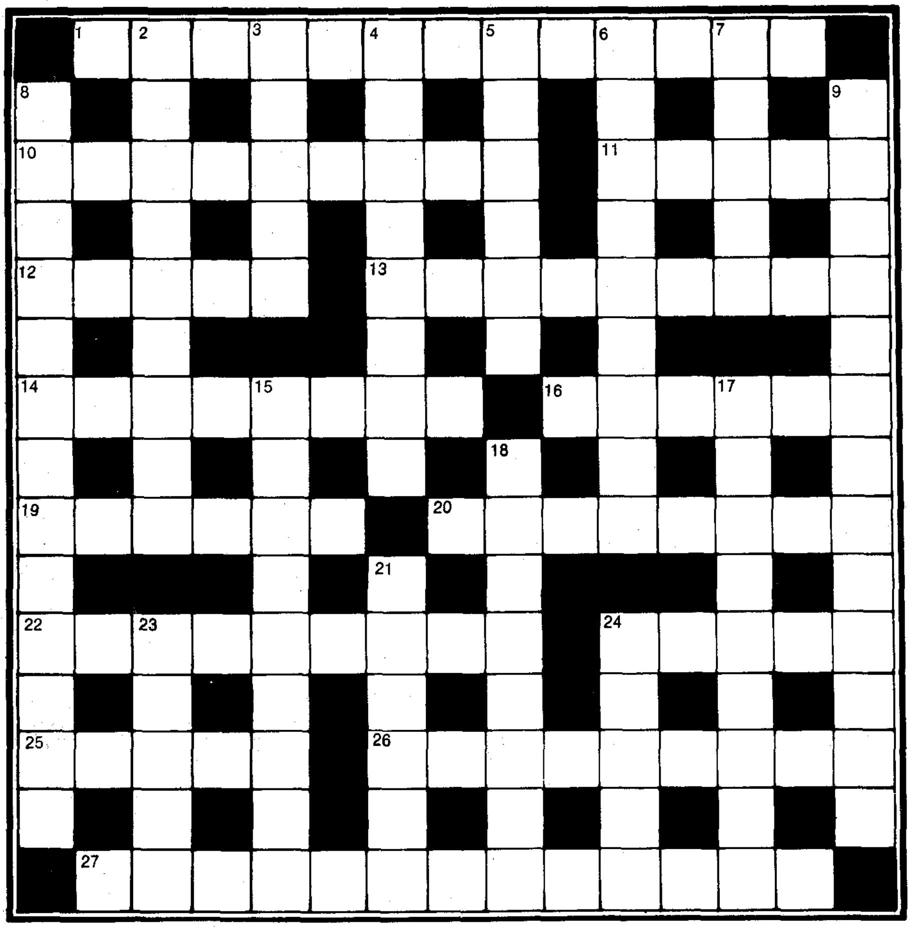


Clues

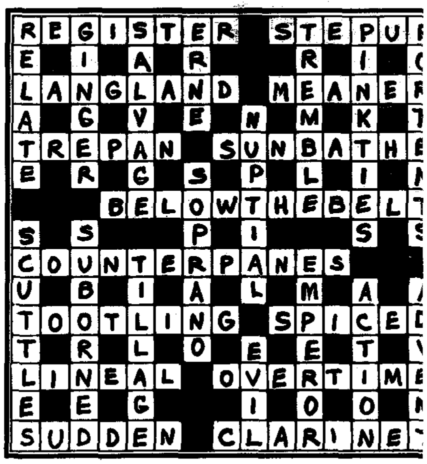
ACROSS

1 Lesser company releases people who play cricket. (5, 8)
10 Healer makes solemn expression about literary men returning. (9)
11 Joint which starts trailing in the mud. (5)
12 No manuscript includes right standards. (5)
13 Money for almost new writer in French town. (9)
14 Cut out including gold to secure relief from evil influences. (8)
16 Writer who makes the company turn back to Bronte. (6)
19 I creep about to force a way in. (6)
20 Possibly paternal but could be maternal. (8)
22 A Chinese scolded but no longer in bondage. (9)
24 Instruct an artist in metal. (5)
25 Squeers' verb active. (5)
26 A regular figure lent grace if distorted. (9)
27 Where to call last wrongly before a friend with a good card. (7, 6)

DOWN

2 Place between one priest when converted. (9)
3 Slovenly person turns up with nothing although there is money here. (5)
4 Controversy about Hostelry being put up for family concern? (8)
5 "Hold off!_____ me, greybeard loon!" (Coleridge). (6)
6 Watch for a back issue with an article on it. (9)
7 "Or have we _____ on the insane root" *(Macbeth)*. (5)
8 Strange men to couple with it for coppers. (7, 6)
9 Possibly sleep cooler in places for the sick. (5, 8)
15 Old women hold something cold for the guides. (9)
17 Torpid used in light race. (9)
18 The worker I pick for the team is not an asset. (8)
21 Where a sprightly Eliot turns up. (6)
23 Dim but born a king. (5)
24 Draw in an extra illustration. (5)

Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.



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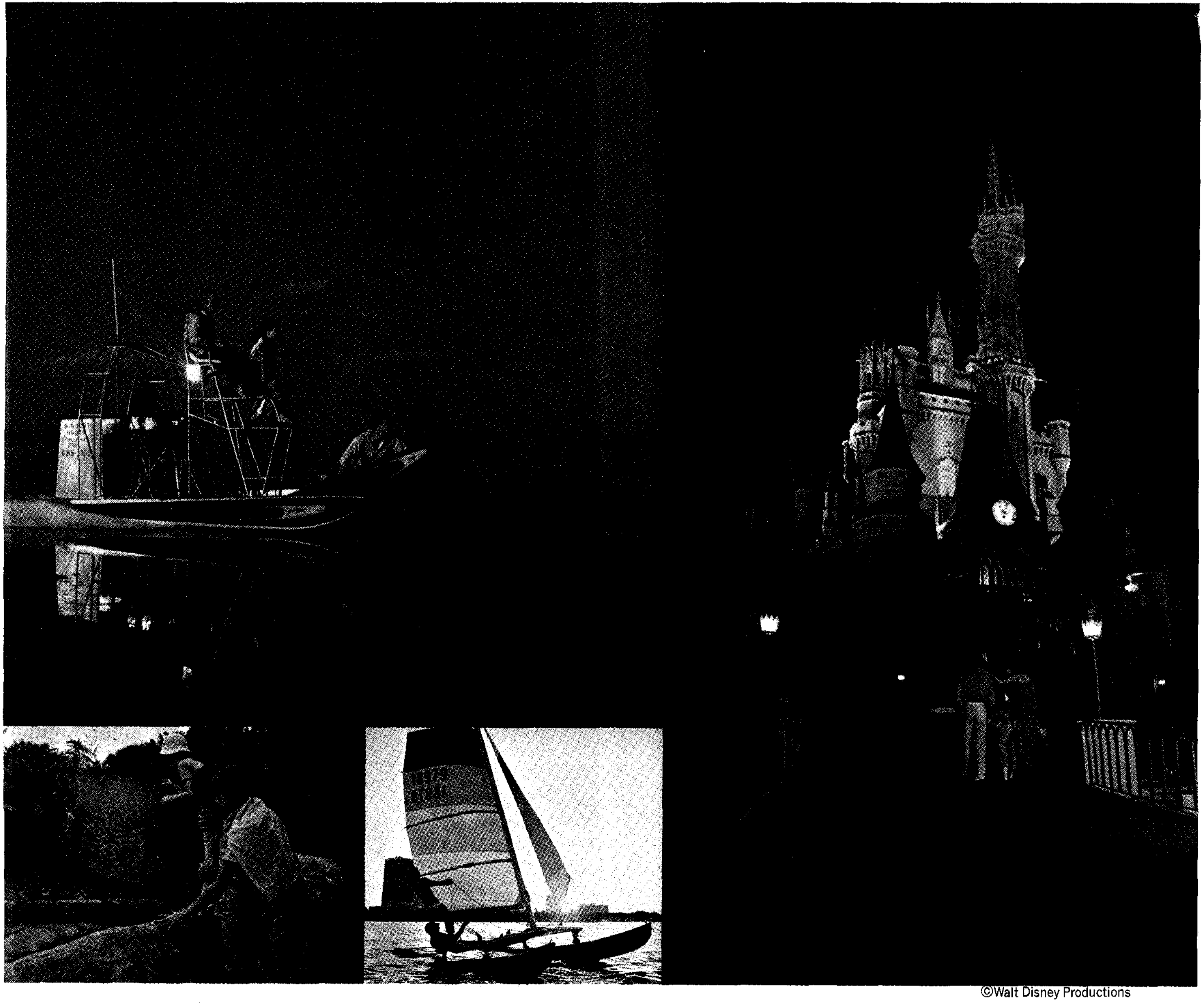

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